

The Quiver

for February 1925

1/-
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Mothers

After play see that the hands, face and bare knees of your children are antisepically cleansed by the rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy which combats the germs ever present in dirt.



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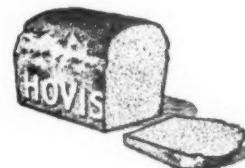
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The Quiver

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February 1925

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particulars.

The Editor's Announcement Page

HOME-MAKERS' NUMBER

So great was the success of our Home-Makers' Numbers in previous years that I have decided once again to devote one Number more or less completely to the interests of the Home.

My Home-Makers' Number, to be issued next month, will deal, among other matters, with the question, "Need Cheap Houses be Ugly ?"; the best way of preparing for and carrying out Spring Cleaning, and the Furnishing of a Small House.

There will be numerous photographs of house interiors and labour-saving contrivances, and the whole Number should be of permanent value to the Home Maker and Home Lover.

The Editor

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

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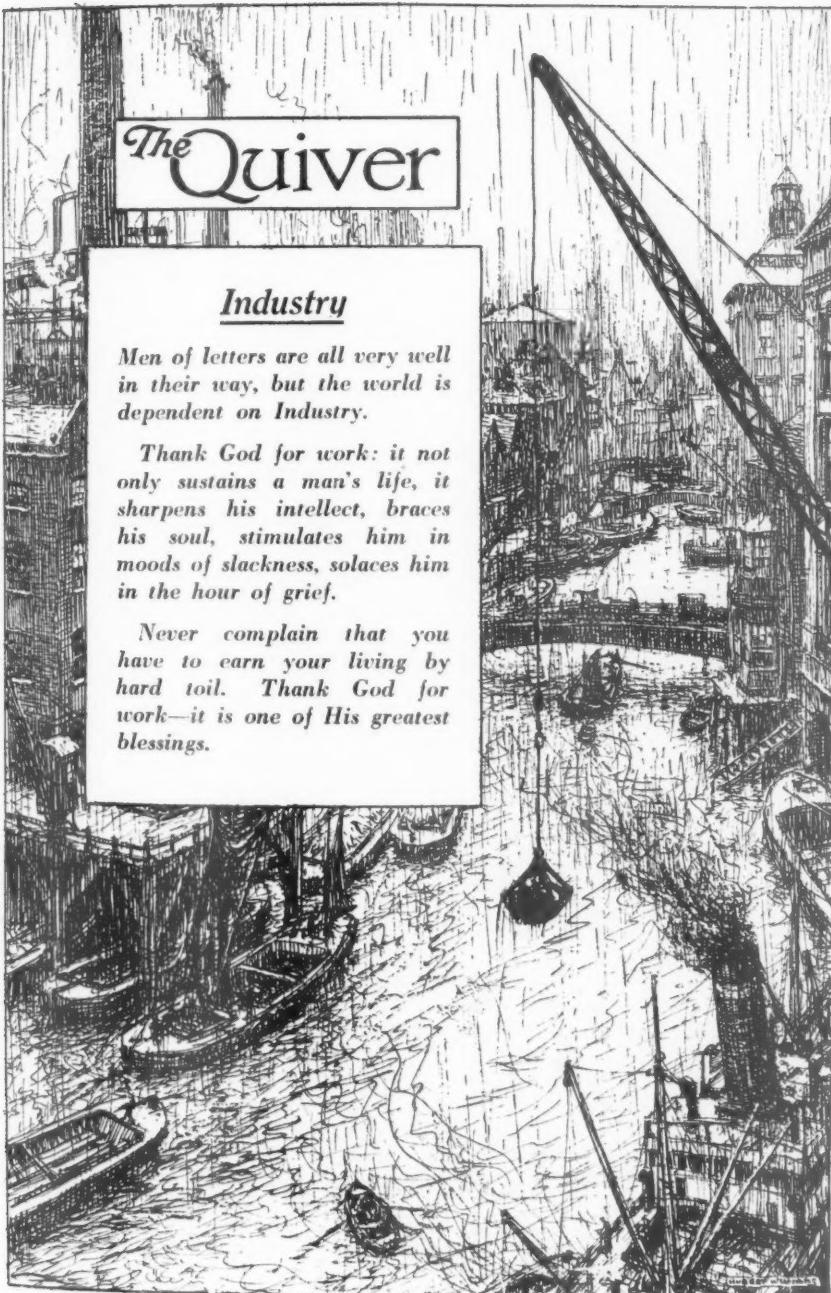
The Quiver

Industry

Men of letters are all very well in their way, but the world is dependent on Industry.

Thank God for work: it not only sustains a man's life, it sharpens his intellect, braces his soul, stimulates him in moods of slackness, solaces him in the hour of grief.

Never complain that you have to earn your living by hard toil. Thank God for work—it is one of His greatest blessings.





"He looked at her queerly, a searching, testing look, paused
as if to say more, thought better of it, and passed on"—p. 320

Drawn by
Stanley Llyod

The Grab-Bag Month

By
NORMA PATTERSON

A STORM that swept a home-going city like pieces of paper into taxis and street cars, plastered Martha Darnell against the wall of her apartment house and then shot her unceremoniously through the door.

"Whew! I'm a *sight*," she gasped, standing before her bedroom mirror and noting that her usual tailored trimness had got considerably disturbed.

The sound of her voice brought Jerry from the kitchen, drying her hands on a towel. "I thought I heard you talking," said Jerry suspiciously. It was an established law that none of the sisters should bring company home on Monday.

"Girls come?" asked Martha, sending a shower of drops from a manly sport hat that no storm could intimidate.

"No, they haven't. It's pretty awful outside, isn't it?"

"Perhaps someone will pick them up," answered Martha hopefully, thinking, as she tilted a shoe—sole up—before the blaze, that nobody had a right to look as tired as Jerry did, or to wear that air of continually hurrying at the heels of exacting duties.

The door opened behind them, and Julia crept into the room. She slung a wet composition book, filled with loose papers, in one corner and a wet purse in another.

"Ruined!" she raved. "Every last thing I've got."

Julia's voice had an irritable edge, and she moved in nervous jerks, for ever out of patience about one thing or another. A second sharp remark was cut short by a spasm of sneezing. "There," she announced tragically, "another bad cold."

Martha and Jerry exchanged alarmed looks. Julia had just pulled through one long siege. Jerry hurried after dry things.

"Don't you dare take the flu, Julia! Where were your rubbers?"

"I left them in the cloak-room and some body took them."

Julia should have been pretty. She was

dainty and slim, and she had an exquisite chin and long, dark lashes to contrast with her blonde hair. But her face was colourless and discontented, and her eyes had that little expression of watching to pounce on things. Julia was beginning to look like a harassed school teacher.

Martha's lips tightened, and she turned her back so she could not see her sister's pinched blue face. Jerry spread the wet clothes before the fire, then the smell of something burning sent her flying to the kitchen. Julia disappeared into the bathroom. Martha, now in a warm negligee, went to the window. Already night had fallen. The light on the corner showed the streets running rivers. What *could* be keeping Helen? She grew hopeful at the sound of steps on the stair, but they passed.

Jerry called. "Everything's ready. What do you suppose is keeping Helen?"

"It's not so late as it looks," said Martha briskly, peering into the dark. "She'll be here by the time you get dinner on."

Julia had emerged and stood shaking out her wet hair. "I think she might be considerate enough to get in before dark. She knows how we worry."

"Who?" asked Helen, coming in with a brisk step and a little shiver. She slid out of her coat. "I believe that coat's made of blotting paper"—feeling her dripping georgette sleeve.

"If you *will* dress that way," snapped Julia. "What made you so late?"

Helen took out her handkerchief and carefully wiped off her neat black pumps. Every speck of powder had been washed from her nose, and it was shiny and adorable. Her cheeks were like rain-drenched rose petals, and the fire on her bright hair filled it with diamonds.

"I stopped to look in the shop windows," she said presently.

"*Stopped to look in shop windows!*"
Martha, prompted by something on Helen's face, sent Julia a warning glance.

THE QUIVER

Then she asked gently, "Didn't you have your umbrella, dear?"

Helen laughed. "It broke. Just as I stepped into the street it went to pieces. There wasn't a thread of it left to get under. You should have seen the way people laughed."

Jerry had got dinner ready. "Come along while it's hot. Don't bother to change."

They came in a procession of lounging robes, Helen slipping into hers—a thin, silky thing—on the way to the table. Julia complained about the dinner. "I don't see why we have to have sausage *every night*," she said fretfully.

Stricken with remorse, Jerry explained. "I was so busy. It's wash day, and I forgot to order till it was too late, and I couldn't go out in the storm. I just managed with what was in the house."

They lapsed into silence. The smell of wet leather and steaming clothes filled the little flat. The storm beat a weary tattoo with a loose shutter. Julia's cold was an established horror by now. She tasted things and pushed her plate back, her mind on to-morrow's hard tasks, the stack of papers she must mark, her threatened influenza.

"It'll be pouring in the morning; and if you could see the way the children track in mud! The ink on those spelling papers ran, and I'll have to give the wretched test all over again."

"Good heavens, Julia, what's the use of going into it eternally?" cried Helen impatiently.

"There isn't any use. That's the trouble. I've taught seven years, and what have I got for it? I'm as ragged as the day I started. I wouldn't mind if I had a little fun now and then, but I might as well be seventy as twenty-seven. I tell you life's not worth living."

Most of Julia's days ended with such an outburst, and it took all of Martha's tact and all of Helen's bubbling good humour to keep the little craft on an even keel. Tonight, however, Helen spoke with sudden heat. "It's a lot harder to get the chance . . . and . . . and . . ."

The three deliberately laid down their forks and stared at her.

"I hadn't meant to say anything about it, because, as Julia says, what's the use? But Jim Wilsey was in the shop again today. He asked me to go to the Country Club dance with him Friday night."

There was a speechless interval while the

force of this sank into three impressed brains. Then they all shouted at once.

"*You didn't refuse him?*"

Helen's eyes flashed, making her look like Julia.

"What would I wear—this kimono?"

"But we could have fixed *something*!" wailed Jerry, who could twist and turn a dress, and do wonders with a little fresh ribbon.

"Something' wouldn't do. I couldn't have him ashamed of me. That would be a million times worse than not going. And it would take a lot more than a dress. I'd have to have an evening wrap and slippers and stockings." ("So," thought Martha, "*that* was what kept her standing in the storm gazing in shop windows.") "There's no use fussing about it, but . . . he'll never ask me again." With a quick move she pushed back her chair and left the room.

The others, staring miserably after her, knew that it was so. Jim Wilsey was considered the nicest boy in town. It wasn't that his people were so rich or that they owned the finest home on Maple Hill; it was Jim himself. He had met Helen a short while before in the music store where she "played over" new pieces for customers. The proprietor of the store had introduced them. Jim had dropped in twice since then to talk over music. But this was the first time he had asked to take her anywhere.

Suddenly Jerry's head fell with a clatter among the cups.

Martha jumped up in alarm. "Why, Jerry!"

"There are so many hard things," sobbed Jerry. "Every day you get your heart broken all over again."

Julia sniffed and Martha put an arm about Jerry's shoulders, her eyes troubled as they rested on the curve of Jerry's neck.

Jerry began drying her tears at once. "I don't know what's the matter with me. And I'm not crying about Helen. I'm crying about myself. I think it's because my hands stay wet so much."

"I'll wash up to-night, Jerry," offered Julia, hustling her cold away in a pocket and rising with brisk energy.

"You *won't*. I'm ashamed of this." She began clearing the table with swift, experienced hands. They made quick work of it between them, disappearing through the swinging doors with a crowded tray. Martha started to follow, then, with a shake of her head, sat down.

"It won't do to have Jerry going to pieces.

THE GRAB-BAG MONTH

Helen is young and Julia high-strung, but Jerry . . .”

Martha's mind went back to the time when four little girls, left orphans and scattered among relatives in four different towns, had planned, on brief epochal visits with each other, to “collect” themselves when they grew up and could earn their own living. As the first step in this direction, Martha, fourteen years ago, had returned to the city where her parents had lived and had secured a position with a big cotton manufacturer. By the time Julia had finished high school, Martha had saved enough to send her to college, and later she secured a post as schoolmistress. Helen had a fair musical education, and she, too, in time secured employment at a music publisher's. Jerry agreed to keep house for them, and here they were . . . “collected” . . . their dream come true. How wonderful it had seemed!

One day Martha had taken them out and showed them the old Darnell home where their parents had lived. She was the only one who had a distinct memory of it. “Grandfather built it when father was a boy. He had the stone cut in his own quarry. I remember mother working among the flowers, and how they were banked in gorgeous colours against that back wall. Father rode a shiny black horse, and mother and I used to walk down to the big gate yonder—there weren't any houses around there then—and wait for him. I can hear his horse's feet yet coming down the road.”

“I wonder who owns the place now,” said Helen, feeling as if it belonged to them, no matter who held the deed to it.

Little, unpractical Jerry said wistfully: “I wish we could buy it.”

Julia, feeling very rich with a small savings bank account started, said, “There's no reason why we shouldn't own a home. We're making enough between us. Suppose you speak to your chief about it, Martha. Just ask who owns it. There's no harm asking.”

She did ask him the very next day when he paused for a moment at her desk. Martha had worked up in the business now; she had been there ten years. Mr. Rucker screwed up his sharp blue eyes reflectively. He was small and bald, and his eyelashes were so near the colour of his skin that his face seemed unsheltered and out of doors; but Mr. Rucker's expression triumphed grandly over this.

“That would be Este's place,” he de-

cided from her description. “Stern and Holcolm agents. Thinking of buying it?” His eyes twinkled the least bit.

“Now you're laughing at me. Of course I haven't a chance of buying it. We had a curiosity to know who owns it now. My grandfather built it. We four girls were born there.”

His eyes lost their twinkle, grew serious. “Ah, yes. It's a fine old place, Miss Darnell.”

Nevertheless, Martha went to see the agent. She reported the results to the girls that night while the steak chilled and the potatoes were spoilt. “It's part of an estate now, and there are a number of heirs. The place is leased for four years, and at the expiration of the lease they mean to sell. I asked him what were the very best terms he could make on it, and he said £1,200 cash and the remainder in annual payments. She leaned forward, her voice shaking and her words tumbling over themselves in excitement. “If we could save £300 a year, by the end of the fourth year we'd have that £1,200 and the Darnell home back. It would mean constant sacrifice, but it's possible. Shall we do it?”

The yell that went up rattled the dishes, and must have made quite a jolly little echo in the street below.

“That's what I thought,” said Martha. “And so . . . I just told him on the spot we'd take it and it's all settled. Girls, father's home belongs to us again. I think they'd be proud.”

They held a celebration, pushing back the dining-table and dancing. Already they felt that they were in the ballroom. Handsome, engaging partners sprang up from nowhere. Martha, the dignified, flirted openly with the dashing teapot, while Julia and Helen waged a battle over Mr. Broom, and timid little Jerry held hands in the corner with a devoted admirer whom she addressed as Viscount Air.

Martha, sitting alone in the dining-room, smiled sadly at the memory. How easy the thought of saving had been, how hard the reality! In the face of daily privation, how quick they were to lose sight of the thing they were working for! Little pleasures and comforts, good shows and concerts, the right kind of clothes, all had been swept into the sacrifice. Three and a half years of it—the last few months almost unbearable. Martha's daily thought was, “If they can just hold out a little longer!” She went without lunches, saved car fares,

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darned her gloves, and re-soled her shoes. Every half-crown counted. They had £1,100 of that money saved.

She rose and went to the kitchen, a queer expression on her face.

"If you girls are willing for Helen to draw the money from the bank and buy a dress, I am," she said.

They stood petrified, Julia with a plate half on the shelf, Jerry with her dish-mop in mid-air. The thought of touching that precious money had never entered their heads. Then Julia shot her plate on to the shelf and Jerry dropped her mop into the sink.

"Let me tell her," begged Julia.

She called through the keyhole of a darkened room. "Helen, we've decided something." Her voice sang out happily. "You're to draw the money from the bank and get what you need."

"Didn't I tell you I'd refused?"

"You wouldn't phone him?"

"Certainly not."

"Oh, well," sighed Julia back in the kitchen, "it would have cost an awful lot."

Martha nodded, much relieved. "After we get in the house we'll try to make up to her for it."

The next day Martha's phone rang and Helen's voice came in a secretive whisper. "Martha, did you mean it about the dress?"

"Yes, we meant it."

Something leapt to Martha across the wires. "He came back," said Helen exultantly.



"I can't believe I'm myself."

Helen, in silvery white, with silver slippers and a shining band through her lovely gold hair, looked like a fairy. She picked up her flowers—they had come in a wonderful box that afternoon—and Martha dropped the soft-blue-grey wrap over the milk-white shoulders. They all gasped. Julia was the first to speak.

"Imagine one of us looking like that!"

"Will I break if I step?" asked Helen, moving cautiously. "Will I turn to a pumpkin on the stroke of twelve? Girls, it was wonderful of you to do this for me, and I hope—I do hope nobody's going to be sorry. I can't explain why, but I have a curious feeling that to-night will be a turning point in our lives. After this," gesturing toward her finery, "things can never be dull or tiresome again. What's

that?" as the bell sounded. "He's come! Heart, be still!"

Martha hurried out to greet him; there was a last glimpse in the mirror, farewell cautions, Helen's whisper, "Wish me luck!" and the soft swish of her through the door. The purr of a motor down below.

When the other two girls had at last worn themselves out with conjectures as to what Helen was doing at this very minute, and who her partner was, and how things were going in general, and had fallen asleep, Martha lay awake staring into the night. She could picture Helen lost among strangers, wearing her very first party dress. Would she have a good time? The clothes had cost terribly. Martha liked Jim Wilsey. But he must know a great many attractive girls. Perhaps he would never ask Helen again.

She was still awake, hours later, when she heard Helen come in. There were low voices, happy good nights. Then Helen burst upon them.

"Wake up, everybody!" She snapped on the lights. "Oh, oh, oh! I don't know where to begin!"

"Decide on some place," urged Julia, unable to bear the suspense.

"Well, then, I had a good time. I was popular. Plenty of partners. But listen. Jim's mother was there, and he introduced me to her first thing. She looked at me real hard, and then she caught me by the shoulders and looked at me harder, and said, 'Is it possible that you are Dolly Darnell's daughter?' I said I was, and she just opened her arms and gathered me in. Girls, I believe that mother would have hugged me like that at my very first party.

"She said mother was her very dearest friend, and she'd often wondered what had become of the four little girls. She asked all about us, and later, when she was saying good night she said they were motoring out to the hunting lodge for the week-end and had room for two more; I must come and bring one of my sisters. Julia, that means you."

Julia went off into a nervous chill and had to be wrapped in a blanket. "But where's this going to end?" she chattered, looking scared. "I'll have to have clothes now."

The night's triumph had given Helen a certain supremacy, so that the youngest sat now on an old trunk, shining like a star, and told them a few things. "That's just what I've been thinking about. We've



"They all gasped. Julia was the first to speak.
'Imagine one of us looking like that!'"

Drawn by
Stanley Lloyd

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squeezed ourselves down to so little that we've almost squeezed out our real selves. Saving is all right—*noble* even—but we need a vacation from it. Let's make this next month a grab-bag month, each fellow get what he wants most and enjoy it, and see what comes of it. And not think of expense for thirty whole days. Happiness . . . and—and things like that, which you've got to take while you have the chance." She blushed and looked down.

Martha spoke quickly, covering up the little tell-tale pause.

"That's good advice, baby. I'm willing. Julia can go to-morrow and get what she needs for the week-end. There you go shivering again."

"Oh, goodness," groaned poor Julia.

Martha smiled at Jerry, who, like a little quiet mouse, was taking it all in and saying never a word. "What will you do with your vacation, Jerry?"

They got a surprise then, for Jerry, who never expressed a wish nor an ambition, knew exactly what to do with a vacation. "A cook, Martha"—with terrible earnestness—"and a little money . . . just a tiny little bit to do something I've had in mind."

"You shall have it. As for me"—Martha consulted the ceiling—"I think I'll get a new costume and some pretty blouses and a really *good* hat. At the end of the month we'll hold a meeting and tally things up and face the deficit squarely. Then we'll pitch in and work harder than ever."



It was near the middle of the month that Martha's employer, Mr. Rucker, said, "I have considered retiring for some time. This is confidential, of course. My fortune's made; I'm all alone in the world, and there's no reason why I should keep my nose to the grindstone any longer. I'm thinking of giving Drew a partnership . . . and shifting the others up."

He looked at her queerly, a searching, testing look, paused as if to say more, thought better of it, and passed on. Martha was trembling from head to foot. She was in line for the managership. If it came—well, the girls needn't worry about their little spree.

"Now don't you be counting bridges before they hatch," she cautioned herself, trying to calm down. "He may not have meant a thing, and yet he looked so awfully funny." Suppose, oh, just suppose, that at the end of the month she should have this

wonderful, unbelievable surprise to spring upon the others.

And with her mind skimming along in the clouds she looked up and saw Mr. Holcomb.

As soon as Martha saw him she knew that something was wrong.

"I've come to see you about the Estes' place, Miss Darnell. The heirs have asked for an immediate division of the property, and I'm authorized to sell. Can you take it over at once?"

Martha just looked at him and shook her head.

"Tell you what I'll do. Personal favour. I know how much you want it. I'll knock off my commission and let you have it for £1,100 cash."

If it were possible for Martha's heart to sink farther, it sank. Two weeks ago they had had the money. She thought of borrowing, but the annual payments would not permit further indebtedness, and besides, a childhood spent in the homes of relatives "on charity" had given them all a strict sense of independence.

"You couldn't possibly wait?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Darnell. I wish I could. There's been hard feeling over the settlement of the estate, and they are all urging me to wind things up."

"It comes just at the wrong time for us, Mr. Holcomb. We—we made a little in vestment this month." She didn't say "in happiness."

How long Martha sat at her desk she never knew. By and by she was aware that the building was empty. The porter had come to the door three times and looked in, puzzled. She rose. It was almost night.

"I won't go right home. I'll walk around till I get myself in hand." And then, "Father's house gone. The old Darnell home—gone." They would probably chop it up into apartments. It seemed like a desecration to the graves of her ancestors.

Coming home at last and seeing, from the street, the light in their windows, she thought, "I can't tell them yet. They'll take it hard, and they're having such a wonderful time. Let them enjoy their dance to-night."

For Mrs. Wilsey had taken the younger girls to her heart. She was proud and happy to mother Dolly Darnell's daughters. She had none of her own. Jerry and Martha would have been included in the good times, but Jerry was too timid to enjoy social affairs, and Martha had no time for it. Besides, Jerry was strangely absorbed in something which she kept a secret.

THE GRAB-BAG MONTH

"She doesn't look as though she's present," whispered Julia, half amused and half worried as Jerry day-dreamed through the room.

Helen said, "Let Jerry alone. Nobody's even considered whether or not she had any personality. And she's too retiring to push herself forward. There's no telling what she may butterfly into. Look at us!"

The change *was* amazing. They were waving their hair, getting ready for the dance. Say what you please, loveliness is largely mental attitude, and no beauty doctor on earth can cold-cream a splotchy mind into attractiveness.

Martha, coming in with a heavy heart, turned away from their happy faces. "Poor girls! I'll wait till after the dance to tell them."

But day after day Martha put it off. And a week later the second blow fell. Brighton, Mr. Rucker's private secretary, brought the news.

"Have you heard, Miss Darnell? The old man is retiring and he's taken Drew into partnership. Westcott has been made manager."

It was all over as quickly as that. Brighton had gone on, little knowing the wreckage of dreams and hopes he had left piled about Martha's office. "I was just keyed up to a new coat and a new hat," she told herself sternly. "I wonder why he spoke to me of it, though, when he didn't mean to do anything for me? I've been here twice as long as Westcott. I've put my heart into the work. And it's all apparently been wasted effort."

Somehow through the remainder of that month—a month of luxury and unstinted happiness for the others—Martha managed to hide her trouble. It might not have been so easy, but the girls were occupied with their own affairs. There was little doubt in Martha's mind that Jim Wilsey was in love with Helen, and Julia was having a gay time with three, Fletcher Kane the most desirable of them. Martha's one hope was, "Perhaps by the end of the month there'll be something to make up for the loss of the house."

She faced that final night like a person facing the crack of doom.

"Girls," she called, "vacation's over tomorrow. To-night we are going to reckon things up and decide where we stand." It came over her for the first time that, after all, it didn't matter how much they had spent—there was nothing to save for.

Helen was removing hairpins with a little preoccupied air.

"I know we *said* we'd go on back to hard tack at the end of the month, but—can we?"

"It was the bargain," Martha reminded her tersely.

"Yes, I know, but I don't believe I ever can, because . . . I'm engaged to Jim."

They smothered her in a shower of her own golden hair. Martha's heart went suddenly light, then heavy again as Helen said:

"And just think—we'll be married in the very house that mother and father were married in! Oh, I'm so proud. Mrs. Wilsey won't be ashamed of the wedding. Jim wanted to be married in June, but I put it off until October on that account."

Martha dropped her pencil and went down for it. A voice kept nudging her: "Now's the time." But when she came up she couldn't. She turned to Julia suddenly. "Are *you* engaged too?"

"No, I'm not. But Mrs. Wilsey has asked me to spend the summer with her at the seashore, and the Kanes are coming." Julia smiled. "I anticipate pleasure."

"Julia, you old dear," cried Helen, hugging her. "Good luck to your anticipations. As the negroes say, 'I hopes you get your hopes.' She thought of Jerry and whirled around. "Jerry, what have you had up your sleeve? Out with it. We've almost died of suspense."

Jerry was trembling. She produced a sheet of paper; she hadn't had it up her sleeve, she was sitting on it. "I—I—you'll make fun of me, I know. But I wrote a little book—just children stories—little bedtime tales that I've been thinking up as long as I can remember. I got a woman to type them and sent them to a publisher. He's going to bring it out. I had this letter three days ago."

Bedlam broke loose.

Helen cried, "Miss Helen Darnell, sister of the famous author, Jerry Darnell, will be married on Wednesday evening from the Darnell ancestral mansion to the—"

Julia interrupted. "Miss *Julia* Darnell, sister of the famous Jerry Darnell and of Helen Darnell, soon to be the bride of the rich Jim Wilsey, from the family ancestral mansion, will spend the summer on the bounty of Mrs. Wilsey . . . and all concerned 'hopes she gets her hopes.'"

It did Jerry a lot of good. Her plain little face shone. "I've always wanted to be

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independent and earn my living like the rest of you, and I've wanted to write. But I was afraid you'd think it was wishy-washy."

Helen turned to Martha. "Now for you, Miss Darnell. What have you to tell us?"

"Better get it over," urged that voice. "It will be easier now than later."

"Nothing," said Martha.

"Didn't your new costume and hat get you a thing?"

"Not a thing. Aren't you satisfied with what *has* happened in this family all in one month, without expecting me to dig up surprises out of a prosaic old business life?"

But when Jim and Fletcher Kane had taken the younger girls off for a ride, and Jerry had gone "to write her publisher," Martha, feeling a little left out and worn with the burden of her secret which she had not been brave enough to share, wandered out on the little balcony.

There was an indescribable something in the air to-night which told that winter was over. Spring had come. A sweetness like violets and young grass blew up to her from the warm earth, and somewhere a piano slipped silver notes into the night.

Martha had lived her life into the lives of her sisters, and now that they had gathered other interests she was all alone in the world. It came over her with a rush that caught at her throat, all she had missed of moonlight and laughter and loving. She sat down and laid her forehead against the cold iron railing. Spring came back to everything, it seemed, but for her there was no spring.

Below a bell tinkled, and Jerry came looking for her. "It's Mr. Rucker, Martha." But when she saw Martha's face, she explained, "You look all mops and brooms. Let me tell him you can't see him to-night. It isn't right to extend business matters into the evenings."

Martha stood, trying hard to conquer that little hurt feeling. She had not seen her

chief since Brighton's announcement. She had no heart to talk with him. "No, I'd better go. It may be important. He's giving up active part in the business and going abroad. Perhaps he's leaving at once."

Mr. Rucker met her with apologies. He hoped he hadn't broken into her plans for the evening. There was something about the winding up of his affairs that he wanted to talk over with her. Should they ride as they discussed it?

They rode in complete, enveloping silence. Presently she saw that they must pass the Estes' place—to-night of all nights! Even from a distance she could see that it was lighted and gay. Sheltered by the darkness, she let the great tears roll down her face. She would *not* look at it, and she shut her eyes.

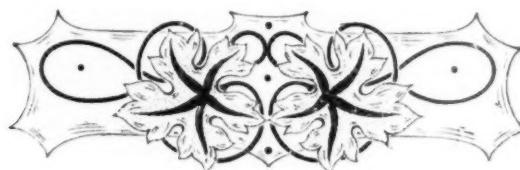
But she opened them almost instantly, because the car had given a swirl and turned in at the drive and come to a stop just outside the lighted windows. And Mr. Rucker was saying :

"You told me once that it belonged to you and you wanted it back. So I bought it for you, my dear, if you'll have it—and me. I've wanted for some time to ask you, but you were always so businesslike. I might never have gathered the courage if it hadn't been for that friendly little rose in your hat. It gave me the heart to hope. I've watched you for fourteen years, and you never wore a rose before."

Instantly Martha realized why her business life had been such a pleasure. A thousand little things leaped at her out of the years: his kindness, his gentleness, his protective interest. That look which she had misunderstood. Why, he was as much a part of her life as Julia and Jerry and Helen! Had been for a long time.

She never was more surprised in her life. She turned to him, the light from the window framing her happiness.

"And now I know *why* I bought that hat with the rose," she said.



My Book-Friendships

By
A.C.BENSON
LL.D., C.V.O.



Dr. A. C.
Benson
Photo: Mason
& Co., Cambridge

IMAGINE that book-friendships, like all other friendships, are somewhat fortuitous things, decidedly not made in Heaven! One would think that a book-lover would have so much more varied a choice of books at his disposal than a friend-lover would have of friends. Ordinary human friendship is much conditioned by time and space, by proximity and distance, by occupation and habits. One would think it was not so with a book, but that as Prospero could call Ariel to come flying to his feet out of the summer sky or speeding out of the gnarled sea-wood, so could the book surely be summoned to one's need.

But no! Do not all readers know the treachery of mood one gets from a book which one loves, has read a dozen times and will read a dozen times again, and behold! it is not the book one wants at all—the mind revolts against it. Or in another mood, a trivial and despicable book claims undivided attention, like the book which Dr. Johnson pored over, held beneath the table-cloth, and could not be persuaded to let go.

A New Book Every Night!

Again, in this emotional companionable regard, much depends upon the method of approach. Some people read a book deliberately, no faster than they would read aloud. Some skirmish through it prestissimo. There is said to be a don at Cambridge who after his mathematical daily toil requires a book to send him to sleep. However long it may be, he always finishes it within the hour, and he requires a new book every night. The Minotaur was nothing to that!

But on the whole the rapid method is

the best. A good many books are worth skimming, but not worth deliberate reading, and a quick reader arrives at familiarity with a book by repeated perusals. So that I fancy the quick reader makes more friends among books, simply because he has the wider choice, and because it is easier for him to keep his friendships in repair. On the whole, book-friendships rather resemble the relationships of the family circle than more romantic affinities. Few people, looking round their family circle, could put their hands on their hearts and swear that their brothers and sisters are the people whom they would have selected out of the whole human race for close and intimate companionship. But then, you reflect, it is a good thing to have to get on amicably with people with whom you have not very much in common; and you end by feeling that, on the whole, you might go farther and fare worse, and that you would not care to have a new fit-out of brothers and sisters, even if the choice were made possible.

A book, perhaps, appeals to you very much at a particular time; you read and re-read it; the unknown writer appears to look at you out of the pages with quick-glancing, sympathetic eyes. Then there arises the familiarity which plays so large a part in all our affections: the same reason which, in spite of all her faults, makes us love England still.



Varied Friends

The books which I myself read most

THE QUIVER

often, and which I can always be sure of being able to read, are a very curious collection, not at all the sort of books which my friends would, I think, select. I am going to make a personal confession and offer reasons, if I can. One of my great book-friends is George MacDonald's "Phantasies." It was read to us as children, and how my mother ventured to read to us so alarming and haunted a book I do not know. The scene where the hero sees the shadow of the hand, knobbed and clawed, lying on the moonlit space in the forest glade, and lies down to see what it is that produces the shadow; or, again, the scene where the shadow of a man running turns the corner at the end of the long passage in the dark house in the wood, and comes speeding to the hero's feet—these two scenes have the real *spectral* quality, and the longer that I have lived, the more does my experience charge the symbols with significance.

Incomparable Charm

Then there is "Anna Karenina," which I read as an undergraduate in a volume strangely printed in a pale bluish type. The appeal of that was that, far away from right and duty as Anna drifted, despicable as is the man whom she takes for her life-companion, her incomparable charm persists, her fresh sympathy, her essential innocence, up to the last scene where the great trucks of the goods-train clink past the end of the platform, where she is about to throw her unhappy body.

Then there is a book of later life, "Jean Christophe," by Rolland, perhaps the longest story in the world. I should say that, from my marks, I must have read it a dozen times in the English translation. It is not a decorous book altogether—but neither is *Hamlet* nor *Othello*—but it has an overflowing richness, and the great figure of the hero, so uncouth, so tender-hearted, at once so loyal and so faithless, so gentle and so violent, is surely a marvellous creation. There are sentences in "Jean Christophe," about the life of the soul, that come like the notes of a trumpet through the din of a street, and send one speeding on one's way.

Then comes a book for which I find it very difficult to account—George Gissing's "Whirlpool," a sordid story with a vulgarity penetrating it which is not merely a vulgarity of setting, but of essence. The hero is a poor creature, and most of the

characters in the book have mean or starved natures. There is a perpetual sense of strain, and never the least touch of wholesome security. What, then, is the attraction?

It is the figure of Alma, the heroine, a hectic, self-conscious, inefficient *forsense*, but so incredibly real and alive, and such a relentless revelation of the faults of the artistic nature, that the book pulsates with a subtle, if deplorable, reality from end to end.

"Esther Waters"

Then, again, there is Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters," a book laid in scenes which, as far as I am concerned, offer no hint or possibility either of beauty or interest, a racing establishment, a book-making public-house, a series of suburban lodging-houses. In saying this I do not mean that such scenes are not as full of artistic possibilities as any others, but they are simply quite unfamiliar to myself. Yet all through, the beautiful, direct, strong, patient and faithful Esther emerges, through affliction after affliction, entirely unconscious of her unselfish service, and making no uneasy claim on life for any preferential ease or joy.

Then out of better-known books, "Bleak House," among all Dickens's novels, has a unique attraction for me, in spite of the tiresome and affected Esther, the peg on whom the story is hung, who is credited with all the virtues which the other Esther has in such abundance, but who spoils all by her arch pretence that she can never discover why all her circle make such a fuss about her and submit so readily to her wise guidance.

The Charm of "Bleak House"

I think the charm of "Bleak House" is the torrent of vivid, absurd, delightful figures which rush through its pages—Mr. Skimpole, Mr. Guppy, Mrs. Pardiggle, Conversation Kenge, and, above all, Mr. and Mrs. Bayham Badger, the two most purely farcical and adorable figures in the whole of Dickens.



I do not mean to say that these are by any means all of my best companions, and it may be commented upon with severity that my list does not contain more of the undoubted masterpieces of genius. But that is quite a different affair; one may read

MY BOOK-FRIENDSHIPS

Hamlet or *Macbeth*, an episode of "Paradise Lost," an Ode of Keats, and one may put the book down with an almost awed sense of the magnificence of the imagination which could climb so high and yet never lose touch with the humble earth.

At Ease with a Book

But these friends among books are the books with whom one feels comfortable and at ease, not racked by tragic problems, not with an uneasy sense of the feebleness of one's own intellect, but the books in which more or less one finds one's level. Supposing it were possible to interview some of the spirits of the mighty dead, I for one should stipulate that the interview should be a short one, and that it should not be a *tête-à-tête* under any circumstances. And even so, I should feel more at ease with Boswell than with Dr. Johnson, with Plato than with Socrates, and with Mrs. Shakespeare than with the poet himself.

For the Ordinary Moments

For literature is not a thing only for sublime and exalted moments. It may be good, it may even be pleasant, to pay a visit every now and then to the august heights; but how rarely do lovers of literature, when they meet together, frankly confess that they cannot breathe very freely at supreme altitudes, that they have tried to be philosophers, like Edwards, the humble friend of Dr. Johnson, but cheerfulness—he knew not how—seemed to be always breaking in.

Of course, one ought to venture out on the heights; to bring up Samuel, like the Witch of Endor, from the nether gloom. But the pursuit of beauty in literature must be, first of all, a pleasurable thing; and unless it is frankly pleasurable, the pursuit of perfection is apt to develop a very distasteful type of littérateur, who doses his companions with high literature not because he frankly enjoys it, or because he supposes that his listeners enjoy it, but because it gives him a sense of superiority and a proper degree of contempt for all who are unacquainted with epoch-making books.

A Privileged Interview

I once had the privilege on a dark, wintry afternoon by a warm fire in a book-lined room to have Shakespeare read aloud to me by Swinburne. He sat on a sofa, his little legs stiffly extended, and his high, reedy voice rose and fell with a plangent thrill, a subterranean tremor which made one feel that the words were like molten metal streaming out from a fiery furnace, while his limbs and hands quivered and trembled in ecstatic sympathy. He stopped once to say that the half of one line which he had just read would suffice to set the play from which it came among the deathless victories of the human intellect. I did not dispute it; but it was not this fact, but the atmosphere of deep and transporting joy, so obvious in the reader's heart and mind, which made the scene so memorable to me.

Joy and Art

That is the conclusion which we should keep in mind in all our literary excursions and enterprises. The beauty of literature, the beauty of art, has really no significance, no weight at all, unless it produces joy. It is out of the heart of joy that art is born, but it is a mere ingenious puzzle, an amassing of little effects, unless it arouses the same sort of ecstasy as that which gave it birth.

And therefore, in these choices of books as friends, even though our choice may show the levity and smallness of our minds, it is better to have no pretence, and to love one's chosen friends with a warm and equal affection. One must not abstain from taking every now and then a higher flight, and trying to see what it is that humanity loves in the few great books that win the reverence of critics in generation after generation. One's friendships must not be stagnant and disreputable; but still less must they be like the stories which vain and ambitious people tell of their close acquaintance with famous and distinguished persons. No one is taken in; no one feels anything but a scornful amusement at claims so insolently made and so poorly substantiated.

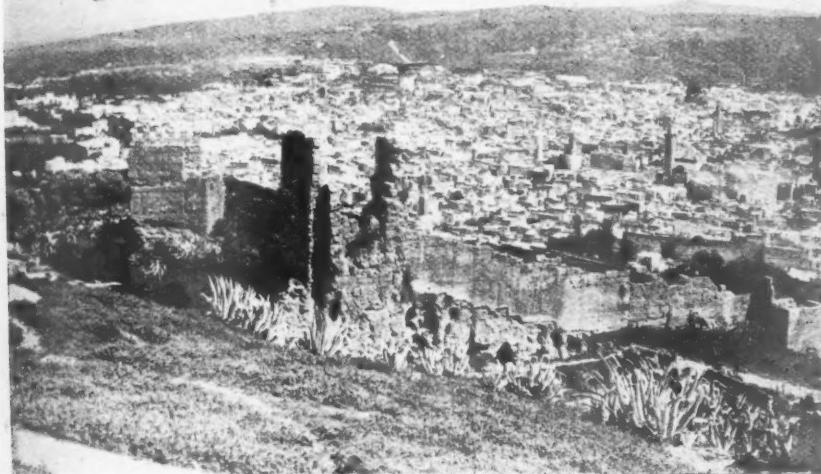




The Carpenter's Fountain

Fez is fortunate in possessing an ample water supply, and Moorish art has paid its tribute to this blessing by the erection of this charming fountain.

Fez the Unchanging



*By T. A. Warburton
With Photographs by W. G. Meredith*

IN an age of rapid change it seems strange to find a city of more than 100,000 inhabitants where life is being lived under the same conditions and amidst the same surroundings as it has been lived for untold centuries. Yet it has now become possible after four or five days' comfortable and interesting travel from London to find oneself in Fez, the age-old capital of Morocco, and there in the heart of Western Islam to be amongst scenes of Arab life being lived to-day as it was in a city in the Middle Ages.

"The City of a Thousand Fountains"

Set among the hills upon the banks of a rapidly flowing river like a precious jewel in a worthy casket and in the midst of gardens fragrant with blossom, it well justifies its title as "The City of a Thousand Fountains." The founder of the city—Moulay Idris, a direct descendant of Mahomet—was happy in his choice of a site for what became the political, religious and economic centre of that Shereefian Empire which has provided Western

Europe with problems whose solution has been attended with as many difficulties as has been the problem of the Turkish Empire in Eastern Europe; to which it forms in many ways an interesting parallel.

Markets Outside the City Walls

The countless activities of the city attract to its market merchants from all parts of the country, while its artisans are the heirs of the traditions of Moorish art, whose glories add so much to the delight of a visit to Spain. Important markets are held outside the city walls, and here may be seen the wandering Arab tribesmen of the plains, moving with the easy grace of a physically magnificent race, bringing their supplies of cattle and wool and the produce of a fertile soil, which is capable of much more extensive cultivation; whilst amid the throng may be seen the warlike Berber of the mountains and the African from beyond the Sahara. Amongst the constantly moving crowds may be found groups of easily amused listeners surrounding a troupe of wandering musicians, while every



A City Gate, Fez

The arch which forms such a feature of Moroccan architecture.

afternoon outside the massive city gates the story-teller is to be found relating to the open-mouthed listeners the age-old stories immortalized in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments."

Interesting as are the sights outside the walls, the traveller will find the real magic of the city when he plunges into the labyrinth of streets that are so narrow and tortuous that vehicular traffic is impossible and the services of a guide are essential to the stranger who wishes to find his way in or out. Across the narrow streets is stretched a lattice of bamboos and rushes, which serve to protect the passers-by from the blazing sunshine, but continually hamper the photographer in his efforts to

obtain a permanent record of his visit. The houses pour like a yellow cascade down the sloping streets, and the thronging crowds are jostled by the heavily laden donkeys, those "tattered outlaws of the world" without whose unappreciated labours the transport of goods within the walls would be an intolerable burden.

Opening upon the streets are the miniature workshops of the numerous trades, each carrying on their individualistic labours amongst a community where the factory system plays no part in the productive life, and industrial revolution is unknown. The shoe-makers, metal-workers, wood-workers, and the other trades each occupy their own particular streets or souks; the

FEZ THE UNCHANGING

shopkeepers likewise are collected together into market-places or fondouks, each devoted to particular trades; spices and perfumes, grain or grocery all make their appeal, while the henna market provides the women with the necessary material for a method of beautifying, in which they freely indulge. Morocco leather is world-famous, while the fez, which takes its name from the city in which it is made, supplies a head-covering which is only equalled in its universality by the turban. All day long the streets have the appearance of a human ant-heap, and save for a few heavily veiled figures engaged in shopping, very few women are to be seen; but as the day draws to its close the women emerge from their seclusion, and the flat-topped roofs of the



A Shopkeeper

The multiple shop has no part in the commercial life of the community.

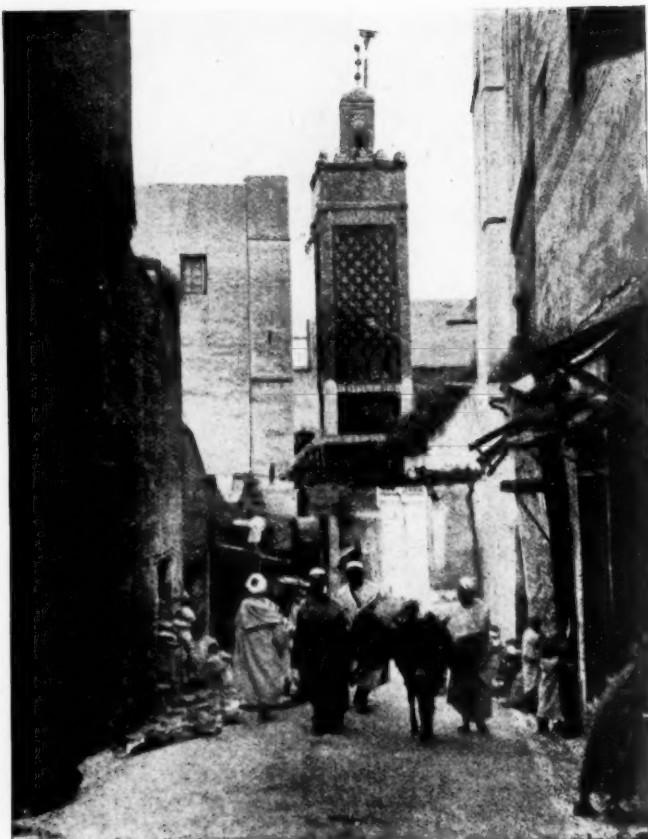


The Wall of Offerings, Mosque of Moulay Idris

Here in the heart of Western Islam the faithful make their vows to Allah, the All-Merciful One.

houses are bright with colour from the dresses of the gossips. The native cafés now attract their customers, and many a group can be seen absorbed in contemplation of a game of chess, which is still popular amongst a race to which we owe its introduction.

Fez has been called the Athens of the Arab race, and although in modern times learning has sadly decayed, there are many medersas or colleges scattered about the city, where the lamp of learning is kept alight, although but a feeble flicker compared with the great days when the Arab philosophers and doctors were making their great contributions to literature and science. The medersas are beautiful buildings containing some of the most striking examples of Moorish art of the Middle Ages—the lace-like plaster of the characteristic decorations having few equals. The minarets decorated with coloured tiles gleam in the sunshine and compete in attractiveness with the minarets of the numerous mosques from



A Minaret

The call of the Muezzin to prayer reminds the true believer of his religious duties, and always meets with a ready response.

which the cry of the Muezzin calls the faithful to the worship of Allah—the All-Merciful.

In the heart of the city is the Mosque of Moulay Idris, with its fifteen entrances and capable of holding over 20,000 worshippers. This is one of the most sacred buildings of the Islamic world. Prayers offered within its walls are considered to be of more avail than those offered within any other mosque in Fez; even the very walls are sacred, and the devout passers-by can be seen pressing their lips against the beautiful "Wall of Offerings" and making their

monetary contribution in the box which opens into this wall. The surrounding streets are forbidden territory to the Jew, and until recently no infidel was allowed in its vicinity, but looked upon it at his peril.

The Jews play an important part here as elsewhere in trade and commerce, but they are confined to one part of the city, although since French influence has been predominant in Morocco they now escape the persecution and suffering that had been their lot for ages. The Jewish Mellah affords the visitor a glimpse of another race and culture.

French colonial development will play an increasingly important part in the future of Morocco, and fortunately her administrators and officials have had the wisdom to leave untouched and unspoiled the ancient city, and to build

their own city and official quarters outside its walls.

However, it seems hardly possible that, now the existence of a modern road across the country makes it possible to motor to Fez, it can longer remain apart from modern developments, so that it is not surprising that tourists are taking advantage of the settled conditions in the French zone, which permit of a safe visit to this part of Morocco, to revel in the colour and sunshine of a delightful country and to see life in the most interesting city that lies within easy reach of Europe.





Bootmakers at Work

One of the attractions of the streets is the artisans. Factory competition has not yet displaced these workers who still pursue the primitive methods of their forefathers, who made Morocco leather famous.



The Wool Market

The weekly market, attended by the wandering tribesmen, is a scene of great animation.

WORLDLY GOODS

By
Sophie Kerr

PART IV

I HAVE always found that if you can postpone for a little a really important decision, one that is to affect your entire life, that a tense situation will work itself out much more satisfactorily than you had anticipated. So many times we rush ahead and act impulsively, only to our eternal regret. Wait a little—wait a little—see what comes—give yourself time to think it over—that's the best.

It's not my nature to do this. If Walter hadn't been sick and weak and helpless I probably would have had it out with him, then and there, about my keeping on at work. But I knew he mustn't be excited or distressed, so there was good reason for my silence. Then, gradually, it didn't seem to matter so much. That is, as time went on, it was evident that I *must* keep on working so that we would have enough to live on. After the hospital came weeks of slow and tedious recuperation at home. I asked the agency to stop giving us the extra money, but to continue his salary. Prayd assented, though he added that Walter's expected rise was now six months farther off. Walter took that blow better than I had expected.

"They've been so decent we can't complain," he said. "And once I get back I'm going to whop things up. Of all the hard luck this spell of sickness was the worst. Here we are, knee-deep in debt."

"We might be neck-deep," I reminded him, and there was the least edge on my voice. I was very tired. Mrs. Athelone had been deluged with autumn work, and I was doing my share and part of Angela's. Walter was an exacting, querulous convalescent, complaining continually because I stayed so late at the studio. He'd rested and slept all day, so he wanted to be amused and cheered up in the evening, and

was cross and disappointed because I was dull with fatigue, ready to go to sleep the minute dinner was over. I had dismissed the lodgers when Walter came home from the hospital, and Mrs. Schuster came up and did the cleaning and washing and got Walter's lunch. The rest of the work I did.

I wondered if he would say anything at this time about my work at the studio, but he didn't. It must have been obvious to him, as it was to me, that without my salary we couldn't go on. It made all the difference between safety and failure. He said nothing, and oh, but I was glad! I couldn't give up my work. I had begun to build, as many wives do, a secret niche in my own mind, for myself, and my own individuality, apart from his. My work had done this, made me aware of quite another Effie Osborn. I was growing up mentally, though I had ceased growing physically, and though it was a one-sided growth the process interested me hugely. Why, I could *do* things—I was just beginning to find out what a varied, mixed, multitudinous world this is, and that I actually might have a place of importance in it.

I realized that there wasn't any use to try to explain this to Walter—I assumed that his ideas hadn't changed, if mine had. Therefore, I was glad and thankful that of necessity he said nothing, that we just let the whole thing slip. Now and then he hinted that . . . when he got on his feet again . . . and we were out of debt. . . . But I affected not to hear.

So now, as he was well enough to go back to work, we began a new existence. We had become what I said to Veevee I did not want to be part of—"a business couple." I had to scramble to get breakfast in the morning. I left my order at grocer's

WORLDLY GOODS

and butcher's for whatever was needed, on the way downtown. Mrs. Schuster took charge of the delivered marketing and Mrs. Schuster went up and washed the breakfast dishes, took in the milk, made the bed, cleaned up the apartment. In the afternoon she went up again and started dinner. I got home and finished the meal and put it on the table. All this meant that I took my day on the jump. Mending, the most needed, I did at the week-end. Needless to say I never began that jumper nor the set of doilies I had planned in those leisurely times before Walter was taken ill.

Presently I noticed this, that though I was immensely interested in Walter's stories of the agency and all that went on there, he was not at all diverted by my tales of the studio. He was inclined to gibe at me, half humorously, half seriously, and to make my work seem a sort of child's play. He would tease me about it, and always on one note, that of masculine superiority. Time and time again I found myself on the verge of a quick and pointed answer, and then—I would remember what a little, little time it was since I had been terrified at the thought of losing him for ever, and I managed to keep silence. It seemed to me, though, that he was coming to depend on the money I made . . . counting it in among his own assets. Possibly that was my imagination.

I was so strenuously occupied that I had lost sight of Veevee and Louise a little. They had both been kindness itself during Walter's illness, and once in a while Veevee and I lunched together and exchanged views on our employment and our employers. She had told me that she thought Louise and Ned were to be married soon, but that Louise wouldn't tell exactly when. Suddenly I felt that I wanted intensely to see them both again, to get back, if I could, to the old affectionate wrangling comradeship and understanding that we had known when we lived together. I wrote them each a little note and asked them to come over on Sunday afternoon.

They came, the two girls, Veevee looking particularly lovely in her new autumn suit with great ruffs of soft fur around her throat and slender wrists. And Louise was quite unfamiliar in a very good-looking coat. Veevee pointed to this garment at once.

"I forced her into it," she declared. "I dragged her into a shop and made her buy it."

"She did exactly that," said Louise cheerfully. "But at least it's a warm and comfortable garment."

"She thinks, the poor simple-minded creature, that warmth and comfort have something to do with desirability in clothes," went on Veevee. "Effie, you look fagged. Working hard?"

"Wore myself out completely this morning making this," I said, and brought in a pie.

They both shouted for joy. "Angel child!" exclaimed Veevee. "I'm always a better woman after eating one of your lemon pies."

"I'll make them for you often, then—you need them," said I. "Oh, don't the two of you look smart! Wish I had something new—I need clothes awfully. With the hospital and the doctor's bill we're still paupers. But I must have something soon."

Louise had been sitting beside Walter, rather silent, as was usual with her, and now she spoke suddenly: "Give me the recipe for this pie, will you, Effie? Ned would love it, I know."

"Surely I will. Pie for playwrights—how amiably alliterative!"

"I want to tell you about his great luck," went on Louise, as if determined to lead the conversation. "Arthur Hopkins is reading one of his plays! Oh, if he'd only take it! Just one play and you're sure of a hearing ever afterwards, even if that one is a failure."

She went on with her usual volubility. They were to be married next month. No, she wasn't going to tell us when nor where, because Ned didn't want the least little bit of fuss made about it. And they were going to live down in the village.

"Ned's always lived there, and I don't mind," she concluded. "We're going to keep the room he has and take a little hall room beside it, so that he can work in there and not be disturbed."

It made me feel like an old experienced married woman to hear her.

"I do hope his play lands," I said heartily. "If it does, tell him he might get me the job of doing the settings. I'd get a fat commission."

"Oh, is that the way it's done? Does Mrs. Athelone give you something on the work you bring in?"

"She would if I brought in any. Angela Regan makes a lot more than her salary that way, but she has ever so many wealthy friends, and she simply hounds them to have

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their houses done over at Mrs. Athelone's. When I first went there, and Mrs. Athelone said that Angela's chief value to her was her friends, I didn't know what she was talking about. Only last week Angela got a huge house, one of her distant cousins, and Mrs. Athelone will pay her a percentage on the whole thing."

"What graft!" said Walter scornfully.

"It's not graft—it's a plain business proposition," I said, a little tartly.

"Effie's getting to be quite a captain of industry," laughed Veevee. "I must say I never expected it after all her protestations of utter domesticity."

A queer silence fell on us. Veevee's words brought back with perfect distinctness the talk we three girls had had before my marriage, and what I had said then. Walter looked irritated and ruffled and our two guests slightly confused. It was a relief when they went—which they did very soon, after some desultory, aimless talk, mostly about the pie. They were hardly out of the door when Walter voiced his mood.

"Mrs. Athelone's not a good influence for you, Effie," he said stiffly.

I was clearing up the dishes and not especially enjoying the task. I was cross and disappointed. I had so wanted to see the girls—and it had been such a failure. Why couldn't Walter have gone out while they were there . . .

"And," he went on, in his most superior dominating tone, "I don't see why you had to tell Vee and Louise about our debts. And about your needing clothes. It was very humiliating to me."

He looked so much like a big sulky baby as he stood there complaining that I couldn't take him seriously.

"Oh, Walter," I said, "the girls aren't such geese that they think you can be in a hospital for weeks and have a private room and trained nurses on nothing. And they can certainly see I need a new frock. What odds is it? As for Mrs. Athelone not being a good influence for me, all I have to say is that she has a mighty beneficent influence over our finances just now, and we can't afford to lose her."

"There—you're always reminding me that I can't take care of you—slurring me for it."

This was fire to tow indeed. "I'm not slurring you—and I think it's mean of you to say so. I've told you again and again and *again* that I feel that our being in debt is my fault, because I was extravagant about

furnishing, and I'm doing everything I can to get us out again. I'm *tired* of being nagged about it. You're super-sensitive—I'm tired of hearing how this and that humiliates you. A little less humility and a little more pep would suit me better." As I went on my anger increased. I was fagged, I was carrying a double burden with the housework and the studio both, I wasn't appreciated . . . Walter didn't have to come home and get dinner and clear up afterwards . . . Walter didn't have to spend Sunday darning my stockings and cooking meals for me . . . oh, the sense of my wrongs overcame me, and before I knew it I was throwing it all at him, bitterly.

It was our first quarrel, and it was a very pretty one. There was but one thing, as I remember, that I forbore to say—I did not twit him on not having made good his boasts at the agency. But I must have said everything else, and a little more—and I wound up my indictment, with, "And it's for me to decide, not you, how long I'll work at Mrs. Athelone's, and you will please remember it."

Naturally, after that, he clapped on his hat and went out and banged the door behind him. I ought to have had a good cry and been very repentant, but I didn't and I wasn't. I felt, on the contrary, very much better. Letting go and clearing out all my repressions eased up my nerves considerably. Mrs. Athelone had lent me a new book about furniture, and after I had finished the dishes I sat down and began it with the keenest enjoyment.

I was so absorbed in a chapter on French styles that I did not notice that Walter had come back until he was in the room.

"I'm sorry, little fellow," he began humbly. "I know I'm touchy, but I don't mean to be. I was thinking, while I walked, about all you did when I was ill, and how brave you were, and how you've done without things . . . do forgive me for making such a fool of myself."

Forgive him—oh, hearing him—I was quite ready to say that everything was my fault, and that I was the one who must beg forgiveness for my hateful tongue. We kissed—and made up. And then we decided that what we needed was a little fun, so we robbed our savings to the extent of a dinner at a dollar and a half *table d'hôte* and two seats in the balcony for a good concert. We came home in the best of humours with each other, the atmosphere cleared by our gust. In fact, we had reached the place where we

could laugh at our little tempest, and resolve, very firmly, that we would never have another.

It had settled one thing—and that was my status as a working woman. Walter accepted it and let the matter rest. And so did I. Only sometimes I had doubts about it. Something was gone, something that I had had before. I had proved my ability to do things to him—very well, he would let me do them, quite on my own hereafter, and since I didn't need care and protection, since I wanted to be an equal, he unconsciously treated me as such. Perversely, this didn't satisfy me. I wanted this, but I wanted the other thing, too—the tenderness, the solicitude, the looking after, that he had given me before.

It wasn't that he didn't seem to love me—he did. Perhaps I wasn't as interesting to him. I know that I didn't signify to him as much as I did before. I had lost something, and it wasn't any use to pretend that I hadn't. Most of the time I didn't mind. I was in a wild, exciting game of my own, and I delighted in it. That was the way my work seemed to me at that time.

Walter was, I think, aware of the change in his feeling towards me. Besides, he presently got a tremendous lift and impetus from his own work. "I've landed two new accounts—whales," he bragged to me. "That is, I've practically landed 'em. Every agency in town has been working on 'em. One's this new car, the Wylin, and the other's a mechanical toy firm that's just about ready to branch out and do national advertising. Old Prayd'll have no excuse to hold back on my rise again. And Effie, he's always asking me about you. You certainly made a hit with Groucho. When I

"We were pretty well through when Mrs. Athelone came in, and at Alice's name her clever eyes narrowed ever so slightly"—p. 336

'old him what you were doing he said he'd bet you'd have all kinds of success. Said you had personality. That's his highest compliment."

The last was in a tone of amused tolerance. He went back to his own prospects. "Of course, I can see now that my work last summer couldn't have been satisfactory—it was typhoid coming on that slowed me up. But now—I can whip my weight in wildcats."

Well, I was having my own victories, but I didn't talk of them until they were



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assured. Only a few days before who should drift into the studio but Alice Mickleham, trying to look exotic in a Poiret wrap of green satin, black velvet and kolinsky, and a new sleek way of doing her hair, dangling earrings of jade, and a most remarkable cerise lip-rouge. Poor Alice, she only succeeded in looking horribly queer! I hadn't, as a matter of fact, seen her since my wedding day.

"You here, Effie!" she exclaimed when she saw me. "I was thinking of you last week and planning to look you up. I've only been back in this country ten days."

I recounted briefly Walter's illness and my coming to Mrs. Athelone. Alice listened impatiently, eager to talk of herself, a subject she resumed as soon as my short story was done.

"Well, it's odd to find you here, I must say. Quite a coincidence. You see, Effie, dad's bought a place down on Long Island, near a golf club. I was wondering if we oughtn't to get Mrs. Athelone to do it over for us. She did the Barthmakers' and that's not far from us, and there are pictures of her work in the papers. Is she in?"

"She's at an auction, but she'll be back very soon. Wouldn't you like to see the whole plan of the Barthmaker place?"

"I'd love it."

So I brought out the book of tinted leather—it was getting a bit worn at the corners, but was still effective—and displayed my employer's stalking horse in my employer's best manner. Alice gloated over everything, wide-eyed, with little exclamations, "I'd love that wall fountain . . . Isn't that too sweet . . . Oh, what a darling little writing room . . . Simply heavenly!"

We were pretty well through when Mrs. Athelone came in, and at Alice's name her clever eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

"Your father's the Mr. Mickleham, of Mickleham oil, isn't he?" she asked. "And he's bought the old Rowley place? Yes, I'd heard so. It's a delightful house, and the gardens are enchanting. It must be done over very carefully, to preserve the feeling of age, tradition, family. I'd like to go out and see it, again, several times, to get the atmosphere, and I'll have photographs taken and measurements, and then work out some sketches." She smiled her charming, ingratiating smile.

But Alice looked doubtful. "We want to move out there *very* soon. You won't be long about the sketches, will you?"

Mrs. Athelone reassured her. After she

had gone she flung up her arms and laughed outright, for the first time since I'd known her.

"My dear child, it's the mills of the gods. When old Sanford Rowley died young San wanted the place done over, and he came to me and ordered it, and I made the most ravishing sketches and selected the most delightful things for it that ever were. It's a simply heavenly old house to do, the chance of a lifetime. And after I'd spent endless days getting it ready and was just going to start the painters and the carpenters, didn't San go bust, and not only was the order countermanded, but I couldn't get a cent out of him for all my preliminary work. And now the receiver has sold it, and I get the job from the new owner! All we have to do is to unlock that drawer over there, and the whole house will be ready and waiting. I couldn't tell your friend—she would never have been satisfied. By the way, you'll get the usual commission on this."

My heart gave a leap of joy. Still, I was honest. "It won't be fair to give me a commission. Alice Mickleham came in here to see you and without the least idea that I was anywhere about."

Mrs. Athelone was so pleased with this plumb that had fallen without effort into her lap that she was unusually generous. "But you know her, your being here clenched the thing. I consider that you've earned the commission."

"But——"

My employer turned on me with simulated despair. "You little fool, haven't I got it through your head yet that you must take every fair advantage that comes your way? Don't be ridiculous. When anyone offers you anything soft in a business deal, grab it. It won't happen often, believe me. If you imagine that *you* are cheating *me*—" She flung up her hands hopelessly, and I had to laugh.

"Not much chance of that," I said. "Even my rudimentary business instinct tells me that. I'll take it then, Mrs. Athelone, and thank you—more than I can say."

It roared in my blood, the blessed, unexpected release that the money would mean. All the overhanging debt would be repaid—every penny of it, and at last, at last, we would have a margin of safety. I had not realized how much the burden had weighed on me, oppressed me. "I'd like to dance and shout," I said fervently.

"Go as far as you like. I might even

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join you. When I think of those old plans—just so much waste matter, apparently. Get them out and let's take a look. We may have a little difficulty finding some of the stuffs and the fixtures now, but otherwise they'll be perfectly all right. The estimate will be higher, though, tra-la, tra-la."

I ran to bring her the plans and presently we were deep in them. It was a graciously proportioned old house, with many vast rooms and countless windows.

"Think of having *all* those curtains measured," caroled Mrs. Athelone. Then she looked shrewdly at my beaming face. "Do you need that money very much?"

"Oh, don't I! If there's anything harder for a naturally thrifless person like me than to have to skimp and save and pinch and think before spending a penny, I don't know it. It's nearly killed us both, Walter and me." I did not often speak to her of Walter, or of myself personally, but to-day she seemed nearer, more human.

She shrugged her slender, sturdy shoulders. "You more than Walter, probably—that is, if he's like most men."

"But he isn't—not a bit." (Was I sure? At any rate, it must be said.)

"Then you're lucky." Mrs. Athelone's tone was dry. She went on, curiously. "How do you like Ramsay?"

"Mr. Ramsay, the illustrator—the one with the studio upstairs? Why, I've hardly spoken to him—I don't know whether I like him or not."

"He was raving to me about you yesterday. He wants you to pose for a picture he's doing. Says he needs your type."

"Mercy, I haven't time. But I wonder what he means by my type. I don't want to be ticketed and stood on a shelf like a candlestick."

"Still, you'd like to know what he said, which is merely natural feminine curiosity. Well, my dear, I asked him. And he replied, 'The Unawakened.'"

"He's crazy!" I said, with some indignation. "'The Unawakened,' indeed! What does he mean?"

"As to that, ask him yourself," replied Mrs. Athelone. Then she turned abruptly to the plans. "Do you think you could manage it if I gave you charge of getting this Mickleham stuff together, the whole thing? I'd go over it, from time to time, of course."

I gasped and plunged. "Do you really think I could do it? It would be gorgeous to try."

"Good girl. Never shirk any offered responsibility, my dear. That's another nice little axiom for you. Very well, you and I will go out there to-morrow, and then I'll turn it over to you. Perhaps, for the effect, I'd better see Miss Mickleham and talk to her, show her the plans and all that."

She had read Alice accurately, as she did everyone. "I'm sure she'll be better satisfied." I waited a moment, and then I could not keep from asking: "Mrs. Athelone, how much money will I get from this job?"

"Mercenary little wretch, you'll probably have a commission of twelve to fifteen hundred. Oh, what big eyes! Stop thinking about it, and put your mind on the work, the work, the work. How to get it done in the shortest time and the best way. It'll be no slouch of a job, my dear child."

"I don't care. I'll work myself to skin and bone to make it right. I'm so happy."

I had meant to tell Walter all of this the very instant I got home, but at the last moment I decided otherwise. "I'm tired of having expectations that don't come true," I thought. "I'll wait until I have the money in my hand before I say a word."

It did not occur to me at the time that in my decision was a covert criticism of Walter.

The Mickleham house was another big factor in my advancing development, though I did not see it as such. To me it was an absorbing, delightful, maddening, furious, feverish drive. Alice Mickleham had been instantly enthused by the plans and the sketches, and her gratitude for Mrs. Athelone's promptness caused my employer and myself to exchange smiles.

"The decorator we had for our town house nearly drove me crazy, he was so slow," Alice confided to me. "Mrs. Athelone's a wizard."

"I've never known anyone like her," I answered with perfect truth. Why say more? The plans were admirable, the sketches of distinction. I was amused by Alice's changed attitude towards me. Her patronage changed to respect as she saw me flying about, ordering workmen with authority, buying huge bills of stuff without a moment's hesitation, making quick decisions as to quality, giving assured directions as to methods. I was only following Mrs. Athelone's orders, but it impressed Alice.

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I was frightfully busy. My housework was beginning to press on me more and more. I had made up my mind that as soon as the Mickleham place was done, if the commission warranted it, I was going to have a regular maid, and not depend on Mrs. Schuster's scant assistance. The instalments had stopped, we owned our furniture at last, thank heaven, but the sum that usually went towards them was instantly needed for new clothes. We both simply had to have an almost complete renewal of our wardrobes, for the few things we'd bought early in the winter were just enough to get along with. The debt to the office was not yet lifted, nor good Doctor Haberman paid, and this last I wanted specially to clear off. I hated to walk past his office. And there was something more.

The constant contact with fine things, the constant association with beautiful environments, the constant working to make other people's homes attractive and interesting had affected me. I wanted my own home to be as beautiful, as well decorated, as agreeable to sight, as conducive to ease, as the homes I worked on. I wanted new things, ever so many—I was beginning almost to hate the bareness, the meagreness of our furnishings, and my taste had so changed that I felt I could not be happy with the things that we had. It was no use denying it, I was beginning to think in terms of money, what I could get of it, what I could do with it. The plunge into privation had been so sudden and so hard, the need to save had been so bitter, the slow release from it had been so studied and so patiently contrived, and the end was still so far off that money and its power rose paramount in my eyes.

Well, Mr. Andrew Mickleham prided himself on being prompt pay. The last workman was hardly out of his house before a cheque for the whole enormous bill lay on Mrs. Athelone's desk.

"He's an angel," said that lady. "When I think of how some of them make me wait. And now, Effie—"

My cheque was two thousand dollars!

"And I'm going to give you ten dollars a week more," said Mrs. Athelone. "You're worth it. Heavens, how you've developed. You've a real flair for this business—I knew it the moment you came in—and you've got the other thing, too, the artistic conscience."

I hardly heard a word she was saying, I was engrossed in gazing at the little buff slip in my hand. Two thousand dollars!

Two thousand? It seemed limitless. More than Walter earned in six months. A rift of doubt appeared in the solid wall of my joy. Was Walter going to feel about this windfall the way I did? He, with his ideas of man's position as provider, sustainer, support, superiority in business ability! What would he say? True, he hadn't mentioned many of these things lately, but then, I'd been too busy to listen to him about much of anything. "I wish he'd been the one to earn it," I thought. "It would have made him so happy."

Somehow I thought it would be best to set the scene for telling him with care, so I went home early, put on my old white dress, tied an impudent scarlet sash around my waist, lit a jolly fire on the hearth, and fresh candles. Dinner must be elaborate—ice-cream and angel-cake ordered from the nearest caterer made Mrs. Schuster's eyes bulge with wonder. "You got a fortune left you?" she asked.

"Kind of sort of," I answered her teasingly. She and I were the best of friends and allies. "Oh, I must have flowers for the table—it's been ages and ages since we had any. Mrs. Schuster, you run round the corner and get red roses to match my sash, there's a dear. Hurry, before Mr. Osborn comes."

"To match your cheeks, more better," said Mrs. Schuster, enjoying the excitement. "You got as red in the cheeks as in the ribbons. It's purty, too."

The good soul came panting back presently with the roses. "I make him give me plenty green to go with," she said with pride. "My, the table looks swell! I wish I didn't have to hustle down to git Schuster's supper—I'd like to hear Mr. Osborn holler when he comes in."

It was a gay little table, very orderly, very decorative—a contrast to the rather slishod style that haste and fatigue forced me usually to leave it. The cheque I tucked under my plate doily. I would produce it with dessert and keep Walter mystified until then. I flung open the door when I heard his step on the stair.

"Welcome to our party!" I cried.

He stopped and stared. "What is it—a birthday? Or an anniversary? Don't tell me I've lost count anywhere."

"We celebrate a great occasion. After dinner I'll tell you all about it. Now, the eats."

"Steak with mushrooms, hot-house asparagus, alligator pears—and roses on the



"Mrs. Schuster's eyes bulged with wonder.
'You got a fortune left you?' she asked."

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

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table. Effie, what's up? Tell me before I pop with curiosity."

I was adamant. "Eat your dinner," I commanded, and waved him to his place.

"I never saw such a banquet," he said. "Never. Gee, this steak is good. But what did it cost?"

"We won't talk about the cost. Suffice it to say, Mr. Walter Osborn, Esquire, it subtracts nothing from our assets and adds nothing to our liabilities—are those the right terms?"

"The woman must have vamped the butcher," said Walter in hollow tones of anguish. "Oh, that I should have lived to see such 'scandillious' goings on!"

It was the gayest meal we had had since our honeymoon days, and with every moment Walter's curiosity mounted. When the ice-cream and cake were produced he went on strike.

"I'll let it melt. I'll let the cake dry up before I touch it. I must know what this is all about. Now, Effie, don't be mean. You've had your fun. Let me in on it."

I went around the table and sat on his knee, hugged his head against my shoulder, rumpled his hair and kissed him. He held me tight against him. "Now, tell me, little fellow," he begged.

So then I told, representing it as a most phenomenal and unique piece of luck only, giving myself no credit, but leaving it all to pure chance and Mrs. Athelone's generosity. "For actually she needn't have given me a cent, and I told her so. But she gave me—this. And now, Walter, we can pay up everything we owe, and have a nice little anchor to windward left over. Shall we buy a palace on Fifth Avenue or a country place on Long Island, à la Mickleham?" I handed him the cheque and watched his look of envious awe.

"By golly," he said, drawing a long breath. "You are a lucky youngster and no mistake. Mrs. Athelone's a princess—a queen. I take back every harsh word I ever said about her. All this graft for making a few curtains and watching a man paint a couple of doors. Some business, I'll say."

"It's good solid, hard work, old dear, as you'd find out if you followed me through one of my days. Now put the cheque down and eat your ice-cream. To-morrow you can get it cashed and pay back the agency all it advanced to you, and give the doctor what we owe him—oh, how glad I'll be to

square that off!—and then maybe we'll have a real outing. I'd like to go to the theatre and sit in the front row and have taxis both ways, I would. And supper at the Ritz."

I stifled my feeling of anti-climax, disappointment. I had represented this great occurrence as nothing but a piece of good fortune, but—but, why did he accept it as such? He might have been a little more appreciative, he might have acknowledged my ability, or at least the effort I'd put into the earning of this money.

But I forgot about this in the thought that at last our worst financial difficulties were over, that we'd come through that dark wood, and had asked help of no one, save the agency, and that money could now be returned.

"How important money is," I said to Walter after dinner, when we had settled down before the fire, the wonderful cheque stowed away in his pocket. "We didn't think of it at all at first. And then we had to think of nothing else. I don't like it. I don't mean that I don't like money and what it buys, but to have to watch every cent, to be always counting pennies, and seeing what we owe going down so slowly—it stopped us from thinking of anything else. Ah, but it didn't stop us from loving each other. Nothing can do that. Struggling along has only brought us closer and nearer." I stopped, with a consciousness that I was talking romantics, that I wasn't telling the truth. It hadn't brought us nearer, it hadn't made us closer. It had forced us apart, it had made me see Walter in a different light, and it had put him, in some ways, second to my work, the work that I had found by accident and yet that it seemed I was made for.

"I can hardly believe," said Walter, "that I'm going to pay those bills to-morrow. Old Prayd'll be surprised enough. I'm going to tell him that I had some money left me."

I saw that he couldn't bear to tell Prayd the truth. Well, I didn't mind that. I was willing to save his feelings; I could understand them. Still, underneath persisted a nagging reminder that he was willing to take all this from me without demur and without open recognition. That is not a pleasant thing to know about your husband. And Walter had protested so much . . . before.

But there, we might as well look to the future. The main fact remained unchanged. We were now out of debt, or would be to-morrow, and I'd had a rise (I hadn't told

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Walter that) and so—we were coming out of the purlieus of the Black Forest, and the shining way of Easy Street lay before us.

"Don't you think," I asked Walter, "that we ought to have a regular maid, one to come in every day and stay all day? It's getting to be too much of a strain for me to do the work, even with Mrs. Schuster helping, and if we have someone in all the time we could have people in to see us sometimes. We live an awfully isolated life. Wouldn't you like to make friends—to get to know more people, Walter?"

Yes, Walter would like it. There were some of the men at the agency, for instance, he'd like to ask—

"And we must get some more furniture," I went on, bringing out my hidden plans, "and more china and linen. When I see something down at the studio that looks good and doesn't cost much, I can just snatch it off for up here. There was the sweetest desk at an auction sale last week, lovely old walnut, little ivory key escutcheons, and the original brasses, that went for twenty-five dollars. We got it and Mrs. Athelone sold it the next day for two hundred."

"And you try to tell me there's no graft in decorating! Seven hundred per cent. profit!"

"That wasn't graft. The desk went cheap because it came up late in the sale and almost everyone had left. It was worth two hundred, and if it had been in a shop it would have cost more. Sales are so tricky—sometimes things go for a song, and sometimes they're run up out of all proportion to their real value. You've got to know values to get bargains. Mrs. Athelone says I'm pretty good at it, for a beginner. But I'm nowhere compared with her."

"Well, don't go paying two hundred dollars for a desk." Walter's tone was good-natured and superior. "Even with all this money we can't afford that."

He spoke as if it was his money. I looked up at him sharply, and the dull disappointment I had been trying to smother turned to a swift and stabbing pain.

"I'm very tired," I said, after an amazed, burning silence. "Let's go to bed."

After I had gone to bed I lay awake for awhile, wondering, wondering, wondering. "What else could I do?" I kept asking myself helplessly. There seemed to be no adequate answer.

Light from the house behind illuminated our room, and I could see Walter sleeping

peacefully. The sight gave me another pang. He looked in his sleep as he had looked when he lay helpless and pathetic in the hospital, and my heart melted, remembering.

What did the money matter, or the way Walter accepted it, when behind it lay the satisfaction of a good clean piece of work well done? I remembered what Doctor Haberman had said. If Walter was going to fail me, if he was going to change from what I had imagined him, then more and more I must turn to my work, centre myself on it. But—would it be enough? I had so built on Walter, I had so believed in him—believed in his strength, in the truth of his word. If he was going to manifest himself always as weak in trouble, if he wasn't going to win the glowing success he had vaunted for himself, what would my love for him exist on?

The next day I was fortunately so rushed that I hadn't a moment to analyse further or brood over the shock of the night before. Lucky that I didn't, for when Walter came home he was genial and glowing. "You ought to have seen old Prayd's face, Effie, when I paid for the full amount still due and the interest. The interest was what made it perfect. And I stopped by Doctor Haberman's and gave him his money too."

"Oh, dear," I said, "I'd 've liked to go over there with you and tell the doctor all about it, he's been so good. Well . . . how much is there left?" I confidently expected him to hand the rest over to me.

Instead he took out a brand-new bank-book and cheque-book. "I thought the best thing was to start an account," he explained importantly, "so I opened one in the Trust Company in the next block to the agency. With those two cheques out, there's a balance of fourteen hundred, thirty-six, sixty."

I opened my lips to speak and then closed them. I knew what I wanted to say, but how to say it!

"I put the account in my name," went on Walter. "It seemed the most convenient, and I can keep track of it better, because you know, dear, you haven't got much head for figures. We can change it over into a joint account, if you want to, but I didn't think you'd mind telling me when you want money, especially when it's your own."

Oh, he conceded so much, did he! It was my own . . . but in his name. Still I didn't speak. I couldn't.

"You see, I've never had a current

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account—it takes two hundred constant balance, even in the smallest banks, and I was never that much ahead, except in the savings bank, and, of course, you get interest there. But now I can deposit my salary and pay all the bills by cheque—it's much safer."

I caught at a phrase. "What do you mean, two hundred constant balance?"

"I mean you have to keep at least two hundred on deposit all the time; you have to begin with that much and not let your balance fall below it. If you bank in one of the big banks, it's five hundred, sometimes more. Understand?"

"Yes, I think so." I considered. "Is that your cheque-book there?"

He waved its fresh tan leather before me.

"Write me a cheque for two hundred dollars, please."

"Two hundred—what for, dear?"

"There's a little bank near the studio; I think I'd like to start an account there and deposit my salary as I get it."

He had the grace to look ashamed and confused, but obstinate, too. "But, Effie, I'll turn the whole fourteen hundred over to you—it's your money—I didn't mean—only it seems to me a man ought to handle—that is, you're not used—and you've often said yourself that you couldn't add up two and two—"

"No, I don't want it all—just two hundred. The rest is better as it is." I couldn't bear to make him give up what he was evidently revelling in childishly. All the same, I watched him as he made out the cheque for the sum I had asked for, and handed it to me. He still looked obstinate, and didn't meet my eyes, but it was evident that he didn't understand. He was quite sure he was right.

That was the end of that episode, but it left a scar on my heart. Oh, the longer I live and the more I see of it, the more I am convinced that money is the great test of men and women. It is a biting acid when applied to character. Slowly it had begun to divide Walter and me.

I have told this much of my story in full detail because it was just these little happenings, these quirks and turns of circumstance that changed the current of our lives so abruptly, that made us into something so different from what I had planned.

This I knew at the very time it happened—that the matter of my first commission and Walter's appropriation of it killed something for both of us. I ought not to have let him

do it—oh, yes, easy enough to see that now. As for him, the fact that I had been the one to lift us out of the slough of debt, that I had proved myself capable of carrying a big share of our household expenses, in that I was economically independent and inclined to vaunt it, all tended to weaken his fibre, to reduce his feeling of responsibility, and to incline him frankly towards a selfish materialism which he had never before manifested. There is the plain truth, plainly written down. It has happened to hundreds of other women besides myself.

Oh, he didn't slacken his work at the agency—he liked that, and he was on his mettle to make good—not only to surpass me, but to retrieve his failure in Prayd's eyes. He wanted to make that old tyrant eat his words. And it wasn't many months before he got the rise he had been counting on for so long. It encouraged him mightily.

Well, now we really were on Easy Street. We began—what shall I call it?—a complete reorganization of our lives together, not consciously, but impelled by our new conditions, our new means.

We each took a share, about equal, of the regular bills. Walter paid the rent, I the new maid and the market accounts. He paid the gas, the electricity, the rates—oh, I suppose it amounted to about the same. With my commission I made a little more than he did, even so, I suppose he would have paid more of the bills had I handed them over to him. But I was beginning to be fanatically independent.

With our less straitened means we now began what I can only call a sort of education in sophistication. Gradually our little apartment was improved by the precepts I had learned from Mrs. Athelone. Piece by piece I replaced the furniture and filled in vacant spots. This I loved doing. Eventually we moved to much more comfortable quarters.

Both Walter and myself bought better clothes. We learned the technique—and it is a real technique—of giving simple dinners and suppers.

We progressed in other ways. We went to the theatre more, and an occasional concert, and the most advertised movies. We read the best sellers, and dropped in on the most-talked-of art exhibitions. We made it a point to know "what was going on." In this way we created, if not a community of genuine interest, at least the effect of it.

We made friends—or at least acquaintances. Logic had told me, after the Mickle-

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ham house commission, that if I wanted any more like that I would have to have a wider field to garner from. I had no connexions to rival Angela Regan's, but in the studio I had observed that almost everyone of any means at all some time or other must employ a decorator, even if it is only to get a few curtains made or have a chair re-upholstered. And such small commissions are not to be lightly disregarded. So there was good business reason behind our social expansion.

Now that Alice Mickleham wasn't trying to be superior to me, she was a far more agreeable companion. She didn't have many friends, but those she had I took care to meet. I could give them tea at the studio, which they, being mostly rich and idle and stupid, thought was quite a lark; or I could ask them home to dinner.

Through Alice's friends I met other people, and since we gave invitations we received invitations in return, and as good-looking, young, agreeable-mannered, well-dressed couples are always liked, we found ourselves going out to dinner several nights a week, with perhaps the theatre and an hour's dancing at a restaurant afterwards in prospect.

Walter's friends from the office made another angle in our lives. Prentice came—still single—and an awfully good sort of chap named Lloyd, with a pretty, slender wife who regarded me with awe because I worked with Mrs. Athelone, and yet ran my home efficiently—better than she could run hers, she admitted, though she was there all day to do it.

"That's what's the matter," I told her. "Machinery runs best when you provide the motive power and leave it alone."

"Oh, but you can't run children by machinery," she said doubtfully. "Of course, you haven't any children—that simplifies things."

She didn't mean it as a thrust, but it



"' You women who earn money—what are you made of—steel cogs, I think, not flesh and blood—'"

—p. 345

hurt me unreasonably. Long ago, ages ago it seemed, I had told Louise and Veevee that above all things I meant to have children. After we were married, and before the devastating attack of typhoid, Walter and I had talked of it, very shyly, very tenderly. We had meant to have children then. Now, we not only never spoke of it, but we tacitly took care to avoid the risk of it. And he spoke sometimes pityingly of the fellows in the office who were always harassed to death with bills for things that directly concerned their children—clothes, schools, illnesses, operations for adenoids, dentists' bills.

No, Walter and I didn't talk of children any more. They didn't fit into our scheme of things at all.

Veevee and Louise I still saw, and with them both kept up a degree of our old in-

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timacy. Veevee was going up in the world. She was now second in command, and had made two trips to Paris (once I went with her) for her firm, for the old madame confessed that the double ocean voyage was more than she could endure. Veevee was a successful buyer—she knew very well which of the French styles their American patrons would adore and which they would not touch. In that she was even more clever than Aimee, and the old woman recognized it.

"I only hope she does not get the mad idea to marry," she grumbled ungratefully.

"Don't worry about that," Veevee replied. "There's nothing to marriage, in my opinion."

Yet she was still lovely, Veevee, lovely and as young-looking as when I first met her, and men still trailed after her hopelessly. Even Roger Stole was still faithful.

"You'll take Roger yet," I used to tease her.

"If I ever want him, yes," Veevee would answer.

With Louise it was different. Her marriage was not an easy one, and she showed the marks of care and privation and neglect. Two of Ned's plays had been produced, but neither of them had made money, though they were acclaimed for literary worth. And there were two babies, lovely, robust, darling little creatures, who should have been puny and peaked from their cramped, unwholesome surroundings, but who, instead, grew daily more rosy and strong. Ned and Louise had kept on living in the village, in one of its least attractive—and least expensive—alleys, up three flights of dark and rickety stairs.

But Louise was happy. She might never have a new frock, she might never have a decent place to live, but she had something that made her radiant in spite of shabbiness and endless care. Always, with an undiminished faith, she expected Ned to win out gloriously—and he knew it. And the babies were darlings—even Veevee admitted it, though she groaned over Louise being cook, nursemaid, charwoman and laundress all in one.

On the surface I know nothing that could have presented a better, more satisfactory picture than these years of my life. Walter and I got on admirably—he had stopped laughing at my work long ago. He was succeeding fairly well in his own work—that had probably something to do with his altered attitude towards mine. We went

about together in excellent accord, and I know we never treated any of our hostesses to the hang-over of small domestic scenes and squabbles which some married couples seem unable to leave at home. To tell the truth, we didn't have any serious scenes and squabbles. We were both immensely busy. We didn't have time to get edgy and nag. Walter was naturally sweet-tempered, and when things were going well no one could be more amiable than he. Nor did he get irritable over small unforeseen annoyances, such as an occasional boring guest, or a badly cooked meal, or a torn shirt—and yet I've known men who raised the roof over trifles like these. Walter wasn't that sort. And neither was I.

Nor did we get on each other's nerves by any unpleasant personal habits. We were both reasonably punctual-minded, we had good manners and we used them at home. Walter wasn't untidy about his clothes, and he didn't let his hair grow too long before getting it cut; he liked fresh air at night as much as I did, he didn't drop ashes on the carpet—other women have told me that these traits in their respective husbands have embittered marriage for them, ridiculous as it sounds.

But Walter's and my association wasn't marriage. It was a smooth-running, well-financed, well-organized, rather perfunctory business partnership, nothing more, nothing less. We didn't quarrel, we were "faithful to each other," to use the conventional phrase, we were excessively busy with our respective occupations, and very comfortable in our surroundings and accessories. But as for having a real home, or bearing any truly vital relation to each other, or founding a family—why, it was as if we were atrophied, sterile.

I can recall very exactly when my old restlessness first began to come back to me. I didn't know exactly what was the matter with me. But I did know I was dissatisfied. I did know that going out seemed an awful bore, that doing other people's houses and apartments and arguing fat ladies out of a preference for sad mulberry taffeta with silver bindings, such as they'd seen at some pretentious hotel, was distasteful and wearisome.

I looked around my apartment, and felt that it was cramped and confined. "Walter," I said, "let's move."

We were at breakfast when I made my revolutionary proposition. Our dining-room was a charming place.

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Walter looked up from his paper, and all about him. He liked that room.

"Effie, don't," he begged. "We're so well fixed here."

At that place seemed more insupportable than ever. "Oh, we must move," I insisted. "This little hole is impossible. I feel as though the maids were on the back of my neck, and we can't cook anything that it doesn't smell up the whole place. No proper ventilation, no hood over the range, and no way to put one in. I'll call up an agent or two to-day and see what they've got."

Usually Walter was sweetness itself about all changes. He'd let me tear the place up and bring in painters and carpenters and never say a word. But we had been out later than usual on a party the night before with some new acquaintances, the Mayers, racketty people, and he was feeling a bit seedy. Hence, he was muish.

"I don't want to move," he said.

I was feeling none too healthy myself that morning, and my voice took on sharpness accordingly. "Why not, for goodness' sake? You have none of the bother of it. You go away in the morning from one apartment, and come home to dinner in another—that's all it means to you."

"It'll mean a higher rent, won't it?" asked Walter acrimoniously.

"Yes. But if you don't want to pay it I'll make up the difference." I spoke without thinking.

Another man from my easy-going tractable Walter looked at me across the table, a man insane with quick, helpless rage.

"I'd be glad if you could forget for one day to remind me that you earn more than I do," he said, and his voice trembled. "You women who earn money—what are you made of—steel cogs, I think, not flesh and blood—" He evidently couldn't trust himself to say more, but got up and put on his hat and left abruptly, his paper thrown to the floor and forgotten, his breakfast hardly touched.

If he had slapped me I would have been no more astonished. I wasn't angry exactly. I wasn't hurt. I was just amazed with a sort of blank, numb, helpless surprise. I struggled to get back to solid ground.

"He's just tired after last night. . . . Those Mayers are *so* noisy and gay. . . . Or perhaps he's not very well. . . . Or perhaps things aren't going well at the agency . . . anyway . . . why should he be

so touchy? He's accepted by sharing the expense this long very easily. . . ." I tried to excuse, to throw it off, to minimize. Nor did I slacken my purpose. "We've simply got to move. I want a larger place, one I can decorate so that it will bring me in a lot of orders. And in a better location. Walter won't mind after I've got it." I glanced at the clock—I had only fifteen minutes to get down to the studio. I jumped and ran, giving my orders to the cook as I slipped into my street dress.

I had to take a taxi, though I usually walked for the benefit of my figure and complexion. The mile and a half quick-step in the fresh air was my tonic, my guarantee of health. This morning I hadn't time.

My spirits rose, as they always did, as I neared the studio. It was my happy hunting ground, and I never approached it without warming to it and the work that lay there. It had not changed so greatly. Angela Regan had married an Englishman and gone to live in Manchester. "Poor dear, think of having to live in Manchester," commented Mrs. Athelone, and we had two new girls at the studio, while the workroom had been twice enlarged as business expanded.

I stowed my hat, gloves and scrap of smart sable in an old Italian commode painted with trails of flowers, melting into yellow, and sat down at my desk, promptly forgetting Walter's anger and my introspective queries. Letters, a list of early phone messages, a memo. of the day's imperatives were piled neatly before me. A brown envelope held samples bulging colour. There were new magazines and catalogues open and ready to my hand.

First I turned to the telephone. The workroom. Difficulties with certain upholstery. . . . And the last cord from the wholesaler simply rotted under the worker's fingers. . . . The girl who was painting the coffee trays had sent word that she was sick, but the head of the workroom, a calm Italian woman, said, "I think she is just making holiday."

That was provoking.

"I believe I'll just telephone round to the School of Design and see if they haven't a girl there who can do that sort of thing. It will teach Miss Paula a lesson," I thought.

And then the door opened, hesitantly, embarrassed.

"What a *nice* man!" was my instant mental comment.

(To be continued)

Why We Need Women Police

The Genesis of a Useful Work

By
Commandant S. Allen

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haul the wretch in order."

WAS it not Burns who sang to this effect? The hangman no longer brandishes his whip, nor does the policeman carry his awe-inspiring truncheon with any ostentation. Changed times, changed ideals!

The police force comes into closer contact with the sharp tragedies of life than any other public body, and the policewoman is the most striking manifestation of the new spirit in the conduct of our civic responsibilities. As our modern object is not only to detect crime, but even more to prevent it, her special aim is not to inspire terror, but confidence; to compel obedience not through fear, but on principle through intelligence and common sense.

Ignorance about Women Police

For a pioneer of the women police movement in England to discuss the necessity for women in the police force seems almost as absurd as it would be to question the need for lawyers, Members of Parliament, doctors or any other public servants. As nine people out of ten, however, are still in ignorance that there are such strange anomalies as policewomen on duty at all, and have no idea what their special functions may be, it becomes essential, in the first place, to write of the initial causes which brought women police into being.

It is generally assumed that a need automatically creates the people to fill it; but, in truth, it is only when that need becomes imperative that people are forced into the foreground without preparation, to meet the emergency as best they can. The war presented such a crisis; and in 1914 the first responsibility of women on police duty was to guard the stations, in order to deal with the vast numbers of terrified and half-stupefied refugees pouring in from Belgium. Originally these duties were undertaken voluntarily and unofficially; but in November, 1914, the first recognition was made of the valuable services women had been rendering by granting them permission to wear

a distinct uniform as policewomen in military areas.

Every new undertaking, dependent upon individual initiative, is bound to awaken a certain amount not only of mistrust, but of resentment and opposition. From the outset the women police movement has been hampered in its natural development by ingrained prejudice; yet the history of the movement is not only the best proof—if proof were still required—of the pressing need of the services of women, but also of the entirely adequate way in which that need has been met. The late Miss Damer Dawson and the writer undertook the inauguration of women into the duties and responsibilities of their new service, and by 1916 so valuable had this service proved itself, that a formal contract was entered into with the Ministry of Munitions for the policing of munition areas.

Policewomen in War Time

One of the first charges laid upon these women was the work of patrolling danger areas, including, of course, special duty during air raids. The hostels for women workers were under their care. They had to deal with all offences committed by girls and women, as well as, and most particularly, offences against girls and women; while the search for contraband among munition workers was also entirely in their hands. All depositions were taken by them.

It may be contended that we are no longer concerned with what might be considered abnormal times, abnormal conditions and abnormal duties. One cannot measure the crises of war by ordinary standards. The question is, however, whether from the criminal standpoint such times, conditions or duties can be dismissed as abnormal. Surely it is simply a question of degree? Are the crimes against women and children—especially children—merely a war manifestation, or do they occur with more or less frequency in our so-called peace times? If we are to credit late reports it is evident that there has been an increase rather than a decrease.

WHY WE NEED WOMEN POLICE

Prevention—and Crime Victims

In approaching the subject of the present-day need for women police, there are two sides to be considered. First the prevention of crime, and second how to deal not only with the offenders, but with the victims of offences after they have occurred. It is our contention that the moral deterrent of the uniformed woman on those who are tempted to commit offences, is incalculable. In the first place, male members of the police force, though for the most part carrying out their arduous and responsible duties admirably, have not been enrolled primarily either to uphold or to enforce a high standard of public morality; and the public itself is extraordinarily quick to recognize this limitation. From the start, on the contrary, women members have specialized along these very lines. Whether deservedly or not, women are supposed to have higher aims, and they have taken up their duties with protection of the young, inexperienced, weak or misguided as their special province. Can it be questioned that the regular patrolling of streets, parks and open spaces by uniformed women would be a first step towards a sane method of prevention, and would undoubtedly decrease the number of crimes of violence? Their mere presence where the young of both sexes congregate in their free time would tend to prevent that initial familiarity which so often leads to excesses. The need for the protection of children against assault either in parks or open spaces is self-evident.

The first boroughs to employ uniformed policewomen were Grantham, in November, 1914, and Hull, in May, 1915. An idea of the general progress of the movement previous to the Geddes Report of 1922 may be formed from the following figures, which give the number of provincial policewomen included in the report of H.M. Inspector of Constabulary between the years 1917-1921:

POLICEWOMEN

1917.	1918.	1919.	1920.	1921.
43	86	144	126	105

During this period, though the question of their status was variable, many chief constables decided to grant powers of arrest to women enrolled as police. Their duties were to a large extent those outlined by the pioneers of the movement in 1914.

Besides the duties already mentioned, the policewomen are entrusted with:

Regular duty at the police station.

Taking charge of women and girls who have attempted suicide.

Conducting women and children to a doctor when medical examination is necessary.

Dealing with charges of loitering, soliciting, etc., brought against prostitutes.

Conveying women offenders to and from prison to court and back again.

Accompanying women who have to take long journeys in charge of a constable to be brought before the courts.

Dealing with cases where women are



Miss Allen,
O.B.E.

Photo :
Grosvenor Studios

Sub-Commandant of Women's
Police Force.

charged with drunkenness and other disorderly conduct.

Searching women prisoners.

Taking charge of women in cells.

Attending women and children in court.

Assisting in the supervision of children's street-trading licences.

Keeping observation of suspected houses.

Assisting at raids of brothels.

Finding shelter for women and children who are stranded.

Observation work (in plain clothes).

Inspecting and reporting on the tone of places of amusement.

Reporting bad housing and other abuses to the chief constable.

Keeping observation for, and reporting on, all cases of cruelty to children.

Making all investigations in cases of concealment of birth, infanticide, etc.

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Inspecting common lodging-houses for women.

During the years 1916-1918 985 women were recruited, trained and controlled by the late Commandant Damer Dawson and myself under formal contract with the Ministry of Munitions for the policing of munition areas. Some of these women are now serving under provincial chief constables, many were available for duty in Ireland in 1920, and again, some are now working in Cologne, attached to the British Army of the Rhine.

In the U.S.A.

Our cousins across the seas are not only quick to seize an idea, but eager to develop it. Policewomen are now employed in 300 cities in the United States. Any question of the value of their service has long ago been relegated to the limbo of things taken completely for granted. In New York City alone 100 policewomen are enrolled.

The space of a short article can only sketch in the roughest outline of a subject of such magnitude. Much that has been suggested applies not only to the prevention of crime, but to the treatment of alleged criminals. A case in our own courts illustrated recently the difficulty under which we labour at present. The case was dismissed because the assaulted child, quite naturally, rushed home to its mother instead of appealing to a policeman who stood near, and it was therefore insisted upon that the assault had probably never been committed at all, and that the child had simply been frightened. Nothing could have been more ill advised than this conclusion. Whether through ignorance or through stupid threats of "telling a policeman" a constable is a person to be afraid of; and not one child in a hundred would appeal for help in such a case to a policeman, but instinctively it would run to a woman.

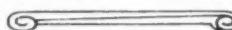
The country as a whole is deeply concerned in the general improvement of conditions, and would sanction anything which promises any amelioration. The most highly trained and educated women are not too good for the accomplishment of these duties, which must finally be accepted as coming within the scope of police work. The conclusion is essential that as police we are dealing, in the majority of cases, with our weaker brothers and sisters in need of

assistance, and not, as is commonly thought, with deliberate criminals. To detect the truth in a tissue of lies requires not only training, but knowledge and unfailing patience. How many criminals or human failures have been the result of total incapacity to adjust themselves to their surroundings? The tremendous advantage to the woman or the child offender of being brought into contact with another woman possessing experience and wide sympathies cannot be over-estimated. The possibility of its having a strong influence on the future is undoubted.

Put Aside Prejudice

No great advance can be made along lines of police administration until all preconceived ideas and narrow prejudices are entirely put aside. For some years it has been acknowledged that the whole question of crime and its punishment needs revision, and a more humane and scientific handling of the offender has been universally recommended. Our probation system, juvenile courts, improved prison conditions, etc., are all attempts to deal intelligently with the most obstinate and poignant problems. The theory of depending entirely upon law and more law, punishment and more punishment, for solutions to the difficulties and disorders met with in our complicated social structure has had the fullest opportunity to demonstrate its futility. This ancient theory deals with symptoms, but not with the diseases.

Modern methods, on the contrary, are rightly directed towards prevention of crime, and specialization on all essential factors concerned with it. The need of the moment is not so much to treat the offences as to get at the root of the trouble that causes them, and, if possible, to eliminate it. It is essential primarily to develop a scientific administration of the law, in order that a clearer understanding may be brought to bear on all social evils, which we already suspect may be less attributable to individual wickedness than to disastrous economic and social conditions. It is not too much to assert that an enlargement of vision resulting from the new light shed upon old questions that have become part of an accepted formula, a recognized routine, is one of the most important contributions made by the women police movement.





Scotland is a fine place for animals that like the "cooth"

A Den of Lions at Edinburgh

YOU may know a nation by its zoo. The decadent nations of the world have either no zoos at all, or zoos which had better never have been founded. We append no list of the offenders. They total well over a score. The reader travelling abroad will discover them for himself, and having discovered will heartily endorse our opening assertion. Suffice it to say that there exist zoos which justify the ill-informed sentimentalists' cry of, "Is the zoo cruel?"

A Sign of Honest Striving

But wherever men have earnestly and honestly striven upwards and forwards to the light, there you will find their love of all things beautiful reflected in an effort to gather around them some few of the many wondrous creatures which ornament this world of ours, and house them in such fashion as shall not only delight the eyes of all who see them, but shall also be a source of complete "animal satisfaction" to the creatures themselves.

Some persons still hold that a zoo is merely a show place, wherein beasts and birds are exhibited for money. Such is certainly true of the "travelling menagerie." The travelling menagerie is on its last legs.

A Visit to the Scottish Zoo
By
L. R. Brightwell, F.Z.S

Yes, we are undoubtedly advancing, whatever our misery-mongers may say. In the following article the writer does his best to tell English readers something of a zoo which is at present far too little known to Englishmen. It is a zoo which promises to be one of the finest in the world. Indeed, we were recently informed by certain untravelled Scotsmen that it is already the finest in the world. Whilst disagreeing with them on technical grounds, it is easy to forgive their enthusiasm.

An Enviable Site

The Scottish Zoological Park is reached at the end of a three-mile tram ride from Edinburgh, and enjoys a site that might well make our own Zoo authorities green with envy.

The park covers seventy-four acres of ground upon a steep hillside, at one time an ancient manor house estate, the said manor house still standing, and now sheltering the enthusiastic staff and extensive offices, laboratories and library of the Zoological Society of Scotland. The London Zoo has at least ten times the number of animals owned by the Scottish Zoological Society . . . and about half (not quite half) the acreage on which to house them.

THE QUIVER

Bracing—and Cheap

There is only one entrance to the Scottish Zoo, a very imposing entrance, and before you get through the turnstile you give the society one shilling; on Wednesdays nine-pence. A guide book costs another shilling—and it's worth it; only a Scot could have produced such a guide at the price, a guide as fat as our own, yet dealing with a zoo a tenth of ours, only ten years old, and nearly crippled at birth by the war, yet now growing hourly. Scotland *is* so bracing.

Once through the turnstile and the visitor walks and walks along endless gravel paths, and wonders when he will come upon the animals. Still, it's a pleasant walk; there's lots to see on every hand. Straight ahead is, apparently, an impenetrable forest. On the right is a vast lawn, ornamented by a notice board declaring it to be the site of the Carnegie Aquarium, the building of which commenced in the autumn of last year. On the left there is more grass—acres of it—its fringe garnished by labels asking you to "keep off the verges." Never mind, the Sassenach would call it "grass edge," but the Scot has his own way of doing these things. When the visitor gets tired of walking steadily uphill and turns round to enjoy a breather, he can feast his eyes on such a vision of smiling plain and towering hills as only Scotland can produce.

In the Heart of the Zoo

The visitor, determined to get his money's worth, eventually reaches the forest, finds it to be only four trees deep, and comes out on the other side, to find himself in the very heart of the Zoo. Trees give place to boards pointing to the elephants, bears, lions, humming birds, seals, earwigs—everything bar the griffon and the sphinx. The true Britisher when he enters a zoo naturally makes for the lions. Lions, as everybody knows, come from hot countries. All the same, lions are wonderfull hardy beasts, and can thrive apace in a cold climate. The near future will—funds permitting—probably see the demolition of the London lion house. The proper place for a lion is outdoors. Coddling kills him. The Edinburgh lions are placed in a series of cages ranging along three sides of a square. The general effect is rather terrifying. One can readily excuse pure wee Dan'l MacDonnal, who, late one November afternoon, became so fascinated by some thirty pair of pale green eyes centred upon his chilly self that he stood stock still in the centre of the house,

crying lustily for help, unconscious that a forty-foot-wide exit lay straight ahead

Night Out for Lucky Lions

The lions are truly lucky. Each lion can be given a night out. By an ingenious system of portcullises and passages the cages are made to communicate with the den. The den is a vast rockery separated from the public by a ditch, deep and wide, and a light "rustic" palisade. The spectacle presented by the king of beasts posing in the wonderful setting provided for him must be seen to be appreciated. A list of Edinburgh's lions would weary the reader, so we will content ourselves with stating that the Scotch Zoo threatens to become a veritable "lion farm," in which Brutus is the oldest father.

Sea Lions Love Scotland

Next to the lions come the sea lions. They have nothing but praise for Scotland. Scotland's idea of summer is one long downpour. Scotland's winter makes the Sasenach thankful that he lives in England. As one fellow "foreigner" remarked to the writer, "Scotland's climate is just a terrible mistake!" Yet the sea lions thrive upon it. Here, peopling a fine combination of pond and rockery (which might be larger, considering the ground available), are two sea lions, one seal and several gannets. The gannet must be taken very seriously in Scotland. He is a son of the soil—and surf. His farthest south breeding ground is the Bass Rock, off the Firth of Forth. Heat irks the gannet, which fact once inspired a bard to present the nation's store of poesy with the following effusion:

"There was an old person of Thanet
Who owned a large bird called a gannet,
When the weather was hot
So faint the bird got . . .
He had to sit all day and fan it!"

Second-class poetry perhaps, but fairly sound on the zoological side. A gannet was the very first specimen to be acquired by the society. He is an oldish bird by now, but enjoys the best of health. Small wonder that he should be the first specimen to be acquired by the Edinburgh Zoo. Not only is he installed in the sea-lion pond, where he scuffles with the mammals for fish, but he has been adopted by the society as official mascot, and disports himself upon the doorpost, note-paper and keepers' badges. America displays the Rocky Mountain sheep in similar fashion. Wake up London! The lion or the Cockney sparrow—which shall

A DEN OF LIONS AT EDINBURGH



A Corner of the Lions' Den

be the Zoo's heraldic emblem? At present it has none.

The Remarkable Gannet

The gannet deserves a paragraph to himself. He is easily the most remarkable sea bird we have. He is pushful. The Bass Rock was any bird's breeding ground fifty years ago. Now it is "all gannet." Puffins, guillemots, black backs, black heads, razorbills, shags and even squas have been

slowly persuaded—always by the gannet—that the Bass Rock wasn't, er—well—quite the sort of ground they were looking for. The gannet or solan goose (*sula bassana*) now reigns supreme. Moreover, he is a self-appointed fishery control inspector. It requires at least three times his own weight in fish *per diem* to keep him going. Years ago Orkney men used to paint herrings on bits of board and set the same adrift. "Ah, ha!" said Mr. Gannet, espying the travesty



Sea Lions
and Gannets
sharing their food

of Nature from an altitude of three hundred feet, "what a promising meal!" Down swooped the gannet, with the velocity of an aeroplane bomb, drove his beak into the wood—and broke his neck. A fool's trick indeed, and now happily prohibited by law. It is a dangerous game to play—tampering with Nature's ideas of "keeping the balance."

Out of Their Element

The gannet has our finest aircraft "beat" when on the wing. Afloat or ashore he is a bit of a failure. Be calmed or swimming, on an oily sea, a chance breeze may wash him ashore by the cartload. The finest example which the writer has ever seen of a "rough house" occurred when a gannet came to ground in the ice-house of a White Sea trawler. It took three men—unused to handling large and dangerous birds, be it said—to get the gannet bundled up into a piece of sacking and put over side. A gannet can break a man's arm with a blow from the wing, and run a six-inch thick cod through and through with one thrust of his leak.

The Hardy Beasts' Paradise

But let us get back to the Scottish Zoo. Truly this is the hardy beasts' paradise. Lions, bears, sea-lions, seabirds of all kinds, bison, yak and a hundred other creatures revel in the "coolth." A foot of snow on the lion-house roof sees the inmates growling "no complaints," whilst a hard winter shows the seals, bears, marmots and, indeed, all northern animals in a "setting" that leaves nothing to be desired from any

point of view—zoological, humanitarian or artistic.

There is very little heating apparatus to be found in the Edinburgh Zoo, and this for several reasons. First, the society is still in its infancy; secondly, most of the animals are anti-coddlers; and thirdly, there is no special department for the mollusca, insects or reptiles. At present the molluscs, insects and

fish, reptiles and more delicate mammals and birds are "chummed in" under one roof—that of the acclimatization house.

Here we find the nucleus of several fine collections, which will ere long enjoy more spacious accommodation. Needless to say, many of the inmates here, and elsewhere in the grounds outside, answer to such appellations as Mac and Jock. By the way, we are in a position to deny semi-officially (with contumely) the rumour that the Scottish Zoo's one and only elephant sat down on the main walk for three days and nights refusing to move, for the (alleged) reason that it was concealing by its vast bulk a chance-dropped halfpenny.

The Otter—and the Penguins

The otter pool at present houses a mere otter—just an otter and nothing more. A few years ago it was tenanted by a live wire—Jock, who balanced a bottle on the end of his nose for the delectation of Sassenach visitors.

Of course, the penguin is seen at his finest in Edinburgh. The society has hatched most species of penguin in its ten short years of life, and can claim a record so far as Great Britain is concerned by "breeding" the magnificent king penguin. The society has six of these fine birds, who march up and down with stately mien, swim like fish, and hatch their eggs in penguin fashion, i.e. by placing the egg upon the instep and then lying on it. The newly hatched chick is subjected to similar treatment. One can only judge the result by visiting the Edinburgh Zoo. The king penguin looks so like

A DEN OF LIONS AT EDINBURGH

a brigadier-general that more than one "Jock" has been caught saluting.

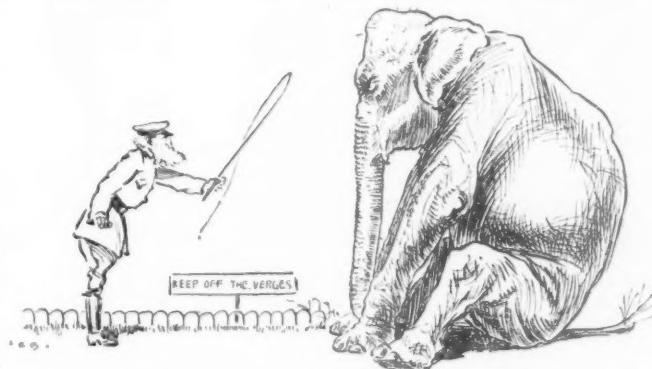
Space presses, and we must "cut it short" within the next paragraph or so.

So long as the Edinburgh Zoo holds to its original programme it cannot go far wrong. The said programme—quoting from the laws and by-laws of the society—amount to this: The society was founded in 1909 . . . its principal objects being the establishment and maintenance of a national zoological park, the advancement of zoology and the *protection and study of the native fauna of Scotland*. The italics are ours, and we use them advisedly. The whole aim and object of a zoo should be, not to exhibit rare beasts to be gazed at by an idle crowd, but to show such animals as can stand the local climate in the best possible surroundings. This is the aim of the Zoological Society of Scotland, and if consistently pursued, as it surely will be, we can look forward to the society's success.

Of course, there is a "hidden hand" behind the society's zoo. Every venture of the

kind has its first incentive in one or, at most, a few individuals. The "hidden hand" in the present instance is Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake. That amazing man, sculptor, painter, zoologist, menagerie owner, circus proprietor, ring master (to mention a few of his rôles) put the Edinburgh Zoo on its feet with a consignment of some seventy animals. That was ten years ago.

Most of these animals are still doing well. Scotland's air agrees with them. Knowing what Scotsmen are, native and



The animal refused to move for three days. It later transpired that he had been sitting on a halfpenny!

naturalized, we can count on their prosperity . . . and the prosperity of the society housing them.

Some special items in the February

LITTLE FOLKS:

THE TALE OF TOM TURTLE :

Written and Illustrated by L. R. BRIGHTWELL

THE EDITOR'S DEN : "Amusing" the Children

ALL'S WELL WITH ANNE : School Story by ETHEL TALBOT

A D'ARTAGNAN IN DIFFICULTIES : Story by DORA MARTIN

THE CALIPH'S EMERALD : A Charming Fairy Story

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE : Serial Story by D. H. PARRY

THE TESTING OF THE TORMENT :

Serial Story by ELSIE J. OXENHAM

and

"DOMBEY AND SON" : A Novel in a Nutshell



"Neither the cold good wishes nor the resentful
silence left any impression on her mind"—p. 357

Drawn by
C. Morse

A Stranger within the Gates

by
ANNE WEAVER

SUSAN DENNISON laid down her letter with a sense of shock and dismay, and stared across the breakfast-table out of the window.

It was only a week ago that she had first taken her place at the head of the table in this cosy panelled dining-room and been waited upon by silent, deft-handed servants. She wasn't yet quite accustomed to it. But prosperity, like a glove, takes the shape of the hand that wears it with extraordinary rapidity. Susan had come down to breakfast this morning at nine o'clock, feeling as though she had been mistress of Ordway House for years, as though she had always owned the smooth lawn outside the windows, from which a gardener was brushing the autumn leaves, and the wide flower border, where dahlias and chrysanthemums made a brave show under the high walls that shut off the well-kept garden from its more humble neighbours in the High Street.

She had put back her usual breakfast-time for two hours, and she was shame-facedly conscious that it was far pleasanter to rise at eight than at six, and to look out on that smooth stretch of tree-shaded turf than on the closely packed rows of vegetables which had been her first sight and her sole care for three years.

Yet she had been very proud of her hard-working, breezy independence.

Three years ago she had rented a cottage just outside the little old-fashioned seaside town, and established herself there with an old nurse to housekeep for her. She was an orphan, nineteen years old; and her venture had been looked askance at by the large clan of Ordway relations. Susan herself wasn't a relation, rightly speaking. She was what is called "remotely connected."

"Market gardening, forsooth!" they snorted. "A manœuvring pauper's thin excuse for tacking herself on to the skirts of a rich elderly kinswoman."

But it became obvious soon enough that there was nothing of the sycophant or even of the harmless diplomatist in Susan. Blunt

of speech as of nose, direct in retort as in glance of bright, brown eye; following her chosen career as sturdily as she carried her square, white chin, she trundled her wheelbarrow, packed with fruit and vegetables, to the side door of Ordway House, and sold them at a perfectly fair price, with an entire disregard for the claims of a domineering old lady, who had a fortune to leave and very little time left her to enjoy it in.

Once Mrs. Ordway had complained that the present week's delivery of vegetables had not been equal to the previous one in quality. Susan hadn't turned a hair.

"Last night's storm did some damage," she had explained placidly; "and, you see, I hadn't finished getting everything in and ready for delivery."

"Then," said the old lady grimly, "according to what my housekeeper tells me, what you brought here must have been picked to-day."

"Well, *somebody's* had to be," Susan made answer, mildly apologetic but quite unabashed.

"You don't favour me especially, then?" Mrs. Ordway asked with some curiosity.

"Why should I?" The girl's retort was softened by the disarming smile that showed all her small, white teeth. "I don't charge you a penny more—or less—than anyone else."

"I'm in a position to pay you better than most of your customers," the gaunt old lady reminded her.

"You may be, but I don't see how that affects the case," Susan answered quite simply and truthfully.

Mrs. Ordway, from the front window of the long drawing-room, had watched the strong, slim young figure in its loose holland coat and workmanlike breeches march away down the little High Street, trundling the empty barrow, and she frowned and smiled.

"A saucy little baggage," said she to herself. It wasn't often that anyone "sauced" Mrs. Ordway, and she found the application of that unusual condiment piquant, and not

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unpleasing to her mental palate. "A saucy baggage, but self-respecting and honest, when all's said and done, the chit!"

Various cousins, nephews and great-nieces heard the story of this little passage-at-arms, and heaved a sigh of relief. The girl wasn't a manoeuvring little cat; she was just plain fool.

And this was lucky, because everyone knew that years ago in the early 'seventies old Charlotte Ordway had jilted Susan's grandfather to make a richer marriage; but ever since her widowhood a queer little daguerreotype of a debonair young man with a blunt nose and short side-whiskers had held a place on the table near her arm-chair. You never knew where a sentiment of that kind might lead an old woman. It was a mercy that the girl hadn't the brains to play her cards properly. The family felt quite a patronizing kindness towards Susan. They decided that Great-aunt Charlotte ought at least to leave her a small legacy—say a hundred pounds. They felt, in fact, the same contemptuous tolerance for her—this "stranger within the gates," who didn't know how to take advantage of being there—as they had felt towards Great-aunt Charlotte's only son, who had long ago been turned out of those same gates with scorn and contumely.

What had become of Richard Ordway no one knew. There were rumours that he was dead; but of one thing everyone was comfortably certain—since his mother had announced it openly—that he had been disinherited. Nor stick nor stone, bond nor share would come to the son who had been born late in life to a hard, autocratic woman, and, growing up, had matched his own headstrong will against hers and lost.

Then, three weeks ago, had come a day when the doctor was sent for suddenly to Ordway House. The old lady had had a stroke.

Susan, calling to inquire, was interviewed by a stout, important matron, who, being Mrs. Ordway's nearest relative, had promptly arrived to take charge of the situation.

"Great-aunt Charlotte hadn't spoken yet. It was all most distressing. One could only hope . . ."

She didn't finish her sentence, and Susan went away soberly, her healthy young mind shaking off a horrid feeling that perhaps the sentence was better left unfinished. Mrs. Ordway wasn't one of those sweet-natured, sympathetic old ladies who are universally

beloved. She had lived to herself, alone, as it were, in the harsh dominance to which her wealth and her iron character had lifted her; and alone—despite the presence of various other relations, who hurried down on the heels of the Nearest One—she died two days later.

Susan, passing down the High Street with her barrow, saw a hand pull down the blinds of the big bedroom on the first floor, and, standing still with an involuntary catch of her breath, watched every other blind in the front of the house descend in its turn. Ordway House was shutting the inquisitive world out from its bereavement, and Susan went on her way with a poignant sense of the pathos of that grim, silent passing.

She hadn't loved the old lady, but she had been sorry for her. And there was room for a great deal of pity in that big, young heart of hers.

On the day of the funeral—a rain-swept autumn day, bleak, cold and depressing—she discarded her boyish garments for an old black frock and hat, and attended the ceremony.

She kept a little apart from the throng of expensively clad mourners, but when the coffin had been lowered into the grave she came quietly forward and scattered a sheaf of white chrysanthemums over it. They had been the old lady's favourite flower; their acrid scent had perhaps touched a responsive chord in her strong, bitter nature.

One or two of the Ordways relaxed their expression of chastened grief to bestow a vaguely interested glance on the girl who hadn't had the wit to make the most of her opportunities, and was now wasting those marketable chrysanthemums on an unresponsive grave. But one man—grey-haired, prim-faced and elderly—asked a whispered question of his neighbour, and stepped forward and touched her arm.

"You are coming up to the house, Miss Dennison?" he said.

Susan stared at him through the mist which had blotted out her view of that lonely coffin, on which her own tears had been the only ones to fall.

"I—I hadn't meant to," she stammered.

"Then will you please oblige me by doing so?" he asked very courteously. There was quite a little air of deference in his manner: a deference absurdly out of place, thought the Nearest Relation acidly, to a young woman who might consider herself lucky if she had been remembered in the will to the extent of twenty-five pounds.

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So Susan, at the lawyer's request, went back with the rest, wondering vaguely for the first time, and with a little glow of anticipatory gratitude, if such a thing could possibly be. It would make all the difference in the world if she could afford to pay a boy occasionally to do some of the rough work of her garden.

Late that afternoon she left Ordway House in an almost dazed condition.

Neither the cold good wishes nor the resentful silence of various bitterly disappointed Ordways had left any impression on her mind. The rain had ceased; but as she walked home through the little town in a belated sunburst she scarcely saw the beauty of the liquid reflections in the wet road, the dazzling white walls of the houses, the vivid newly washed glory of the evergreens.

Beyond a few minor legacies to servants and to charities, *Ordway House and three thousand a year had been left absolutely to "Susan Althea, only granddaughter of my dearly loved friend, Lionel Dennison. . . ."*



And now she sat over an almost untasted breakfast, and stared in dismay at the one letter which this morning's post had brought her.

Oh, it was all very well for Mr. Roberts to say . . . just what every sensible legal adviser would say, she supposed. But unfortunately Susan wasn't blessed with a legal mind; and it is to be doubted whether a more disturbed young woman existed at the moment than the heiress of Ordway House.

"I need a talk with Burkey to put me right," she said to herself at last with a mental shake. "She's as honest as the day, the dear old thing, and she's got a heart of gold. But she'd let everyone else's rights go to the wall where I'm concerned; and it will do me good to have to brace myself against her arguments."

Mrs. Burke, her old nurse, was still carrying on the work of the market garden, with the help of the much-wanted gardener's boy. She had grown fond of the comfortable little home, which she and Susan had furnished and decorated with such pride. She wasn't eager to move into the big house and mix with a horde of superior fellow-servants. Besides, it was clear that Susan must soon provide herself with a proper chaperon-companion. "Burkey" had no intention of being persuaded into filling that post; she

knew what was due to her nursling's new position.

It was a mild, sunny morning, and, shawled but hatless, she was out in the garden when Susan arrived, superintending the clearing of the raspberry canes by the boy, who whistled blithely as he worked.

"Burkey"—Susan's tragic voice imported a new element into the peaceful little scene—"I've had quite a horrid piece of news."

"Bless my soul!" Mrs. Burke exclaimed. "Seems as if there shouldn't be much that can bother you these days, dearie. Come along in and let's hear all about it."

"It's from Mr. Roberts." Susan held out the letter. "Read it, Burkey dear."

Mrs. Burke sat heavily down in an arm-chair, took her big spectacles out of the case that hung at her ample waist, and adjusted them with maddening deliberation. She read the letter through. After which she drew a long breath and was silent for a moment or two—silent and obviously disturbed. Then:

"I won't say as it isn't most inconvenient and unexpected," she said at last. "But he can't make any claim, Miss Susan. He hasn't got the shadow of a right in law—"

"No," said Susan slowly. "I understand that, of course."

"Then what's worrying you, my dear?"

"It was his father's house, his father's money." Susan's voice was low and troubled. "If the place had been entailed—"

"But it wasn't." Mrs. Burke comfortably squashed that suggestion. "It was left to his mother, and she had a right to leave it as she chose."

"A legal right," Susan amended.

"Eh, what's that?" The other looked up sharply. Something that she read in the young face, an earnest wistfulness, alarmed her considerably.

"And a moral right, too," she said with hasty firmness. "If all one hears is true, he wouldn't have been no credit to the name nor the place, if he'd come into it."

"I don't know that we ourselves have any right to judge by what we hear," Susan said slowly. "After all, what do we really know about him—this Richard Ordway—excepting that he and his mother quarrelled, and that he was supposed to have been killed in that South American earthquake; and—"

"And that he's come alive again, most inconvenient," Mrs. Burke said tersely. "What's he been doing out in South Ameriky all this while? Nothing good, I'll

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wager. And how do we know it's *him*, anyway? Supposing that it's somebody passing himself off as Richard Ordway."

Susan shook her head. "Not likely," she said. "Mr. Roberts seems satisfied that it's the right man, and he ought to know. He says that he is sure to come down here, so we shall see him."

The old woman looked alarmed.

"I hope he's not coming down to try and bully you, my dear," she said.

"Oh, I'm not easily bullied." Susan's strong, square chin lifted a little. "And I'm not afraid. Not afraid of Richard Ordway, I mean." She hesitated, her candid eyes riveted on Mrs. Burke's anxious face. "I'm afraid of myself, Burkey. Afraid of being too selfish to do the right thing, supposing"—she drew a long breath—"supposing that Richard Ordway turns out to have been slandered and unfairly treated."

"And what might you call the right thing, Miss Susan?" Mrs. Burke's dismay was hidden by her crisp, dry tones.

Susan shook her head.

"I'll tell you when the time comes, Burkey," she said.

"Now, Miss Susan, you're not going to be foolish," the old woman begged her earnestly. "Just when I was that glad and proud to see you living as you should live, like a lady in that beautiful house, instead of in this bit of a place, slaving away—"

Susan rose and bent over the old woman, kissing her affectionately.

"Burkey, you're a darling old thing, and you've done just what I wanted you to do. You've said all the things that I've said to myself, and now I know what they sound like." She made a little wry grimace. "And I'm going to change into my dear old shabby coat and breeches straight away, and spend a day in doing some honest work again!"

Mrs. Burke dolefully produced the garments in question, which had been left behind on their owner's migration to the big house, and Susan went out into the garden and proceeded to assist young John with the raspberry canes. She stayed to share Mrs. Burke's simple lunch, and afterwards set herself the task of gathering seaweed to manure the asparagus bed.

Down the lane she went, dragging a rough wooden hand-cart behind her, through a gap in the cliff and down a sloping path to the beach.

It was low tide, and the black rocks were slippery with heavy masses of thick brown

weed. She worked till her wet hands were reddened with the cold sea-water and her back ached with stooping, and she whistled as she worked bits of cheery old tunes to keep thought away. Then, quite suddenly, she came upon . . . the man, and her whistling died away in surprise and consternation.



He lay among a group of tall rocks, half in and half out of a pool of water; a man she had never seen before, moderately young and belonging to her own class, if one might judge by his clothes and a certain indefinable air of breeding about his face. The awkwardness of his attitude, as he lay with one leg doubled under him, made it apparent that he had slipped and fallen while climbing the rocks. Otherwise the grey pallor of his unconsciousness would have led her to believe him dead.

"Badly damaged," the girl muttered to herself, her bright eyes dark with concern and pity. "I wonder how long he has been lying there?"

She learnt afterwards that he had come out of one fainting fit to the sound of her whistling, and had made an effort to raise himself and call to her; but after a brief glimpse of the slim, boyish figure not twenty yards away, he had collapsed again into unconsciousness, under the excruciating agony which the movement had caused him.

A couple of hours later he was lying in bed in a dainty, low-roofed bedroom, bright with pink chintzes and white enamelled furniture. Misty impressions remained with him of being carried up from the beach on a roughly improvised stretcher, and borne along a lane and into a cottage under the superintendence of the lad in the holland coat and a middle-aged man with an authoritative manner, who turned out to be a doctor, and who proceeded to undress him and skilfully to set his broken leg.

"Infernally silly thing to go and do," he had muttered as he set his teeth to bear the pain. "Particularly as—"

He didn't finish the sentence. And now the doctor had been gone some time, having promised to fetch his suit-case from the little hotel, where he had left it that afternoon on his arrival in the town. He was alone. The apple-cheeked old woman who had installed herself in charge of his sick-room had gone downstairs, and left him to the drowsiness of the opiate which the doctor had administered. He knew that there was something especially annoying about this accident, over

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"He lay among a group of tall rocks,
half in and half out of a pool of water."

Drawn by
C. Morse

and above the pain and discomfort of it; but he couldn't for the life of him remember what it was, any more than he could account for a guest-room of such a dainty description being at the disposal of the homely old body who seemed to own the cottage. So he gradually dropped off to sleep; and down-stairs his suit-case lay on the floor of the sunny living-room between Susan and Dr. Lane, who confronted her with a perturbed countenance.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I'm rather afraid this is going to be a long and tiresome business, and I really think that it would be better if the patient were removed to my house or to the Cottage Hospital. I can send the ambulance for him."

"But why in the world should you?" Susan protested. "Here's Burke with an empty room and plenty of time on her hands; she'll simply love someone to fuss over."

"Yes, but—you see, Miss Dennison," the doctor said uncomfortably, "you don't quite grasp the situation. This young man—er—took a room at the hotel under the name of—" He hesitated again, then: "Oh,

well, it's no good mincing matters." He stared at her unhappily. His expression was not at all that of a doctor who has just satisfactorily carried out a neat bit of professional work. "I always heard," he said with apparent inconsequence, "when I first came to these parts, that old Mrs. Ordway's only son was dead."

Susan nodded.

"Yes, everyone has thought so," she said. "But they were wrong. I heard from my lawyer this morning that he is alive and in England. He called at Mr. Roberts' office in London."

"H'm, is that so? Well, my dear young lady, he isn't in London now. *Richard Ordway's up there.*"

He pointed a dramatic hand in the direction of the ceiling.

"Oh!" said Susan.

She moved away to the window and stood looking out blankly. Those hard facts which she had been spending to-day in a feverish effort to dodge, had brought her up inexorably with a round turn.

Mrs. Burke spoke to the doctor in a low, vehement voice,

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"It's a bit of cruel bad luck, sir, this is," she said sombrely. "To have him laid up here like this!"

"The whole thing's most unfortunate," the doctor agreed, frowning. "It's a case of a compound fracture, and it will be some months before he's up and about again. Under the circumstances—"

"The circumstances don't matter as long as he doesn't realize them." Susan turned from the window and spoke decisively. "And he needn't realize them till he's well enough to go away. He won't see anybody here to tell him who I am; and Burkey can speak of me as Miss Brown, Jones or Robinson, or any old name she likes."

Dr. Lane looked dubious.

"One imagines that he came down here to see his old home—or you," he suggested.

"Well, he'll have to be content with writing to me," Susan said. "And I shall write back politely; and Miss—shall we decide on Brown?—will do her best to cheer his convalescence."

An irrepressible flash of mischief danced in her eyes and dimpled about her mouth. The situation was a two-edged one, piquant for all its threatening of unpleasantness.

When she returned to Ordway House she discovered that Richard Ordway had called on her that morning, and had been told that she was out. She wondered what he had meant to say if he had seen her. His face haunted her as she sat over her solitary dinner. It was a hard face, she thought. It came between her and the beautiful old silver and china on the polished table. Later, as she drank her coffee in the pot-pourri scented drawing-room, it remained with her.

His story had always held a fascination for her—this vanished son of old Mrs. Ordway's, against whom so many stories were told.

Susan, herself a rebel at heart against a good many conventions, had always felt a sneaking sympathy for him. She fancied that he might have been a throwback to some wild forbear of the colourless father who had been utterly dominated by Caroline Ordway. And if some people said that he had broken his mother's heart, there were others who declared that she had done her best to break his spirit, and had succeeded at least in spoiling his life. His refusal to accept her choice of a profession for him had been the final straw; and fifteen years ago young Richard Ordway had passed out of the lives of those who had known him

since his boyhood, leaving an echo behind him of countless daredevil escapades and of restless rebellion against authority.

There was only one picture of him in Ordway House—a water-colour drawing of a little rough-haired boy with defiant blue eyes and mouth pathetically sullen, up against a world that was too strong for him.

The old gardener had shown her the loose bricks in the high garden wall where "Master Dick" had climbed over at night, and gone out fishing with the rough lads on the quay; and the sprawling "R. O." which at seven years old he had carved on the wooden bench under the cedar (and had been whipped for disfiguring the bench). They were the only things that remained to tell of Richard Ordway in the house of his forefathers. But that night when Susan looked out of her window, it seemed to her that the most live and vital thing in the garden was that clumsy carving, invisible in the dusk; and the one thing in the big house which dwarfed all her other new possessions and dominated the house itself was that small portrait.



The news that old Mrs. Ordway's son was alive, after all, spread rapidly through the town. It was the most thrilling subject for gossip that had enlivened the place for years. Richard Ordway alive, and a guest of the girl who had, as it were, supplanted him! Nothing else was talked of. Some curious folk even went the length of walking out to the cottage in the hope of a word with Mrs. Burke or a glimpse of the invalid through the window. But that pink-and-white bedroom which had been Susan's, looked out on the little patch of orchard behind the house, and Mrs. Burke remained firmly invisible.

She had her hands full with the invalid, the housework and the garden, though Susan insisted on coming over daily to help her with all three. "The less chance of his guessing that I don't live here," she said.

Mrs. Burke had given up protesting. It is amazing how quickly any woman forgets the just cause she may have to dislike a man when he is once a helpless invalid in her hands. She had already begun to feel a reluctant kindness towards her charge, who accepted the pain of his broken leg with something of the annoyed but uncomplaining bewilderment of a hurt puppy.

The years had evidently taught that rebellious spirit a certain philosophy; but it was clear that even if he had faced priva-

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tions and hardships, illness of any kind was new to him.

"Who was the boy who found me on the beach?" he asked next morning as he watched his nurse moving about the room. "He must have got a pretty fair shock."

"Boy?" Mrs. Burke looked blank.

"Yes; the boy who was picking seaweed off the rocks."

"Oh!" Against her will an amused smile spread over the old woman's face. "That wasn't no boy, sir. That was a young lady."

"Good heavens! Who is she?"

"She's—a Miss Brown, sir. Lodges here with me."

"What does she pick seaweed for?" (Already, so he told himself with grim amusement, he was developing the keen curiosity of the sick-room in the most trivial matters outside it.)

Mrs. Burke was a little nonplussed. She had been strictly ordered by Susan not to say anything that might connect her in his mind with professional gardening, since they had no idea how much Mr. Roberts had enlightened him as to the heiress's previous mode of living.

"Well, she's just interested in plants and things," she said lamely.

"Oh, a botanist," he commented.

"I s'pose you might say so." Mrs. Burke was so plainly reluctant to talk about his rescuer, that an idle curiosity was promptly fanned into quite a healthy little flame.

"Feels responsible for her lodger," he thought, with an inward grin. "Not keen to foster an acquaintanceship between her precious Miss Brown and a possibly undesirable vagrant from Heaven knows where."

Well, she needn't worry. He'd seen too many of the self-sufficient, independent type of woman to be attracted by a blue stocking who surmounted her hose with masculine breeches; and he had come down here with a purpose in mind which forbade sentimental strayings.

When Miss Brown took it upon herself to bring him his lunch he experienced something of a shock. In fact, until she dilated upon her dismay at finding him yesterday, he had begun to wonder how many lodgers Mrs. Burke took in. There was no suggestion of the blue stocking, no reminiscence of masculine attire about the girl in the dainty black house-frock, with soft white frills at elbows and neck—a girl with unruly red-brown curls and bright, friendly glance.

It was a very interested glance. Susan was trying to trace in the tanned features of

the grown man, that rather pitiful, rebellious face of the child who had once played his solitary games in the formal garden of Ordway House. She thought that she could see glimpses of it in the eyes—so much too young for the rest of the face, as blue eyes often are. There was, however, no pathos about the lips, which had hardened and set in close, resolute lines. It was the mouth, she thought, of a man who would hold his own counsel and go his own way, as the boy had done years ago.

She came up again in the afternoon and sat with him for a while.

"Wouldn't you like to write to anyone?" she asked. "Is there no one who might be anxious—who ought to be told that you've had an accident?"

He shook his head.

"No one," he said. And then, with a queer, twisted smile: "Well, yes; there is someone whom I called upon yesterday, and she'll be wondering why I don't call again."

"Will you write to her, or shall I take a message for you?" Susan asked impulsively.

"What! Ask her to come and see me? Rather not!"

His shake of the head was even more emphatic this time, and a dull red flush surged over his face. Susan surveyed him thoughtfully.

"Why shouldn't you?" she asked with her usual bluntness. "If she's a friend of yours . . ."

"She isn't." He snapped out the words, and his jaw set grimly. "But she's living in my old home—she owns it, in fact. Do you happen to know her—Miss Dennison, of Ordway House?" A faint sneer curled his lip.

Susan admitted that she did slightly, and defended herself afterwards to Mrs. Burke by contending that it was true enough. Did anybody know themselves more than slightly?

"And, Burkey dear," she went on ruefully, "he simply *hates* me! Of course, he thinks that I'm responsible for getting him cut out of his mother's will."

That was exactly what he did think. He hadn't meant to admit it even indirectly, but there was something about Susan's interested eyes and friendly candour which broke down most people's reserve. And it was perhaps the first time since he had grown to manhood that Richard Ordway had been so entirely dependent on the company of two women. Gradually the defensive brusquerie

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wore out of his voice and manner, and gratitude helped to soften them.

Intimacy ripens quickly under such conditions, and he and Susan laughed together over the absurd mistake to which his first sight of her had given rise. Often when she came to play patience or draughts with him, after spending the morning in the garden, she wore her "landgirl" kit, and grew accustomed to his greeting of, "Hallo! so it's the boy to-day and not the girl," which at first brought the self-conscious colour to her cheeks. On those occasions he would often call her "Boy" with a teasing camaraderie, and Susan liked it. It was so elder-brotherly, and she had always wanted brothers. On that thought, like a sharp pang came the remembrance that under her own name he would hate her.

It hadn't taken her long to discover that he cherished a deep-rooted affection for the old home where he had certainly not spent a too happy boyhood; but his relations he frankly disliked.

"I can imagine them gathered round Ordway House when my mother was dying," he told Susan one day, "all the clan. I hated 'em even as a boy. A smug, self-seeking, hypocritical crowd, all of 'em on the lookout for pickings. Jove! the rest of 'em must have been sick when the little Dennison girl scooped the pool."

"I don't think that *she* ever expected to be left anything," Susan said lamely, as she walked one of her white draughtsmen blindly into the jaws of two black kings.

"She wouldn't tell you so." He laughed with a hard cynicism, and swept the foolhardy white piece off the board. "Fact remains that she seems to have played her cards better than any of 'em—a lot better than you're playing this game, for instance."

"You're distracting my attention," Susan defended herself, a trifle indignantly. "I don't understand you. Since you came down here to see Miss Dennison, why don't you write to her now and ask her to visit you?"

"Because when I do meet her," he said doggedly, "I'd like things to be as fair and square between us as they can be. I don't want to put her at a disadvantage by posing as an object of pity."

She liked that; it sent a little glow through her. But still, her frown held some perplexity.

"It's not my business, of course," she said, and had the grace to blush over the

lie, "but what in the world do you want to see her for at all?"

He didn't answer for a moment. Then:

"Perhaps . . . to tell her what I think of her," he said, and making an unexpected move captured one of his adversary's kings.

"I wish you'd say it through me," Susan said, as her hand hovered over the board. "Wouldn't that be pleasanter for everybody?"

And, oddly enough, she wanted him to. She dreaded the moment of revealing her identity, but this game of cross-purposes was getting on her nerves; and during the many weeks which had passed since Richard Ordway had been carried to the cottage she had quite made up her mind what to do. The determination had cost her a big wrench, but she had made it. Whatever he might be, he certainly wasn't the irreclaimable waster which gossip had declared him. She had been in further correspondence with Mr. Roberts, who had made inquiries through an agent abroad, and the results had been all to Richard Ordway's credit. Out in America he had "made good" to a certain extent as a mining engineer, whose training had been a hard one. He wasn't rich, but he was self-supporting and self-respecting; an adventurous man, who took risks; reckless still in some ways, but straight as a die.

"No, indeed it wouldn't," he said shortly. "Good heavens, what an idea!"

He stared at her, frowning; she thought because he resented her interference in his affairs. Then with a sudden impatient movement he swept all the draughtsmen off the board.

"Oh, but the game's not finished!" she exclaimed.

"It's as good as finished." He shrugged his shoulders. "It would have been a deadlock. Neither of us could win; and you're wasting all this fine weather cooped up indoors. Go and put on that absurd kit of yours, and play at doing some work in the garden."

"In other words, you've had enough of feminine society and you want to get rid of me," she said, smiling, as she rose and put the draughts-board away.

"Yes." He flung the admission at her with an odd ironical challenge in his glance. "Come back as a boy, and I'll like you better."

She laughed, but felt a trifle sore, nevertheless. She wondered if there was not more than a little truth in his jesting declaration. A woman had supplanted him in the home

A STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES



"She was silent, absently fingering the letter. 'What are you going to do about it?' she asked presently"—p. 365.

Drawn by
C. Morse

of his ancestors, and she fancied that he bore her whole sex a grudge for it.

When she had gone he lay for a long while with closed eyes.

Yes, he preferred her as a boy. As a girl she was beginning to upset his plans in the most tiresome and ridiculous way. Her presence made him feel oddly reluctant—even a trifle ashamed—to remember them.

And yet they had seemed to him at the time he made them perfectly fair and reasonable.

This girl at Ordway House, this Susan Dennison, whom he had gathered from the lawyer's remarks to be young and presentable-looking, and (for all the shrewdness which had evidently taught her how to win his mother's favour) more or less unversed in the ways of the world, and of men in particular—one imagined that it shouldn't be difficult for any man to make love to her convincingly enough to win her heart, and to become master both of Ordway House and of its new owner. He had laid his plans coolly and deliberately. At least there was no other woman in his life; there never had been, although Richard Ordway was one

of those men whose striking personality and insolent indifference invariably interest and attract women. Without being in the least a coxcomb, he couldn't well help knowing it; and the frank advances of many of the less bashful members of their sex had only deepened his indifference into contempt.

It had seemed to him that this girl, who was after all only a scheming little money-grabber, didn't deserve that he should waste any fine feelings over her. If he should be successful in persuading her to marry him, he had every intention of being a good husband to her; and he had felt no qualms at the idea of taking advantage of her inexperience to make her believe that the conquest was hers and not his.

But now his feelings on the point had made a curious *volte face*. He could no longer see his plan through the eyes of the world-hardened man friend with whom he had half-jestingly discussed it in the first instance, and from whom he had only this morning received a letter inquiring as to how it was progressing. He saw it instead through the eyes of the girl who had just left him. She was such a straightforward

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little thing, and proud—he felt it instinctively—in the way every woman *should* be proud. A mercenary marriage would lower him pretty badly in her eyes.

He moved restlessly. Already his leg had been taken out of the plaster-of-paris. As soon as he was able to hobble on crutches he would move to the hotel, away from disturbing influences.

Meanwhile it was past four o'clock, his usual tea-time. Where was she—that absurdly disturbing influence? Had he offended her by his bluntness?

She came at last, bringing his tea and wearing the boyish clothes which suited her so uncommonly well; and at sight of her his own words echoed mockingly in his ears: "Come back as a boy, and I'll like you better."

It wasn't a question of mere liking, and he knew it. Also, the clothes that are supposed to "make the woman" even as "manners make the man," had nothing to do with the case. He might call her "Boy," but the absurd little name held the hidden caress that lurks in a man's voice when he speaks to the woman he loves.

She wasn't only late; she was in a mood which was strange to him; unusually silent; her adorable smile a thing of very brief flashes; her whole air distract. He knew an absurd shyness which prevented him from asking if his careless words had really offended her. *Something* had undoubtedly caused this change in her.

He was right. It was a very little matter, judged at first sight. Just a folded sheet of writing-paper, blown out of the open window when Mrs. Burke had been tidying the invalid's room; a sheet of the letter which had grated on him so this morning, for all its friendly intentions. Susan found it below his window in a patch of earth which she was digging over; and, white against the red-brown earth, it caught her eye and held it, with no conscious violation on her part, for just so long as to engrave three or four lines of it indelibly on her memory.

"...uncommon bad luck, old fellow! Hurry up and get that leg of yours mended, or someone will snap up the heiress before 'Richard is himself again' and can make the running . . ."

She checked herself with a little gasp. It was clearly part of a letter written to Richard Ordway, and certainly not meant for her to see. She picked it up, resolutely keeping her eyes from the bold writing,

which tantalizingly invited her inspection, and crumpling it in her hand, carried it to the heap of burning weeds and rubbish which was smouldering in a corner of the orchard. There she thrust it deep into the heart of the little pile with her spade.

It wasn't the glow of the fire which had scorched her cheeks as she returned slowly to her work. That wretched letter had explained a good deal to her; there was no mistaking its inference. She wished that she could mistake it.

"To make the running with the heiress." Lots of men, so she had heard, were ready to offer a sham affection to a rich woman, and heaps of women married for money; but not the *right* kind. So her honest young heart insisted desperately. Must she, then, look upon Richard Ordway as *not* being "the right kind" of man? The thing hit her hard—so hard that she would not, *could* not accept it; a fact so monstrous rebounded from her consciousness. And all of a sudden she abused herself vehemently for a silly, literal-minded little fool. Of course, it was only a joke on the part of the writer, and not in very good taste at that. Did he *look* the kind of man who would be contemplating anything of the sort?

Would a schemer, a man who could humbug and pretend, to gain his ends, have ever let himself be disinherited?

No; a thousand times no! She flung the idea from her in a sudden access of fiery self-scorn as she mounted the steps of the old house, which of late she had begun to look on more and more as belonging to the man at the cottage and not to herself. Tonight she would carry out the resolution with which she had been playing so long.

Perhaps at the bottom of her heart there lingered an unacknowledged fear, a craving to remove hastily any incentive for him to prove himself what she refused to believe him. So she went at once to her writing-table, and wrote a brief letter, laying her momentous decision before him. She signed herself "Susan Dennison," and pointed out that under the circumstances it was better that they should not meet until the lawyers had put the business through.

Then she wrote a second letter to Mr. Roberts, which made that gentleman's grey hair stand on end when he received it; and went to bed.

An autumn mist lay over the countryside, hiding it in heavy white folds, wrapping it in a pall of silence.

A STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

Inside Richard Ordway's sick-room there was a silence as marked. Susan was standing by the side of his sofa, reading a letter which he had handed to her. She read it twice, regardless of the fact that already she knew it by heart, and then lifted questioning eyes to his.

"Well?" she said.

"It isn't well!" he retorted hotly. "The thing's preposterous! To hand over everything to me barring a paltry four hundred a year—it—oh! it's *amazingly* generous, but—preposterous!"

"Oh!" Her tone was rather blank. "Do you know?"—she hesitated—"it seems to me that she's only doing the right thing."

"Does it?" He stared at her with a searching, oddly dissatisfied glance. "Yes, you would say that. I suppose I'm a cynical brute; this proves it. A girl who could do a thing like that . . . it's wonderful. A month ago I wouldn't have believed it, but I know now; it's the sort of thing *you'd* have done."

She was silent, absently fingering the letter—her own letter—in a curious state of mind between elation and disappointment.

"What are you going to do about it?" she asked presently.

"I'm going to write and tell her—very politely, of course—that I can't possibly take it. A man can't be indebted to a woman . . . like that."

"Not under these exceptional circumstances?" she persisted.

"Not under any circumstances," he said tersely. He was thinking of the cold-blooded plans which he had made with regard to the girl who had written that letter, and realizing that he would never attempt to carry them out now.

"You'll disappoint her," she said. And even as she said it something sang irresistibly down in her heart.

"I can't help that."

"I'm sorry," she said slowly and perfunctorily as she gave him back the letter.

"Why?" he asked. His blue eyes became suddenly wistful and very young—the eyes of the boy in the picture. "I . . . well, you know," he stammered lamely, "I'd rather hoped you mightn't like my putting myself under an obligation to"—he rushed the words rather breathlessly—"another woman."

She was silent.

"I suppose you think it's awful cheek my saying that?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, no—no! Indeed, I don't."

Her irrepressible candour broke out in the quick denial. Then realizing what her admission meant, she tried in hot confusion to drag away her hand, which he had caught in his own. But he held it fast.

"And I suppose it's even worse cheek to dream of asking you to marry me, when I've just decided to refuse a fortune and a home that would be almost worthy of you. Is it?"

But his sudden fiery impatience would not allow him to wait for her answer. His other arm slipped round her, pulling her down on to her knees beside his sofa—closer yet. And Susan hid her flushed face and shy, radiant eyes against his coat.

"Darling!" His lips rested on her soft hair. "I'm not *nearly* good enough for you!" She made an inarticulate murmur of protest. "You haven't an idea what I'm really like," he went on.

It may be added that he had no intention of telling her. After all, it is only the weak ones of the earth who revel in harmful and unnecessary confessions.

But there was one confession which *had* to be made, difficult though it was. Susan took her courage in both hands.

"And you . . . haven't an idea *who* I really am!" she whispered tremulously—and told him.

After the first stunned exclamation he heard her in a dead silence, which lasted long after she had finished. Then Susan looked up nervously.

"It wasn't my fault," she pleaded. "When I first pretended to be 'Miss Brown,' how could I know that this would happen? And I certainly never tried to 'make up' to your mother, as they call it. You *do* believe that, don't you? I'm afraid I wasn't always very polite to her. She called me a 'saucy baggage' once."

He broke into a helpless smothered laugh that held a mixture of remorse, of exasperation and of unacknowledged relief.

"And what am *I* to call you, I'd like to know?" he asked under his breath with mock severity. But his arms tightened round her, and that delicious little smile he knew so well played round her lips.

"You could try 'Susan,'" she said, "if you're tired of 'Boy.' And there's always 'Darling.' I like that. And—and 'Mrs. Richard Ordway' . . . when we quarrel."

He caught her to him, and kissed her into silence.

"You adorable little wretch!" he said. "You deceitful—amazingly quixotic—utterly adorable—little wretch!"



The Brimstone Butterfly is a hibernating species. On fine, sunny days it wakes up, especially if it happens to have got into the house.

THE question of hibernation, what it really is, has never been satisfactorily settled. We know, however, that it is not a sleep at all, but an interruption or suspension of the workings of the vital organs, with the exception of the heart, which still beats, though extremely slowly. In this state the processes of digestion, in many and probably in all cases, are delayed and deferred. "Deferred dyspepsia" once killed an elephant tortoise who was sent to the Zoo packed in straw; on the voyage over he ate his straw, but there was no time to digest it; he went to sleep, or, rather, hibernated, for some months, and when he awakened he died from an acute attack of indigestion caused by the straw.

Certain species of animals, reptiles and insects are obliged to pass the cold months in this torpid condition. Most of them follow the vagaries of the weather, and do not pay much heed to the calendar; squirrels, badgers, flies and tortoiseshell butterflies have all been seen in warm weather in December.

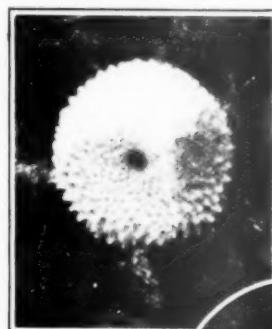
Hibernating butterflies are anomalies. But then natural history is full of anomalies, which is another way of saying that we are constantly getting surprises because we know so little. It is certainly a surprise to find such an insect as a butterfly, that, above all others, we associate with sun and warmth, going unharmed through the deadly damp of an English winter.

Butterflies in Winter

By
M. H. Crawford

But butterflies, as a whole, are much hardier than one would imagine. Some carry the race over the winter in the egg state, some in the larval state, some as chrysalides, and some as mature, winged insects. In the last state they are undoubtedly the most fragile and the most unprotected, and yet about five of our commonest butterflies hibernate every year.

The Small Tortoiseshell is, perhaps, the best known of these. September and October are its months of emergence. A few hours before the butterfly emerges, the spiky bronze-hued pupa case changes to a dull, pale purple colour, and through the thin skin can be clearly seen the crumpled wings and the reddish abdominal bands. Every stage of this butterfly, from the egg to the mature insect, is full of beauty. Many of those born last October are alive now. On one sunny winter day I once watched a



Eggs of the High Brown Fritillary Butterfly are found in winter on the dead leaf-stems of the garden pansy.



The beautiful egg of Corydon, the Chalk Hill Blue Butterfly. It is found in chalky districts all through the winter.

BUTTERFLIES IN WINTER

Small Tortoiseshell fly across the garden and alight on a sun-warmed wall, its wings stretched out on the wall. To hold the wings like this—stretched out flat and not upright—is a curious habit of butterflies in winter. I have often seen them in this position on a windowpane.

One would think, giving the subject a superficial consideration, that the egg state would be the safest for an English winter. The eggs of butterflies are so minute, they fit so safely into such small crannies and holes, that adequate shelter and protection are easily obtained. But, as a matter of fact, only about four species face the rigours of our cold months as ova—the High Brown Fritillary, the Chalk Hill Blue, the Purple Hairstreak, and the Pearl Skipper (or the Silver-spotted Skipper). For nine months of the year—that is, all through autumn, winter and spring—the eggs of the High Brown Fritillary are to be found among dog violets in the wood and among sweet violets and pansies in the garden; they are of a conical shape, ribbed and reticulated, glistening green when newly laid, then gradually changing to pink, red, and dull green. They provide a good example of the beauty to be seen with the aid of a

pocket magnifying glass on a winter's walk. During the same months the eggs of the very common little Chalk Hill Blue are to be found; the caterpillars seem to feed only on the widely distributed horseshoe vetch, which grows wherever there is chalk in the soil; these eggs also are exquisitely reticulated. The round, flattened, ribbed eggs of the Purple Hairstreak are also to be found between July and March inclusive; they are abundant in oak woods, where they are laid on twigs. Less common species of butterflies whose eggs are to be found

in winter are the Brown Hairstreak, the Essex Skipper, the Silver-studded Blue, and the White-letter Hairstreak.

Of butterfly larvae that live through the winter the most interesting is the caterpillar of the Large Blue. In fact, this caterpillar dominates, in interest and mystery, any other caterpillar anywhere. To itself, too, its larval existence is of more importance than that of either the pupa or the imago, and is prolonged through eleven months of the year. The tiny caterpillar hatches out of the egg in July and pupates the following June. It changes its skin three times—and then it disappears completely. Its pupa is found in the ground in June, a very short time before the butterfly is on the wing. Its normal food is wild thyme blossoms.

For a long time this was all that was known. A curious gland in the tenth segment furnished a drop of liquid much



Some eggs of the Essex Skipper Butterfly laid inside a stem of couch grass. Here they will remain until hatching-time next April.



Chrysalides of White Butterflies found spun up under a piece of wood. Here they will stay till the cabbages are ready for them next spring.

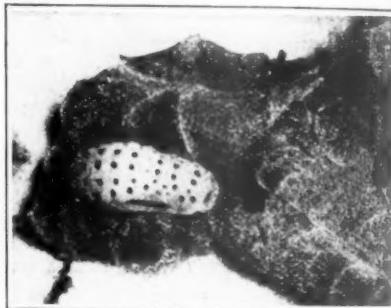
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liked by ants, but, until quite recently, no other connexion with ant life was suspected. It is known now, however, that, after its third moult, when it is about one-eighth of an inch long, it quits the wild thyme blossoms and descends to the ground, where it stands in the way of ants going to and from their nest. It never has far to travel, for the wild thyme on which it has been feeding always seems to conceal an ants' nest at its roots. Sooner or later an ant discovers it, and sucks up the drop of sweet fluid that it exudes. The tiny caterpillar now arches its back, as if inviting the ant to pick it up. This is exactly what the ant does, and soon the caterpillar finds itself inside the ants' nest. If it had attempted to force an entrance it would never have succeeded, but the device of supplying the ant with sweet food is entirely successful.

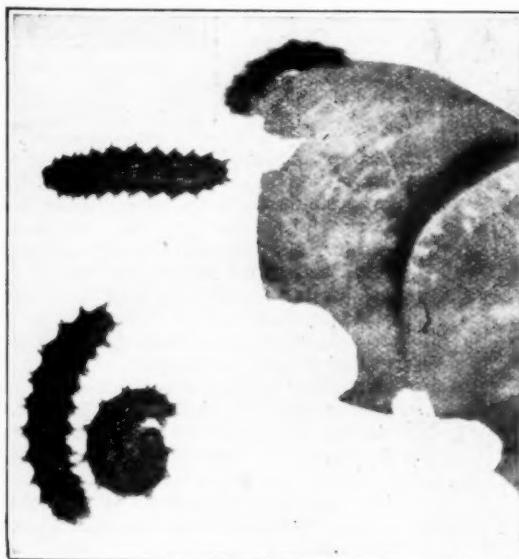
The whole nature of the caterpillar now changes; it exudes no more sweet drops, but at once begins to feed on the ant larvæ. The ants apparently suffer it to do this—in the hope, perhaps, of future *eau sucré*. But none appears. The caterpillar is now absolutely carnivorous; during the first part of its larval life it is herbivorous with cannibalistic tendencies; it is now satisfied only with ant larvæ, and on these it feeds till full grown. Then it leaves the nest, bur-

rows a little way into the ground, and pupates, appearing soon afterwards as a very beautiful blue butterfly.

The caterpillars of the Dingy Skipper and of the Common Blue are distributed commonly all over England and Wales, feeding on bird's-foot trefoil till the first few days of chilly autumn warn them to retire. The larvæ of the Marsh Fritillary, small, hairy, curly things, feed for a short time on the leaves of such diverse plants as snowberry, devil's-bit scabious and honeysuckle, and then roll themselves up into woolly balls at the base of the plants and sleep till



The Duke of Burgundy (one of the Fritillary Butterflies) goes through the winter as a chrysalis, and is found under primrose leaves.



Caterpillars of the Marsh Fritillary Butterfly are half-grown when winter comes; they make a comfortable silken web, in which they sleep till spring.

spring. Little companies of these caterpillars may be found throughout the winter in damp meadows; they spin a thin web under which they lie close together.

The larval life of the famous Purple Emperor is a long one and extends throughout the winter. Sallow is the food plant, and near this tree the curious-looking caterpillar hibernates. At this time of its life its colour is a dull green; its skin is warty, with short red and yellow bristles; it possesses hornlike projections, which are warty and bristly and greyish-pink in colour; the eccentricity of its appearance is further emphasized by the anal points, or tails, which are red-tipped.

The White Admiral caterpillar also sleeps through the winter, settling down finally only after carefully arranging for a very comfortable and undisturbed

BUTTERFLIES IN WINTER



The Peacock Butterfly lives through the winter.

slumber. At this time it is very young and small, but it knows exactly what to do. It makes a neat little hibernaculum on a twig of honeysuckle or of snowberry. First of all it attaches a leaf to the twig by means of strands of silk spun over and round the twig and the tip of the leaf. It draws together the edges of the leaf, and then it goes to sleep, safe from the storms of winter.

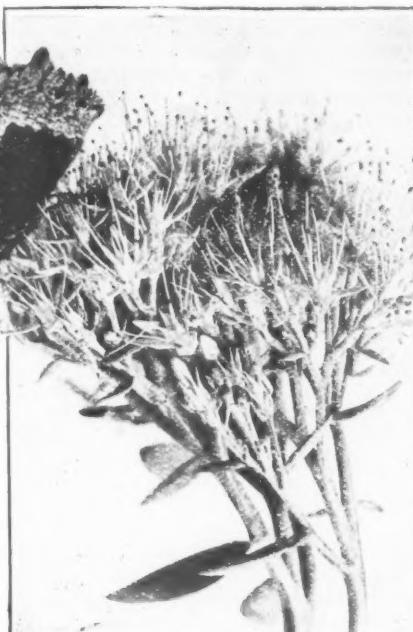
The caterpillar of the Wall Brown butterfly, common everywhere in England, is a hardy morsel. It feeds on grasses. When they are scarce and withered it hibernates; otherwise it goes on feeding, pupating in that case about March. Equally hardy and more widely distributed is the caterpillar of the Speckled Wood: all woods and lanes furnish plenty of grass for its nutriment, and, according to the vagaries of the weather, there are three and sometimes four broods during the summer, the caterpillars or the pupæ going through the winter.

Some very common butterflies hibernate as pupæ; these include the White, the Orange Tip, and the Holly Blue. The Orange Tip chrysalis is interesting because it is perfectly rigid, of a greenish-grey colour, with no power of movement at all. The Whites are often rigid, but not invariably so; they are capable of giving a decided kick when disturbed. A less common pupa is that of the exquisite little Duke of Burgundy butterfly. Under cowslip and primrose leaves, in the garden or the wood, this beautiful little pale brown, black-

speckled chrysalis may be found. It is small but easily seen. Search should be made on the under side of the leaves where, among the thick, soft hairs, the caterpillars have been feeding.

The most universally interesting are the butterflies that hibernate as imagines, or mature, winged insects. The Tortoiseshell, both the Small and the Large, are among the best known; of the latter there is only one brood, and the butterflies, emerging in July, August and September, seem to go into hibernation at once. The Small Tortoiseshells are much more active and enterprising. Their first brood appears in June, their second in August, and their third in October. They fly very late in the autumn; brave little individuals have been seen flying in December. After hibernation they may sometimes be seen on the wing in January and February. With the first warm days of spring they awake and commence the business of mating and egg-laying; at this time they are very busy and are seldom seen.

The Camberwell Beauty, otherwise the Grand Surprise and the White-bordered,



The Small Tortoiseshell is a hardy little butterfly, and usually sleeps throughout the winter. Here one is seen sipping the nectar of a late-flowering orpine before going to sleep.

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famous for its beauty and rarity, probably should be considered only as a migratory species. It is a scarce immigrant; it is doubtful if it ever breeds in England, and only a few times has it been positively known to hibernate here.

Brimstone butterflies also hibernate in the mature state. Though the caterpillars feed only on the buckthorns (*Rhamnus catharticus* or *R. frangula*) there are always plenty of butterflies on the wing almost everywhere in July, August and September, and again, after hibernation, in May and June. Both males and females live through the winter; the wings of the former are sulphur-yellow, and of the latter, lemon-yellow, with tinge of green. In early spring the male butterflies, which are most in evidence, exactly resemble the daffodils in colour. The inside of a holly hedge or a thick cluster of ivy leaves are favourite winter retreats for these butterflies. Though they are readily disturbed and roused by a spell of mild weather, the majority come out in spring with fresh and unfrayed wings; it is a never-fading wonder how they manage it.

There are two hibernating butterflies that show a curious intelligence: one is the Painted Lady and the other the Red Admiral. Even when watching them in the garden or orchard one distinctly gets the impression that they are more advanced in their general habits than any of the other butterflies. They are not easily startled away from the ivy blossoms, teasels, thistles, orpines, and other late flowering plants of autumn, and when they do go away a short distance they always return as quickly as possible to the same flower. Both these species also fly at dusk very frequently.

The Red Admiral flies even after dusk, joining the moths on trees that have been "sugared." It is a great lover of sweets of all descriptions, and nothing attracts it more strongly than a fruit tree bearing over-ripe fruit. In 1871 J. G. Wood wrote: "Ripe and fallen fruit is always a great attraction for this butterfly. One of the most magnificent sights I ever saw was due to this predilection for fruit. An egg-plum tree had been entirely neglected and its fruit permitted to ripen on the boughs and then fall to the ground. A lot of insects took advantage of such an opportunity, and the tree and its vicinity swarmed with wasps, ants, and other lovers of sweets. But the most striking point was the host of Atalanta but-

terflies which surrounded the tree. They were approaching in every direction; the branches were crowded with them, and the fallen fruit upon the ground was so covered with them that neither fruit nor ground could be seen for the butterflies, as they waved their black and scarlet wings gently up and down. So completely occupied were they with their rich banquet that they took no notice of me as I stood by them, and even permitted me to pick them up with my fingers. The sun was shining brightly on this wonderful assemblage, and brought out the grandly contrasted colour until they shone with tropical splendour. I never saw such a sight before, and am not likely to see such a one again."

Both the Red Admiral and the Painted Lady have a way of appearing suddenly in hitherto unfrequented districts, and of being scarce one year and abundant the next. J. G. Wood has an interesting note also on this habit of the Painted Lady. He found it "absent or extremely scarce for several years, and then appearing in swarms for a year or two in succession. . . . One autumnal day," he says, "I went to Bagley Wood, and near the road saw a Painted Lady fly into a gravel pit. I went after it at best speed, jumped into the pit, and found it absolutely full of Painted Ladies. The butterflies had taken some strange fancy to the place, and were flying through it almost in streams."

The reason for the erratic appearances of both these butterflies is that they are migrants. Numbers of them come over to this country from Europe and Northern Africa; in the latter country the Painted Lady especially is very plentiful. These butterflies found flying about at night one suspects to be new arrivals that have not yet settled down; or they may be immigrants that have acquired the habit of flying at night.

Red Admirals are seen on the wing very late in the year; they seem to defer the time of retirement as long as possible, and when there is no longer nectar from flowers for them, when even the ivy bloom is past, they develop a taste for over-ripe fruit, especially pears and plums, and for the sap that flows from trees that have been bored by goat-moth caterpillars. Summer seems to linger with us as long as we see these beautiful butterflies, though it is often October, and even November, before they finally disappear.

The Truth About Mothers-in-Law

*Great Men and the Mothers
of Their Wives*

By Harry Cooper

"JACK dear," says Jill, "I forgot to tell you, mother is coming to stay for a few days."

Whether Jack goes forthwith to Demerara or to drink depends upon his temperament, but that sort of thing is a very usual opening of the petty humorist or the feuilleton writer, and the suggestion always is that the visit of Jack's mother-in-law is the domestic event above all others to be dreaded.

The mother-in-law is an Aunt Sally, at whom gossips fling anything that comes handy. Juvenal, the poet of ancient Rome, put the matter with the finality of a cynic: "While thy wife's mother lives expect no peace." An old English proverb is equally merciless: "The only good mother-in-law wears a green gown"; that is to say, she lies under the turf. And is not "mother-in-law" in some parts of the country the name of an old and bitter ale?

Yet some of the sublimest of ancient words ever recorded were spoken to a mother-in-law: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Does She Deserve It?

Does the mother-in-law deserve what is commonly said of her? People will answer the question according to their personal experience. But even if one's own mother-in-law be as black as the jet on her bonnet, it proves nothing against the race of mothers-in-law in general. Some of the truth of the matter may be gleaned from the actual diaries, letters and autobiographical fragments of well-known people; and certainly there the mother-in-law, if she comes into the picture at all, is generally an unoffending character, sometimes quite sweet and lovable, only very occasionally a Rebekah crying out upon the Hittite wives of her son Esau, and exclaiming that if Jacob shall take a wife of the daughters of Heth "what good will my life do unto me?"

At the same time there is this fact to be recorded, that many of the men of genius whose marriages were—contrary to what is

supposed to be the rule with men of genius—quite famously happy had no mothers-in-law at all. The marriages of Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott were all idyllic, but their wives, I think, were all motherless. These writers had no experience of what Dickens called being "mother-in-lawed." Nor had Dickens himself, apparently, yet his marriage turned out badly. Shakespeare's marriage, too, is supposed to have been not wholly blissful; but Anne Hathaway had only a stepmother, between whom and herself there was a coldness.

John Milton's Mother-in-Law

One of the unfortunate examples is John Milton, who was certainly not popular with the relations of his first wife, Mrs. Powell described her daughter's husband and the author of "Paradise Lost" as "a harsh, choleric man," with what justification must be left to individual judgment on the meagre facts available. Certainly Milton helped his widowed mother-in-law in her tangled property affairs, and the beginning of the trouble may have been that her conscience was easier than his puritanical one; so that while he put down the valuation of a property at the exact figure, she put it down at a sum considerably in excess. Robert Burns, again, was not on good terms with his wife's people; but the mother of his "bonnie Jean" had some justification for forbidding him the house.

Another great singer, more dissolute than the ploughman poet, celebrated his mother-in-law in some tender lines, after his wife's death, too, suggesting the happiest relations between them. Edgar Allan Poe's poem "To My Mother" is in reality to his mother-in-law—the mother of his amiable and gentle Virginia:

Because I feel that, in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "Mother."
Therefore by that dear name I long have called
you—

You who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts where death installed
you

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In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who died early—
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul life.

Crabbe and Steele

Another poet's mother-in-law appears in well-known verse in George Crabbe's "Resentment"; the mother of Mrs. Crabbe was the original of that ill-used but determined woman whose husband had deserted her and treated her with insufferable meanness, and who repels him when he comes suppliant back. The mother-in-law also comes into polite literature in the voluminous correspondence of Sir Richard Steele, the dramatist and essayist of the early eighteenth century. Steele was a generous and kind-hearted man, though over-sanguine in temperament and very improvident in habit. In a letter to the mother of his "dear Prue," written before his marriage, he acquaints her with his financial position, painting it in more glowing colours than were actually warranted, and he adds, "I promise myself the pleasures of an industrious and virtuous life in studying to do things agreeable to you. . . . And I can form to myself no greater satisfaction than having had your permission to subscribe myself, madam, your most obedient son and most humble servant."

After marriage his tone does not lose its deference: "I extremely long to see you, and hope to be on my legs to receive you" [he had been suffering from an attack of asthma], "when I shall first do myself the honour of kneeling to you and telling you" — and here comes in again the flourish of the most obedient son and the most humble servant.

From a later letter one judges that there are little clouds on the horizon. He has occasion to speak to her mother of "some little forwardnesses of Prue," and later still, although his letters continue in the style of velvet and bright steel, there is a tone about them which perhaps did not give unalloyed satisfaction to old Mrs. Scurlock in her home in Wales:

"You are well acquainted that I have had no fortune with your daughter, that I have struggled through great difficulties for our maintenance, that we live now in the handsomest manner supported by my industry. I say, madam, when you consider all this, and add to it that my posterity is yours also, you will be, I doubt not, inclined——"

Well, to cut the epistle, he wanted the old lady to make her will in his favour.

A less dashing but perhaps more devoted son-in-law was John Evelyn; and there is a tender passage in his diary in which he describes how he escorted his wife's mother to Tonbridge for the waters. On her death he speaks of her as an excellent and virtuous lady, universally lamented. His contemporary chronicler, Samuel Pepys, seems to have had rather a curious and ineffective character in his mother-in-law, with whom at Deptford Mrs. Pepys was often going to spend the day; but Pepys, like the good fellow he really was, did his best to help her in her chronic financial difficulties.

What Carlyle's Mother-in-Law Thought

Another mother-in-law of a literary man who disapproved of her daughter's choice was Mrs. Welsh, mother of the brilliant Janet. She thought Thomas Carlyle ill-tempered, as well as socially inferior, though she consented at last to allow the pair to take up their abode with her. Carlyle, however, declined, on the ground that he must be master in his own house, and later, in his independence, he refused a present of £60 from her.

Carlyle's biographer, Froude, was more happy in his wife's family, for although he had no mother-in-law to propitiate, the elder sister of his intended wife was Mrs. Charles Kingsley, who stood somewhat in the relation of mother to the future Mrs. Froude, and received Froude's pleading very kindly. "Charlotte herself," wrote Froude before their marriage, "is really magnificent. Every letter shows me larger nobleness of heart. You cannot go back now, Mrs. Kingsley." Michael Faraday, too, had to propitiate a sister, not a mother, and very prettily he did it. "I want to be truly," he wrote, "one of your family, and not a separator of Sarah from it. Receive, therefore, this little gift from me as from a brother, and in receiving it let it be as a sister."

The domestic lives of statesmen are, as a general rule, and for obvious reasons, happier than those of literary men, and this fortunate circumstance is reflected even in the relations with the mothers-in-law. Of Gladstone's mother-in-law, Lady Glynne, there is little mention, but Gladstone evidently esteemed her highly. On one occasion also he had good reason to bless her, because she formed a topic of conversation

THE TRUTH ABOUT MOTHERS-IN-LAW

which bridged an awkward hour. Soon after his marriage Gladstone wrote to his wife to tell her that he had dined with Queen Victoria, who had asked rather particularly with much interest about Lady Glynne. "I told her plainly all I could. This rather helped the Queen through the conversation, as it kept me talking, and she was evidently hard pressed at the gaps." So, at any rate, mothers-in-law have unexpected uses.

Almost Idyllic

Almost idyllic relations existed between John Bright and the mother of his first wife. Rachel Priestman took for Bright the place of the mother he had lost. Much as he liked his father-in-law, Bright reckoned his wife's descent from the female side of her family, which had been remarkable for three generations back. Rachel Priestman was, as her mother had been before her, a Quaker preacher. She was a "plain Friend." She forbade in her household all music and nearly all pictures; but her love of beauty found its outlet in china and linen, and over and above all in flowers. After his wife's death Bright continued in the happiest relations with her mother. "My dear mother," he wrote, a year after his wife had died, "my mind often wanders back to the scenes which are past, and which the mind can only recall. I have been highly blessed; I will not complain of the present, although I am alone again. Yet, although not in a murmuring spirit, many and many a tear starts as I survey the changed circumstances."

Mrs. Priestman apparently remonstrated with Bright for taking part in political agitation. He replied that he hoped the best construction would be put upon his actions, and that he would not be deemed a rebel and incendiary. Mrs. Priestman's affectionate warnings against political entanglements he countered with equally affectionate warnings against her design at leaving her family and going at her advanced age to visit and encourage the Friends in America. But both he and his mother-in-law set aside each other's warnings and went their own ways.

Real Rhapsody

For real rhapsody in what may be called "mother-in-law correspondence" we must go to another political figure a little later than Bright—a man of powerful composition, aggressive, and, truth compels us to add, irascible. This was Sir William Harcourt. Take these extracts from letters

written to the mother of his wife, who by this time had married her second husband, and was Lady Cornwall Lewis, whom he calls his "dearest mum." "I must write you a little note," he says, "to wish you a happy new year, and to thank you again and again for the precious new year's gift which I have received from you. I assure you that I find every day more and more to love in my sweet wife, and she seems to me nothing less than an angel. I did not think it was possible to love so much or to be so perfectly happy as I am, and I hope she is, too."

A little later, again to "dearest mum": "I think you will probably like to hear some account from me of your little daughter and my little wife. Of course, yesterday there was a slight supply from the waterworks in recollection of all the happy birthdays we had spent with you, especially when we went to visit her little maiden room" [he was writing from the home of the Lewis family], "but on the whole I never saw her better than she has been here, and it is so charming to find ourselves together in this delightful place. . . . You are quite right in saying that the day on which the darling was born ought to be to me the happiest day of the year." And again: "I assure you I deeply feel all I ought to repay you in affection for having taken Theresa from you."

The Great Archbishop's Experience

Very similar was the experience of Benson, the great Archbishop of Canterbury. "It has been good for me," he wrote to Mrs. Sidgwick, his wife's mother, "to live at Rugby and be with you, and I am sure I feel gentler and more *even* and as if I had advanced a little, though, alas, it is very little, in the wisdom that is above. But, above all, I thank God that He has given me one little heart to be so much mine now, and to grow more and more mine daily all our lives, as mine is already hers wholly, and I doubt not but trust in Him that He will teach us how to do each other good, and build each other up, both by softening and strengthening, and that to *your* joy also. I fear you will be tired by my running on so long about self, but it would only be to his most affectionate mother from her most affectionate son, E. W. Benson."

Equally delightful were the relations of another great religious leader of a very different type—the late General Booth—with the mother of his famous wife. Although

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William Booth would not allow his family to go into mourning when his wife's mother died, saying that the London poor ruined themselves by wearing black for funerals, there was nothing lacking in him in the character of son-in-law. "He loved Mrs. Mumford like a son," was the testimony of a boarder in the house of the Booths. Some very tender letters have been preserved; but perhaps the best of them is one of the earliest, in which William Booth, who was then finding it a severe struggle to live at all on his poor preacher's pittance, sent ten shillings to defray his mother-in-law's expenses for a day's outing at the Crystal Palace.

Murdered Her Son-in-Law

Yes, there are more idylls than the other sort of thing. Though the other sort of thing is met with occasionally. There was that wicked mother-in-law of ancient Rome of whom Gibbon tells us that because her son-in-law, Clematius of Alexandria, an innocent and virtuous nobleman, would not gratify her wishes she had him murdered for the price of a pearl necklace. There was that designing mother-in-law of Haydn, who married her daughter to the musician boarding in her house while he was so absorbed in his fancies that he hardly knew what had taken place, with the result that there was an addition to the unhappy marriages of men of genius.

A Spartan and a Tyrant

There was that obdurate mother-in-law of Sir Richard Burton, the famous explorer and scholar, one of the adventurers of the Elizabethan age, who by some mistake had strayed into the Victorian. Mrs. Arundel was greatly against Burton's marriage with her Isabel. Her daughter writes of her that she was a worldly woman, of strong brain, hasty temper, bigoted, and a Spartan with the older half of her brood. "We trembled before her, but we adored her." The future Lady Burton writes a long letter to her mother, begging her blessing on the marriage. The answer is that Richard is not a Christian and has no money! When the marriage had taken place

bride and bridegroom went to her father and mother, and her father said, "I consent with all my heart if your mother consents," but the mother said, "Never." Yet even she was brought eventually to bless them both, and ask her daughter's pardon for flying in the face of God.

Why the Fable?

So that ended happily, and there is a happy ending in most cases. That medieval courtier, John Paston, of the "Paston Letters," wrote to his own mother, "I trow there is not a kinder woman living than I shall have to my mother-in-law." Innumerable lovers have had the same anticipation, and, what is more, innumerable husbands have verified it by experience. But why, then, the mother-in-law fable? Why is the prejudice against the mother-in-law so universal that in the backwoods of Australia the aboriginal when compelled to speak to his mother-in-law will turn his back upon her, and that in the smoke-rooms of London clubs one of the staple jokes is at her expense? There must be some reason. Is it by any chance to be found in psychology? Even the most happily married man encounters some qualities in his wife which are not agreeable, although in his mental picture of her these are overlaid by the more engaging qualities which originally won and continue to hold his heart. But, all the same, in his subconsciousness those disagreeable qualities remain; and since he must personalize them somewhere, can it be that he projects them upon the mild bosom of his wife's mother? Is it a case of vicarious dislike? The poor mother-in-law has to bear the burden of all her daughter's faults, although she generally misses the reflection of any of her daughter's charms and virtues. And the same, no doubt, is true of the son's mother and the wife.

But as time goes on things usually settle themselves. That awkward double-hyphenated term goes out of the family vocabulary. A little voice does it. The "mother-in-law" of last year is the "grandma" of this, and:

A grandma's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother.





A Welcome to Women's Institutes

Lady Fernie Tufton speaking at a pageant of Federated Women's Institutes at Greystoke Castle.

At War with Monotony

OWN dwellers do not, I think, realize or appreciate what the steady growth of the Women's Institute movement means to the life of rural womanhood, especially to those whose lot is cast in remote places, where monotony—deadly, soul-destroying—saps mental energy and makes existence a dreary round of featureless drudgery, wherein the only outlet is gossip, not always ill-natured, but narrow, confined to the cramped environment of the scattered, isolated community.

To the women of the villages the monthly meetings of the Women's Institutes mean a break in the drab routine of life, cheery gatherings where you meet your neighbours and enjoy an excellent tea under somewhat different conditions from those pertaining to ordinary intercourse. Everybody who is a member of the institute is equal, be she squire's wife, farmer's wife or daughter, or charwoman. Whatever her station or calling she is, in the institute, on an equality with her fellow-members. The affairs of the institute are under the direct control of the members, who appoint their own officers,

*The Work of the Women's Institute
By a W. I. Member*

and through them manage the necessary business. Incidentally by degrees a valuable knowledge of the correct procedure for conducting public business is acquired by women who before had no notion at all of such matters. By degrees, too, a sense of comradeship is acquired, and a grasp of what citizenship means is learned. Slowly, imperceptibly comes a new and wider outlook on life, and interest is aroused in matters outside the cramped routine of life in small village or lonely valley.

The Women's Institute movement is essentially a democratic one, and had it not been for the war I hardly think it would have succeeded as it has done. The war shattered our old social system with its false values and class distinctions. Conditions of life have changed, for the better in many ways, and as we emerge out of that terrible valley of death and desolation, 1914 to 1918, we shall still more clearly realize what a different relationship exists socially from that which was slowly dying of senile decay during the first years of the twentieth century. And so women of all classes and

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occupations meet at the Women's Institutes and enjoy each other's society.

There are people who still cling to the ancient theory that women can only meet for scandal and tea. Well, we have the tea all right at the W.I., but we have no time for scandal. We have classes conducted by somebody who knows some useful handicraft to teach, maybe a member of our own institute, perhaps a teacher from a distance. Many people who possess useful knowledge never had any idea how many other folks would like to learn it, nor yet that they themselves could teach till the Women's Institute drew them out.

Special cookery recipes and methods—boning fowls, icing cakes, making those delicious scones the recipe of which has been handed

local sanitary and community affairs directly concern women, and it would be well if every board of school managers, every parish council, every rural district council had women on their boards.

For women are in many ways more practical than men, more quick to grasp essential points especially where the welfare of children is concerned. And here the Women's Institutes are drawing out the women of the villages: they are beginning to realize that women are citizens with a citizen's privileges and responsibilities, that if they choose to take their part in local government they can use for good a power which in far too many cases has been allowed to lie dormant and neglected.

Local and outside questions of importance to women are put before the members of the



Women's Institutes at Play : Representing Red Indians

down in somebody's family, the making of mats from orange-box rope or rushes, simple household plumbing and tinkering, glove making, weaving, raffia work, French polishing, are only a few of the subjects which have been taught at the Women's Institute meetings, not to mention such hardy annuals as home-nursing, ambulance and the care of infants.

Politics and religion from the sectarian point of view are subjects which are rightly barred from W.I. discussion, but an interest in local government and educational matters is fostered and encouraged. Country women have hitherto been lamentably apathetic concerning their district and parish councils and the local school matters. But, come to think of it, the school which our children attend, the management of

Women's Institutes in such a manner as to arouse their interest and sympathy, and in this manner the apathy engendered by life in rural districts is dissipated, and a healthy interest in national and regional matters is slowly coming to life amongst country women.

As an example of the driving power which the women have been gradually learning they possess, the members of a certain Women's Institute in Cumberland have, by means of relentless hammering at the matter, obtained for their village a badly needed water supply of pure and wholesome water.

But the Women's Institutes are not always out for serious business; they can play as effectively as they can work. We in Lakeland organize whist drives, dances, socials

AT WAR WITH MONOTONY

for pleasant recreation during the long, dreary winter months. During the past summer, too, a most successful fête and pageant was organized, held by the kindly invitation of Lady Mabel Howard at her historic residence, Greystoke Castle, near Penrith. From all the countryside all day long poured crowds of women chaperoned by a few male relatives. Such a crowd of motor vehicles of all descriptions arrived as, so the sweating but efficient police declared, had never before been seen in the quiet, old-world village of Greystoke. From Scotland, from North Lancashire, from Westmorland, and all parts of Cumberland came chars-à-bancs, lordly sedans, Rolls-Royce and Daimler, humble Tin Lizzie and motor-cycle and side-car.

Three thousand tickets were issued beforehand, and another two thousand people obtained tickets at the gates, so that by two o'clock a dense crowd streamed up the drive through the noble park to the mansion, on the front steps of which stood Lady Mabel welcoming her guests, who by this time were



Wales well represented

packed in dense masses on the gravel sweep and on the terraces.

The pageant procession itself was excellently carried out, various institutes being represented by groups dressed in national costume of European and other nations. A prize was offered for the best group, and the judges found their task almost an impossible one so good were all the groups. Finally Patterdale as Old England was awarded a well-deserved first prize. All the groups were carried out with most minute attention to detail, the dresses and make-up being exceedingly effective. Ancient Greece,



Ancient Greece and the newer countries

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for instance, gave an impression of laughing youth that had great charm, though, as one of them said, she felt like anything but laughter, for sandals and bare feet on Lady Mabel's well-kept gravel drives were anything but comfortable. North America's Red Indians, too, looked their part to the life, and Wales was splendidly represented.

After the judging the pageant groups marched to the front-door gravel sweep, and there drew up whilst Lady Mabel in a gracious speech of welcome introduced Lady Fernie Tufton, who in her turn made an excellent speech. Then came the awarding of the prizes, followed by games, tea, open-air concerts, etc. To many of the visitors the ramble round the beautiful park and grounds was in itself a treat, something to remember after we got home, which, as many of us had seventy miles or more to go, was pretty late. I have heard rumours, too, of W.I. excursions to Wembley being organized, so it will be seen that it is anything but all serious work among the institutes, and that there is plenty of pleasure as well.

The central organization of the Women's Institutes is in London, and during the summer a great meeting was held, to which

all the federated county groups sent delegates, who on their return told their various institutes what had been done and the questions that had been discussed. In this way all institutes, however remote, are kept in touch with headquarters.

The Women's Institute movement is living and growing amongst us. Let us hope that its progress may continue as well as it has commenced, but this can only be by the hearty co-operation of all concerned. Keenness, sympathy, energy, mutual understanding are needed, and tact, too, is a quality which goes far towards making the meetings a success.

If all members endeavour to understand the viewpoints of the others many problems can be solved, and little by little rural life will become less soul sapping than in many cases it has been in past times. One personality, however vivid and forceful, cannot make a W.I. branch a success; it is the blending of the many with the will to make a good thing of the movement which will succeed. Co-operation, fellowship—that is what we need, what by degrees we shall have. And we shall see the W.I. movement a power in the land, working steadily for good amongst the women of rural England, as it has done in Canada.



Greystoke Castle, where the pageant was held



Fitting Up a Home Laundry

Practical Hints

By
Judith Ann Silburn

WITH present laundry prices so high, it is practically impossible for the householder with a small income to send all the washing out. This is especially the case where there are small children, or where a great number of white things are worn. Apart from the question of laundry bills, clothes which are washed at home last much longer, and there is no danger of things getting lost as they frequently do at public laundries. Also from a purely hygienic point of view it is far better to have all personal apparel washed under sanitary conditions in the home.

Equipment

The matter of equipment naturally depends on the amount of washing to be done, the kitchen space and service available; also whether it is desired to do the washing by hand or by machinery. In a small flat, where space is very limited, laundry utensils must necessarily be cut down to a minimum and only personal apparel and small things done at home; but in an average sized flat or house it is quite possible to do all the washing if the right equipment be bought.

Let us take the house or flat where the washing is done in the scullery. Obviously there is no room for a great number of utensils or bulky machinery, but most sculleries will accommodate a table and a "laundry table" which combines four machines in one—a washing machine, wringer, mangle and kitchen table—is ideal for the purpose. When closed, to all intents this machine is merely a kitchen table with a whitewood top which can be used for ironing or general purposes; when open it

becomes a washing-tub, complete with wringing machine and dolly, and the reverse end opens for mangling. The mangle rollers are full size. It will readily be seen that with a small gas or electric copper, a pulley dryer and a gas or electric iron, the "scullery laundry" is very easily fitted up.

An Ingenious Washer

For those who only wish to do a few light things at home there is a small, ingenious, gas-heated washer and boiler combined which is quite inexpensive. In this machine the water is prepared with soap exactly in the same way as in the case of an ordinary copper, and the heated water is then forced up through a sprayer on to the clothes as long as the gas is turned on and the water kept at a certain heat. The continuous circulation of the water washes the clothes and saves the housewife a good deal of time.

In houses where a bricked-in copper already exists there is no need to spend money in buying another and more up-to-date one, as by the simple method of fixing a gas ring in the fire grate underneath the existing copper the necessity for a coal fire is done away with, and any old-fashioned type of copper can thus be made labour saving.

The question of drying clothes often presents a certain amount of difficulty to the housewife who has no outside "drying ground." Given a fairly lofty kitchen or scullery, however, this trouble can usually be overcome by having a pulley dryer hung from the ceiling. Clothes can be very quickly dried off in batches in this way, as the air is always driest and warmest near the ceiling. No pegs are needed. The

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clothes are hung on strong wooden rails (the number and length of rails depends, of course, on the size of the ceiling space) which take up practically no room and are easily accessible without standing on chairs or stools. Small articles can be placed on one of the new expanding clothes driers in front of the kitchen fire. These driers hold many more articles than the old-fashioned type of "clothes horse." The reel clothes-line holder is another very useful adjunct for drying clothes indoors. It consists of thirty-six feet of cord which can be unwound as desired and stretched from hooks across the kitchen wherever space permits. The reel possesses a ratchet which makes it possible to lock and tighten the cord to any point. About forty pounds of clothes can be carried on the line when stretched to its full length.

Electricity in the Home Laundry

So far very little mention has been made of electricity, but undoubtedly where the initial outlay can be afforded for electrical laundry appliances, electrical home-washing is the ideal way. Electric washers save both time and labour. There is practically no need to touch the clothes once they have been put into an electric washer. The force of the current does all the work of turning and moving the clothes, and a tub full of articles can be quickly cleaned in about ten minutes. One of the most useful electric washers has a wringer attached. An electric drying cabinet, which can also be used to air clothes as well, does the drying. This latter appliance consists of a cupboard with expanding rails which run in and out so that they can be easily manipulated. When closed the warm, dry air, which is kept in motion by a fan, acts like a wind.

The problem of ironing is not one which presents any real difficulty to the average housewife, since every kitchen can boast of a fair-sized table suitable for the purpose. A good piece of ironing felt will be needed to cover the entire table, and a couple of ironing sheets should be provided with tapes at each corner so that they can be fixed securely to the table legs when ironing. It is as well to have in addition a skirt-board with a trestle leg for use when the table is inconvenient. Folding skirt-boards can now be had which take up very little room. Some housewives also like to have a sleeve-board,

but this is a matter of taste. A couple of ironing stands should be all that is necessary for a small household, and if old-fashioned irons are used, iron shields are a great boon, as they do away with the necessity for cleaning the surface of the irons each time before use.

A Great Time-saver

A gas or electric iron is a great time-saver, as the heating is continuous until all ironing is finished. Do not buy too small gas or electric irons, as the latter are very little good for heavy articles. An electric iron of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. is a good average size to buy. Goffering irons made of polished iron are useful for doing frills, and a punching iron is a great help in getting up lace or any article which has a raised pattern. It consists of a small knob on the end of a long piece of metal. It is quite an inexpensive item and well worth purchasing.

Among the minor miscellaneous utensils needed in the home laundry are enamelled basins for damping, mixing, etc., large china basins for making starch, and a special enamelled saucepan kept for the purpose of dissolving soap, etc. A supply of wooden spoons, sets of measures ($\frac{1}{4}$ pt. to 1 qt.), and a copper stick are also required. A steel comb and brush should be kept for finishing off fringes, and, of course, a clothes-basket will be wanted.

A small shelf or cupboard should be set aside for storing the various commodities needed for washing.

Home laundry should be carried out on a businesslike footing. Proper laundry lists for each member of the family should be made out, and these lists checked after washing. There should be a special day set apart for washing and another for ironing each week or fortnight, as circumstances demand. On no account should odds and ends be washed out in between, as it only means waste of soap, gas and time.

All clothes to be washed should be collected in the laundry basket and then sorted into piles—wool, silk, white things, stockings, household linen, dusters, etc. Each pile should be treated separately. The great secret of washing is to have plenty of water both for washing and rinsing, so see that there is a good supply of hot water.



Bachelor Women in London

How and Where They
Live

By Helen Greig Souter

(With illustrations from photographs specially taken for "The Quiver")

The present generation has seen the City captured by women workers.
We all know the typist and lady clerk at the office—but where does
she live?

THE self-supporting woman, next to the agricultural labourer, is perhaps the worst and most badly housed person in the country," according to a well-known social reformer, and anyone who has investigated the conditions under which tens of thousands of young women and girls are existing in London at the present time will heartily endorse the statement. Everybody is vaguely aware that, in the pregnant phrase of John Knox, "a monstrous army of women" is engaged in a great variety of occupations in the City, but it gives the least sensitive and most casual thinker pause to realize that the number is 800,000, of whom by far the majority are country bred or provincial girls, driven by force of circumstances from home to become self-supporting.

The girl who daily boards a bus or straphangs in a tube, "does something in the City" six mornings in the week and returns in the evening to her own home, is a very lucky individual (although she rarely thinks so) compared with her cousin or friend who merely "goes back" to the dreary desolation of a bed-sitting room, the only place she can call her own in the evenings and throughout the long week-ends. If she has been accustomed to the gaiety of a large, merry family in a cultured household, then she misses all the more the comforts of home, the congenial society, the friendly gatherings and all the little pleasures which hitherto she had regarded as a matter of course. Her surroundings strike her as sordid, and the poverty-stricken aspect of her "sky-parlour" defies all her efforts and resourcefulness to render it attractive or "homey." Its drabness

gets on her nerves, so does her landlady or the slovenly little maid who dumps down her meals without the least regard to daintiness. The strain of life's daily struggle is hard enough in all conscience for the average worker, without her being made positively miserable by the comfortless and colourless character of her environment.

I grant very readily that there are jewels of landladies who study the interests of their boarders in every way, but they are the notable exceptions. The sorest trial to the working woman, using the term in its broadest sense, is this serious quest of a home from home. In pursuing it she



A corner of a charming flat occupied by a bachelor woman in the West End

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realizes to the full the bitter irony of the term and the full significance of the fact that the temptations to mental and moral deterioration to which unattached young men are subjected may be increased tenfold and intensified in her own by reason of the miserable housing accommodation which is the best she can afford whilst finding her feet in the commercial or professional world.

Y.W.C.A. Boarding houses

The loneliness of cheap lodgings strikes a chill to many brave young hearts yearning for some sort of sociability, and naturally their thoughts turn in the first instance to the Y.W.C.A., the largest organization of its kind, which owns twenty-two hostels; but

drawing-room and reading-room, afford comfort, cheer, or solace and quiet to its hard-working residents in the hours of their all too scanty leisure. Its cubicles and single rooms, clean and comfortable, if not exactly spacious, represent the best accommodation possible at the price.

Independent of ordinary hostels scattered over Greater London the Y.W.C.A. "runs" several for special classes, one of the most appreciated of which is that for actresses only, where there are 60 beds, frequently full at the slack season, and where hot suppers await at midnight the tired girl who has been ministering to the amusement of the theatre-loving public.

Foreign governesses and others are received at Swiss House, Fitzroy Square, or at the International Hostel, Newton Road, Bayswater, where inter-racial and inter-denominational intercourse is afforded the stranger in a strange land with the happiest results.

Girls' Friendly Society Lodges

The Girls' Friendly Society, which owed its formation to Mrs. Townsend's kindly care for the young women of her parish in 1870, at a time when only governesses and servants left home for situations at a distance, has lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes considerably in the

interval. Recognizing how many thousands of girls from refined homes are compelled by circumstances to be self-supporting, the committee have added an Educated Workers Branch, and on behalf of its members and others opened ten years ago, in addition to nine other smaller houses, the London Diocesan Lodge, a splendid building at 29 Francis Street, Westminster, which affords accommodation for 70, and where the rent of the bedrooms varies from 8s. to 18s. 6d.

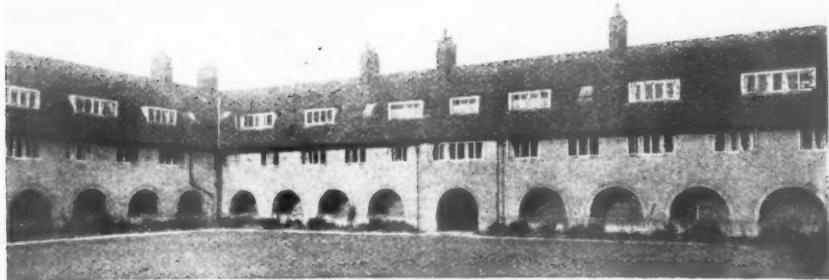
The internal arrangements are thoroughly up to date. There is an abundant supply of hot water at all hours, a boon greatly appreciated by some who have lived in houses where a bath was regarded more as a luxury than a necessity. The lodge is lit throughout by electricity; a laundry, with drying and hot-air chambers, is taken full advantage of.



One of the sitting-rooms in the hostels run by the Women's Pioneer Housing at Notting Hill

that number only supplies accommodation for 850 girls in the London area—about a thousandth part of what is required. Even their New Forward Movement, under the honorary presidency of the Duchess of York, does not add materially to their boarding capacity, inasmuch as the plans provide chiefly for a large central building for rest, recreation, education and companionship with Transients' Bedrooms.

The largest hostel under Y.W.C.A. auspices is Ames House, whose white exterior lends a welcome touch of brightness to "the long, unlovely street" which runs off Oxford Street. Its central position renders it specially convenient for business women such as typists, clerks, shop assistants, dressmakers, milliners, etc. Its restaurants, where 450 dinners daily are served, and its pretty



A view of the Quadrangle



A charming interior



Views of a part of the garden

WATERLOW COURT, GOLDERS GREEN

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tage of by many, who thus save a small weekly sum on their laundry bills and rather enjoy doing their own washing as a change from their ordinary vocations. Girls' Friendly Society lodges are closed at 10.30 generally, but members who stay out till eleven o'clock are fined 3d., and after



Co-operative Housing at Hampstead Garden Suburb

11.45 1s. The exactions in time realize a fair amount, which is devoted to the provision of additional equipment to the furnishing of the house.

Visitors are impressed by the long row of white enamelled doors in the brown-walled corridors, which present rather a conventional appearance; the bedrooms are mostly furnished alike, with gobelin-blue coverlets and curtains, the sitting-rooms and hall are spacious and artistic apartments, and the latter contains a grand piano. The beautiful prayer-room, with its stained-glass window and sacred pictures, was consecrated by the Bishop of London when he formally opened the lodge.

Up-to-date Hostels

Westminster, being central and convenient, forms a most suitable district for houses and hostels of this description, and within a short distance there are several to meet the needs of the class under discussion. Looking across the green open spaces of Vincent Square is the imposing structure of St. George's House, built by the generosity of Miss Murray Smith, the daughter of the well-known publisher

There is always a long list of applicants waiting for the chance of a vacant room.

Hopkinson House, in Vauxhall Bridge Road, houses 120 workers whose earnings are rather small. Some idea of the demand for boarding-houses at once safe, comfortable and "homey" may be gathered from

the statement that in six months as many as 700 girls have been turned away from its doors simply because of lack of room. Quite as many presented themselves at the sister establishment, Brabazon House, across the road in Moreton Street, which was originally founded for the benefit of young women and girls in the Post Office. It provides 84 cubicles, the rent of which is from 7s. 6d. per week.

Nutford House, situated in Nutford Place, Edgware Road, is a handsome structure providing cheerful, comfortable accommodation for 160 girls and women. It is well equipped and up to date

in every respect, and has had a long waiting list from the very beginning. The Cartwright Gardens Club, Cartwright Square, whose artistic exterior corresponds to its interior comfort if not luxury, has been so popular that three other large houses have been acquired in the quiet old-world square.

These represent the largest and best known of hostels for women, although there are many more, including the Stead Memorial in Pimlico and the Ada Leigh Hostel in Old Kent Road.

Flats and Flatlets

After a few years, however, if a girl is not looking forward to marriage in the near future, she gets tired of boarding-house life, of the depressing atmosphere of other people's furniture, pictures, and what not, so she starts on another quest, and that is for a small apartment or flat of her very own, where she can be absolutely her own mistress. Possibly she possesses the remnants of the parental home, or it may only be a few odds and ends, but these serve as the nucleus of her little nest, and they represent to some extent the expression of her own individuality.

BACHELOR WOMEN IN LONDON

Until within recent years it was only the older and more firmly established professional or business woman who could afford the luxury of a flat, for prices were prohibitive to the small-wage earner, who had to be content with a couple of rooms on the top floor of a house with perhaps a tiny wash-basin fixed into the corner of the staircase by way of a sink, and a gas-stove, screened off on the landing, which did not prevent all the other tenants knowing what she was cooking for supper. Then she was still subject to the vagaries of the landlady, who might object to her doing a little job of carpentry, or complain about opening the door to visitors who rang the wrong bell or knocked instead of ringing, and a thousand and one such trifling pin-pricks.

People who have lived all their lives in sheltered, comfortable homes simply cannot imagine the makeshifts which cultured gentlewomen have to endure in this problem of housing. Only the other day I called on a friend, the widow of a professional man, who had had to move from her well-equipped home into a so-called adapted flat. True it was shut off, which ensured complete privacy, and it consisted of a fair-sized unfurnished sitting-room and bedroom, a tiny hall and a strip of a room designated a kitchenette—but innocent of sink, shelf, or cooking arrangement. All the water required had to be fetched from a bathroom on the floor above and carried up again to be got rid of, and for this accommodation she was paying £110 per year!

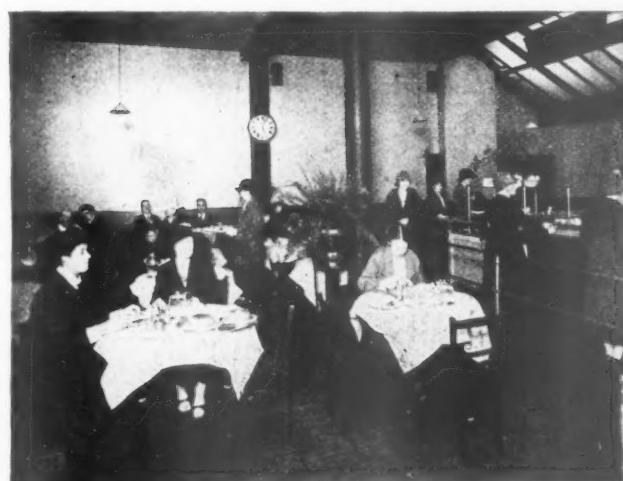
I could not help comparing this most uncomfortable and toilsome arrangement with that of another friend who occupies a flatlet on the top of a huge new block of expensive and up-to-date flats. The two upper stories are reserved for women only and are known as "The Wonder Flats." They consist of one good-sized living-room with a curtained alcove containing a sink, a gas-ring and a large cupboard, part of which serves

as a wardrobe and the other accommodates brooms, also cleaning and cooking utensils. There is a gas fire in the sitting-room, where the bed is disguised as a couch by day, and in winter the entire building is centrally heated. The tenants usually provide their own breakfast and tea, but a telephone on the landing outside connects with the kitchen, where a meal can be ordered and brought up. The larger flats possess a hatch on which the meals are sent up piping hot. Dinners, *table d'hôte* or *à la carte*, are provided at flower-decked tables in the restaurant, where something like £30 must be spent throughout the year.

A bathroom is shared by three tenants, and the rental, inclusive of everything except gas, is £75, but each occupant, according to the amount of her rent, must invest a certain sum—about £100—on which she is paid interest. This is quite a common practice now and prevails in Hampstead Garden Suburb and elsewhere, as well as in the flats under the auspices of the Women's Pioneer Housing, Limited, which during the past few years has been buying up large houses in good neighbourhoods and adapting them to the requirements of their tenants.

This society is entirely run by women for women, and their architect being of the same sex, has liberal ideas on the vexed subjects of cupboard space and labour-saving contrivances.

The flatlets consist of one, two or three



At the Quick Service Lunch, Bedford House, 108 Baker Street

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rooms, with kitchenette, use of bathroom, and the services of a caretaker for parcels, letters, etc., and regular cleaning if desired.

A Variety of Schemes

During the war MacWhirter the artist's house in Abbey Road was bought by a syndicate. The original studio was converted into a splendid dining-room, and in the spacious garden a great number of tiny flatlets at very reasonable rates sprang into being. They were provided with various fixtures, such as sideboards, cosy fireside inglees, small dressers, etc., which reduced the amount of furniture necessary. In some instances a tiny apartment, capable of holding a camp bedstead only, opened off the cheerful sitting-room, and its limited space reminded one of the American who complained that his cabin was so small he had to go outside to change his mind!

In the same neighbourhood a variety of such establishments exists, some of the newer ones being entirely erected for the benefit of working women, like Addison House,

which boasts a small shop, where the tenants may purchase a loaf of bread, tea, sugar, butter or any commodity which they may have "run out of"—a not unusual event, since the majority of shops are all closed by the time the tired worker returns home. Shopping is a difficulty under such circumstances, and frequently must be entrusted to an honest and obliging charlady.

Grove End House, whose gigantic proportions rather suggest a series of warrens to the imaginative, was built originally for the superior artisan class, round a grassy square instead of the usual dreary asphalt courtyard; but somehow it did not appeal to them, and the compact flats were readily seized upon by professional men and women like journalists and others, who were only too thankful to find decent and central



Two views of the Girls' Friendly Society Hostel,
London Diocesan Lodge

accommodation for 1000 per week, which was the very modest original rent, now increased, like everything else. It still compares favourably with the prices of mansions in the West Central district, where the rent of one room with kitchen and bath, including electric light, varies from 12s.

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per week to 20s., or 23s. 6d. for three rooms.

One of the first and most attractive housing schemes for women, namely Waterloo Court, Golders Green, owed its inception largely to the initiative of Dame Henrietta Barnett.

Pleasantly situated in London's most popular suburb, its weathered red walls and roofs, its quaint wooden gateway, its square lawn encircled by the two-storied building with its cloistered veranda, its croquet greens, tennis courts and gardens, have proved a haven of rest to countless women. The flatlets are very ingeniously contrived, and even those of one big apartment, capable of being divided by curtains, boast a tiny scullery, shut off at one end, and a correspondingly neat bathroom at the other. Meals are provided in a restaurant and a daily staff of maids attend to the cleaning, etc.; but it is hopeless almost to get a footing there, as the waiting list has contained names of prospective tenants for years past. If such houses were multiplied a thousand-fold they would let very readily and confer an inestimable benefit on workers who, in their heart of hearts, are re-echoing the words of Padriac Colum, the Irish singer:

"And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and rain's way."

Co-operative Housekeeping

It is becoming increasingly common now, in the interests of economy and companionship, for two or more girls to set up bachelor homes, either by renting a fairly large flat or even an entire house and pooling expenses. I know of several such arrangements which work splendidly. In one instance there is a household of five girls—two pairs of sisters and a friend. They occupy a flat of two sitting-rooms and five bedrooms, one of which is known as "the

prophet's chamber" and is reserved for guests, mostly girl friends and acquaintances "down and out" temporarily and in need of friendly encouragement and a shelter until they regain a footing in the workaday world. They reckon that, sharing all expenses, they can live far more cheaply and comfortably than they could possibly do at a first-class boarding-house.

Co-operation in everything is the order of the day, and women, so long behindhand in such matters, are realizing the tremendous need and utility of it in every department of life, chiefly as regards this important matter of housing, on which depends not only their personal comfort, but their individual efficiency and the quality of their work, be it manual or mental.

They have won by dint of boundless perseverance, pluck and courage a place in the sun in all the professions save the Church, and in the sphere of political franchise. These privileges avail but little, however, if they are denied the right of materializing that dream-home, which tantalizes and tortures those who are suffering from totally uncongenial surroundings and produces what is known to psychologists as "psychic starvation."



Club Room at Y.W.C.A. Headquarters, 26 George Street

The Other Side

A Church Crisis

By

Nelia Gardner White

HERE are two sides to every situation. There were two to the matter of the Rev. John Marrow. One belonged to the folks who came each Sunday to the little weather-beaten church at the Corners to hear John Marrow preach. They were fewer than in the years past. Once the sheds in back were filled each Sunday —the Maynes' surrey, with its fringe around the top; the old but well-washed buckboard of the Laraways; the rubber-tyred turn-out of Johnny Frazier's; Walter Jones' yellow-wheeled carryall; they were in the same place every Sunday morning at half-past ten, rain or shine. The sheds had not been full now, though, for several years. The Maynes had gone west; the Laraway girls had gone away to college, and drove now a small scarlet car like a young wheeled demon over the hills, never dreaming of stopping at the Corners church. Johnny Frazier had opened up a petrol station at his place, and his folks had a little roadside booth for selling ice-cream and ginger ale. Their best trade was on Sunday. Walter Jones still came, sat in the same pew; but his wife was dead, and the children never came with him.

It was small wonder, perhaps, that folks didn't come. John Marrow was getting old. He talked slowly, of faith and justification and atonement; terms that were old-fashioned and meaningless to the new generation. He looked over the tops of his glasses before each of his many summaries. He urged, even after twenty-seven years, that the young folks come to prayer meeting. There were, perhaps, a half dozen of the "old guard" who remained, and a few of their children came, but their grandchildren not at all. The church was going to seed, spiritually and every other way.

Jen Culliton was one who still went. She never thought much about the matter—she just went. It was part of Sunday, and had been ever since she was a girl. She was the eldest of ten, and, oh! the scrubnings, the hair-smoothings, the buttonings, the admonitions it had meant to get nine, besides herself, ready for church and Sunday school.

You might have thought she'd have hated it, but she never did. There was something very soul-satisfying in that long line of starched white dresses and blouses and shining faces. It happened once a week, and only once, that they were all clean and good together. After she was married she had kept on going, as a matter of course. She worked terribly hard six days out of every week, and the seventh she rested. Sometimes, in the first years after her husband had died, she was hard put to it to have a whole white dress for Margaret, her girl, but she managed somehow.

John Marrow had been preaching there when Jen was first married. He'd not been so old then, nor so set in his ways. He had not had then that discouraged droop to his shoulders nor that quaver in his voice. He was old, there was no doubt of it, and yet he was as much a part of Sunday to Jen as was the day part of the week. It was not, perhaps, the things he said that inspired her. Sometimes, it must be confessed, she did not even listen. But she gained, nevertheless, a curious peace there that lasted her throughout the week.

And now they were talking of putting him out, and having the Baptist minister from down to Claremont come up Sunday afternoons. The young folks didn't come—there wasn't much of a Sunday school; it was time they had someone young in. But Jen felt irritated whenever she thought about it. John Marrow was something steady and lasting in her firmament. She knew the things folks said were so, but she thought, too, of all the years of service Rev. Marrow had given to the little old church, and she felt it would be a kind of betrayal to let him go now. He did his best, and his support was feeble. She got to thinking, one Sunday when there were only a few there, that maybe she hadn't been as faithful as she might have been. She promised herself she would go to prayer meeting Thursday night.

On Thursday night Jen came in from the barn about half-past six. It was May, and the old Culliton place was filled from end to end with the warm, soft fragrance of apple

THE OTHER SIDE

blossoms and lillacs. Jen felt a tired content. It had been a good day; she and Zeb (who helped out when needed) had got a lot done. She had a big basket of eggs on her arm, and when she reached the back porch she put the basket on the top step and sat beside it.

She sat silently for as much as ten minutes, letting the pleasant, warm breeze, the memory-laden smells and the comfortably drowsy settling-down noises of the chickens mingle with her contented thoughts. Suddenly, from down towards the Corners, there came a faint, sweet chiming, the sound of the first bell for Thursday night prayer meeting.

Jen gave a little start. She had forgotten it was Thursday. She got to her feet, her big frame a little cumbersome from years and the day's accumulated weariness. She was a queer enough figure, Jen Culliton—a big, bony, awkward woman in khaki shirt and trousers, sandy hair pushed ruthlessly back beneath ragged straw hat, skin tanned and toughened by years of work in the open, chin square and purposeful as any man's. And yet there was a kind of dignity and agelessness about Jen that was close to grandeur.

She went into the house and up to her room, changed the khaki clothes for a clean gingham, tidied her hair. Because she was tired was no excuse to Jen for not keeping her promise.

"I'd clean forgot 'twas prayer-meeting night," she said once to herself. "I'll wait till I get back for a bite to eat."

She did not get out any of the horses. It was only a mile, and, though she might be late, she'd get there before it was over. She thought, and rightly, that just her coming at all was what would count. She swung along the roadside, hurrying a little because she was late. She had a peculiarly mannish stride, and sometimes folks laughed to see her go by. But it was friendly laughter, for everyone respected Jen Culliton, and realized in a measure that her queer dress and walk became her bigness, and were not altogether out of place when you remembered that for years she had run the Culliton place almost single-handed.

All the way along Jen kept thinking of Rev. Marrow. He lived three miles away on a little patch of stony farmland, and even when the drifts were the worst he was there to ring the first bell for prayer meeting. He'd not been very well, and had just preached for them to help out for a year or so till he should get back his strength.

They couldn't pay much at the Corners, of course. And here he was yet—half farmer, half preacher—grown old among them. Jen felt a queer tightness at her throat, just thinking of him. She had a curious shame because she had not gone to prayer meeting regularly, and an anger against her friend Allie for favouring having the Baptist minister come.

Jen came near the church, its worn, old bulk rising grey and desolate out of the colourful May twilight. The little yard was neat, because Rev. Marrow kept it so, but the sheds were broken and the paint was peeling off. The apple orchard across the way, Jen thought, would have been a more fit place for praying.

As she stepped into the vestry she heard a voice raised in prayer. She sat down on the bench near the door to wait till the prayer was finished. It was Rev. Marrow himself, and Jen was in a moment aware of a strange quality in his voice—not his regular Sunday tones at all.

"You know, Lord," he was saying, "what 'tis to be alone. Why can't I get them to come? I've been failing You, Lord—most thirty years, and not one in Thy house on Thursday night. I'm not worth even the little they give me—and they're going to turn me out. I've tried, Lord—I've tried with all there is in me, but I can't keep the young ones; they stray away out into the world. They laugh at me and my message. Mary—oh, Lord, *Mary* thinks they're right; she thinks I've failed, too. And I have—I'm all alone. Oh, Lord, stay Thou with me!"

Jen got up. Through the doorway she saw the bowed white head above the old reddish chair by the leader's table. There was no one else in the big, bare room. She went out as quietly as she could and up the road towards home. The great mass of apple blossoms across from the church were a misty grey, and sometimes she stumbled because she could not quite see the path.

She found she couldn't eat much supper. When she was in bed she did not pretend to sleep. She tried to think the thing out. She felt, though she didn't know just why, a curious responsibility in the matter. She shrank, with a reluctance unlike her, away from the responsibility. It was a business so filled with emotion and sentiment that Jen was afraid of it. Jen was as full of sentiment as a milkweed pod full of seeds, but she fled from the expression of it as if she realized that it was hopelessly out of

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place and unbecoming to her big, awkward, homely self. But she couldn't put the thought of old Mr. Marrow away from her, and go to sleep. Probably in a few days they'd go to the Baptist minister and ask him to come. Who'd tell old Mr. Marrow? Was there really one among them so hard of heart as to be able to do it? Oh, probably Will Fairchild; he'd like to. They couldn't—an old man like him—why, he was so feeble he'd only last a little while, anyway. And they begrudged him his peace for that little while. And he'd been so good to them all.

In the morning Jen called up Allie Parsons.

"Hallo, Allie! This is Jen. You folks pretty busy plantin'? Say, Allie, I've got it in my head I want a little party to-night! I just made a couple gallons ice-cream. Can't you folks come over and help eat it? Oh, any time—soon's you get your supper werk out of the way. All right, Allie."

After that she called up Frazier's and Laraway's and Barton's and Jones'—all the neighbours on the hills close at hand. She made it a point that the young folks come.

"I've got a birthday coming in a couple days—reckon I have a right to a birthday party!" she told herself. She let the farm work go; broke eggs recklessly for cakes and fancy sponges. She minced up meat for sandwiches, and made the house bright and dustless. She had a little fright in her heart all day as to what she was going to do, and she grew confused when she tried to think of words for her task. But she kept busy, and didn't worry too much.

After farm work was done the guests began to come. A few years back they had had such gatherings often, and they all seemed glad to be getting into the habit again. Allie and her folks and the Laraways were first. Even the two Laraway girls had come in the little red car. They brought an armful of bright-coloured music, as Jen had asked them to do. It was a jolly crowd, full of reminiscences and friendly gossip. Fat Mrs. Frazier's big laugh set them off into a new gale of merriment every few minutes. Allie asked Jen to get out her old photographs, and even the young folks had a lot of fun over them. Dot Laraway played the old organ, and they sang all the jazziest of new pieces, laughing because Dot couldn't syncopate so thoroughly with the soft tones of the organ. They were noisy and happy. Then they got out the ice-cream—yellow with cream and

eggs—and the boys put on Jen's big aprons and passed things round. It was while they were eating that Jen gathered her courage into her hands and stood up.

"Speech, Jen!" called out someone. Everyone laughed.

Jen tried to smile, but found it was too serious a moment for it.

"Folks," she said, and the laughter died away suddenly, as all the little sounds of nature die away before the majesty of a storm. "Folks, I suppose you all wondered why I got it into my head to have a party to-night. Maybe you thought I had some reason outside of just neighbourhood fun, though that's reason enough, goodness knows. But this isn't my party. 'Tisn't yours, either. It's the Reverend Marrow's."

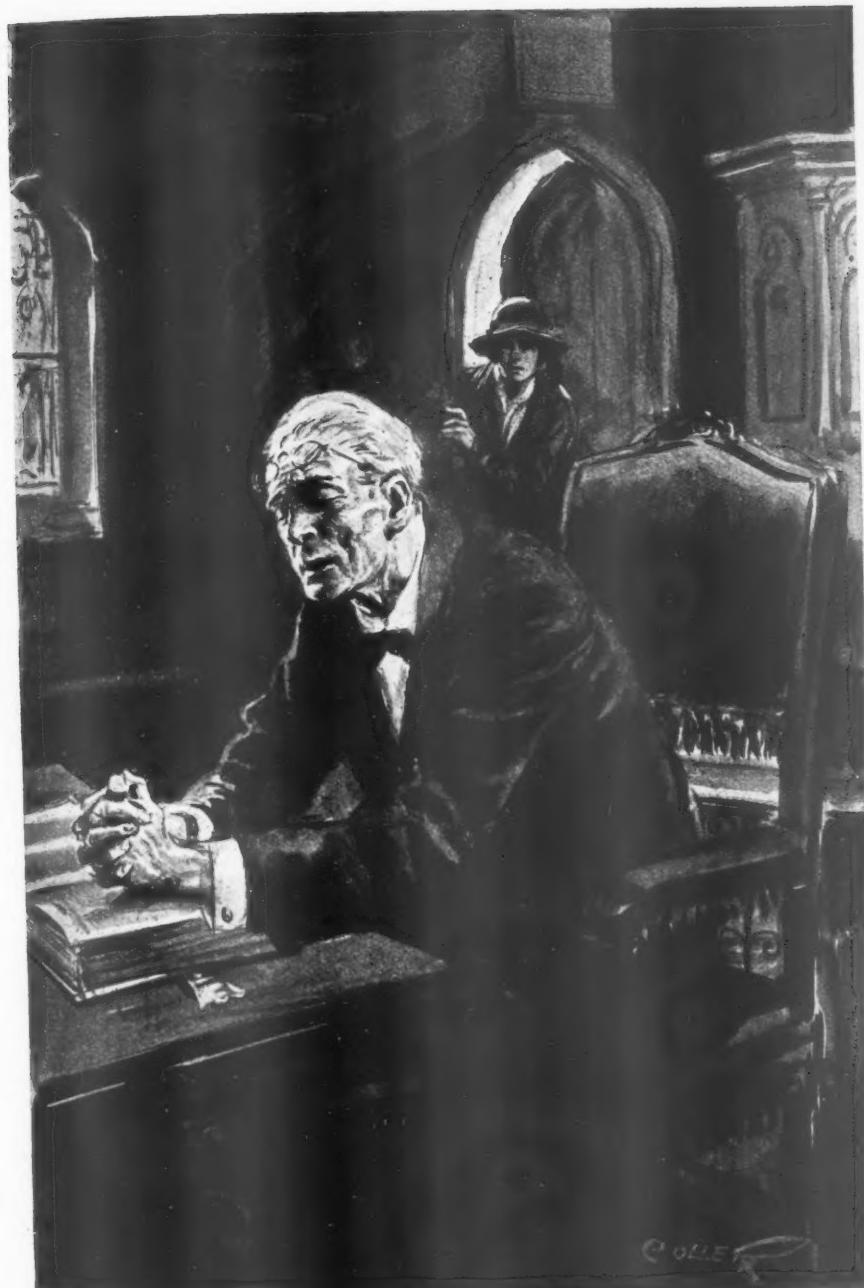
They were all listening. Jen wished they wouldn't listen quite so intently; it was hard to talk with everyone's eyes turned her way, and Jen wasn't so much of a talker anyway. But she went on somehow:

"We've been remembering to-night some of the days when we were younger. But there's some things we seem to have forgotten. Dot Laraway, do you remember one Christmas when you were four or five, and you came to the Christmas exercises at the church, and there wasn't any Santa Claus? You cried and cried. I recall just how you looked, all curled up in your father's arms, your face all wet and hot from crying. It was a bitter night, and it had snowed so up in the hills during the day, that the man who had promised to be Santa hadn't come. Mr. Marrow slipped out and got his horse, and drove over after that suit. He had to walk part of the way, but he got back in time to be the funniest, jolliest Santa you'd ever seen.

"Johnny Frazier, do you remember the time you fell off the barn and broke some ribs—nearly killed yourself? I reckon you ain't forgot it. Remember how Mr. Marrow drove over two miles and back every night to help with the farming work, till you got so's you could be around again?"

She didn't wait for John Frazier to answer, though he half-rose, as if to speak.

"Bill Jones, mebbe you've sort of forgot the time your pa died. You was pretty small. It was pretty hard slogging, I reckon, with so many of you young 'uns to feed and dress. I remember seeing Mr. Marrow ploughing your garden; and didn't he pay you boys for helping pick his strawberries—berries he'd always picked before himself?



"Through the doorway she saw the bowed white head
above the chair by the leader's table"—p. 389

Drawn by
N. Collier

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"Remember when your Cora had diphteria, Allie? Who was it come every day to see if he could help out?"

"Who was it bought Sunday school papers for the children out of his own pocket when we thought we couldn't afford 'em any longer? Mary, maybe you won't thank me for calling it to mind, but there was a time when you and Jim was close to parting over some wretched little quarrel, and all us neighbours was taking sides with one or the other of you, egging you on to quarrel all the more. And Mr. Marrow came over one afternoon when I was there, and he made us all cry before we got through. It was the end of the quarrel!"

Mary Barton's face was crimson, but her eyes were suddenly wet, too.

"And I don't know what I'd have done myself if I couldn't have gone down there to the Corners every Sunday. It sort of put peace and courage into me. Seemed sometimes as if I couldn't bear all the trouble and responsibility that's come to me; but I found out how—I *found out how!* After Steve went 'twasn't so easy; a good many rough spots come in the road. I don't believe there's anybody here that *hasn't* come to rough spots, when it come to that; and I reckon, if you'll think it over, you'll find out that John Marrow was there most every time to help you over 'em!"

There was a kind of common shame on all the faces.

"Now Mr. Marrow is old. He's slow, he's old-fashioned and sometimes he's tiresome. We're tired of him maybe; we're ashamed of the way the church looks, though, goodness knows, he's said often enough he'd put the paint on if we'd buy it. We haven't done it. You young people think he's out of date. Mebbe he is. He's great on faith—sort of his hobby. You say folks don't talk about things that way any more. Mebbe not; but when the Dallas boy was arrested for stealing, I was proud to see how every last one of you stuck by him. You practise faith even if you don't talk about it, and I wonder if a lot of you didn't learn your first lessons in faith right down there at the old Corners church. Seems to me it wouldn't hurt us to put our shoulders to the wheel. There's enough young folks up here to make a good, live Sunday school, and I don't know why you can't have lots of good, jolly church socials like you used to have. A minister ain't all of a church—it's got to have members."

"Mebbe you don't agree with all Mr.

Marrow's notions, but I say, when he's done so much for us all, we ought to stand by him for the few years he's got left. It's like shooting an old horse that can't work any more to let him go. He has a wife that's half invalid. What would he do without the little he gets here? Why not even make it more? Most of us have been let to prosper. I'm willing to put another fifty a year to his salary, and I guess all of us could give some more if we tried. Maybe I shouldn't tell it, but last Thursday night I made up my mind to go to prayer meeting; I hadn't been for a year—"

Jen paused, swallowed hard and went on. Emotion was getting her, against her will. Old Mr. Marrow all alone in the old church. Alone—after twenty-seven years of labour for that church. Praying there—alone. Knowing he was a failure. They all saw him, as she had.

"But he isn't. It's our job now to show him he hasn't been a failure. To pay him back a little of what we've received from him. What if he hadn't been there those hard times I've spoken about? Folks, let's all get together again Sunday morning!"

They were still for a minute or more. Then Dot Laraway began to play softly "How firm a foundation," as if it were in church, and they all sang it. Allie stood up then.

"You're right, Jen. We've been awful thoughtless. Why, when I think about that time we most lost Cora? I'm willing to put a little more to raise his salary. Let's see if we can't raise it a hundred, anyway—and tell him Sunday!"

They gathered round Jen then, making pledges, drawn closer together by their common cause.



On Sunday morning Jen was there, as usual, five minutes before the last bell rang. There was old Walter Jones in his pew; Allie and her family in theirs; three or four others. Jen didn't quite know what she'd expected, but as she walked up to her place and sat down she was conscious of a sharp disappointment. It was all just as usual. Then she saw two great vases full of pinks up by the pulpit. She saw, too, the little table down in front, shining and free from dust. The first heaviness of heart turned to lightness. They *had* meant it, after all. Then she heard a car drive in beside the church, and another. There came the Laraways—seven of them. There was Johnny

THE OTHER SIDE

Frazier and Mary and their girl's children with them. Johnny's cousin Lem and his wife. The Payne boys. Bill Follansbee, from up past Jen's.

With the flowers and the white dresses of the children and all, it was like an old-time Children's Day, Jen thought. Jen's heart was very full, and, back of her happiness, she felt tears. She could hardly keep them back. Johnny Frazier went up and laid an envelope on the pulpit. There was a queer tension over the room. Folks were all acutely aware of each other, and yet afraid to look at each other, a little ashamed of the emotion they could not hide.

Old Mr. Marrow sat there with the envelope in his hands even after they were all still, waiting for him to announce the first hymn. Jen noted how very white his hair was, how stooped his old shoulders, how deep the lines in his face. His hands, holding the envelope, trembled. Jen couldn't look at him. She looked instead at the Plants' children in the seat ahead of her. For an instant it seemed to Jen that they were her Phillip and Margaret, come back out of the long ago. She remembered Mr. Marrow's coming to dinner once, and bringing them a little rabbit for a pet. He had always had a way with children. The stillness everywhere in the big room was becoming almost unbearable. It hurt. A soft breeze, sweeping across the room between open windows, was almost a voice. Then he stood up, the shabby old preacher in his worn Prince Albert. He peered over his glasses at them, and the old habit bothered no one—was suddenly only a loved part of him.

"Dearly beloved," he said at last in his quivering voice, then paused and drew out a big white handkerchief and rubbed at his glasses. Jen had a swift memory of a picture of the Good Shepherd that had used to hang in the Sunday schoolroom when she was a child. He'd been like that to them, and they'd forgotten. For several long seconds he stood there, rubbing away at the silver-rimmed spectacles, not able to go on. Mary Plants bent over, pretending to straighten her Tom's tie, and Jen saw her brush her sleeve swiftly across her eyes before she lifted her head.

"Dearly beloved," he began again, swallowed hard and stopped. Jen's lids smarted

—she ached to go on for him. He seemed so very old and frail there back of the great, glowing bouquets of pinks. Too frail to carry all that great joy that crowded past his emotion and found place in his kind, faded blue old eyes. That just giving an old man his rightful dues should bring a look like that. Big Jen Culliton felt very small and humble; had a feeling that everyone else in the church felt small and humble, too. Then strength came to the bent, old shoulders, and they straightened, if ever so little. Words came, too, halting but fervent, stammering, but from such depths as, perhaps, only Jen had known existed.

"The Lord is my Shepherd—I shall not want," he said brokenly. "Friends, I forgot it. I was down in the valley of the shadow—and I was afraid. I prayed for a miracle—not believing it would come. I feel little—and ashamed—that you should do this for me. I'm worn out. I can't do the service I used to. I was discouraged—please God you will never know how discouraged. It—it was so black—I couldn't see any light—not even a small light. *My faith was so small.* No one came to the Lord's house to the mid-week service. I—I thought I was all alone. I—I've had poor luck these last years on my place—things wouldn't grow for me. The wife had to have a little operation. I heard—I thought you didn't want me any more. It—it seemed like a wall on every side. When—I thought I was going to leave you—after all these years. I'm an old man—I can't stand up to disappointments like I used to." He fingered again the paper and looked down at them. He reached up again for his glasses. "I'll—I'll try to work harder this year. It—it is good to be wanted." There was the pathos of a wistful child in the old voice, but on the old face was a kind of radiance.

Even fly-away Jeanne Laraway was crying, suddenly unashamed.



That afternoon Allie called Jen up.

"Jen, you heard about Mr. Marrow?"

"No; what is it?"

"He—they found him in his chair this afternoon—just like he was asleep. Jen, they said he was smiling!"





"A WORD ABOUT ARNOLD BENNETT"

MY wife, I am sorry to say, has been reading with avidity "A Word About Arnold Bennett," by Mrs. Arnold Bennett. Mrs. Bennett, it appears, is separated from her distinguished husband—and has "written down her frank impressions of her life with Arnold Bennett, the novelist, the husband, the superman." And now Mrs. Editor is reading these intimate revelations of the little weaknesses and habits of a great man, of how when A. B. puts the furniture in a certain position it must not be moved; of how the great novelist, every afternoon, lies down comfortably with a hot-water bottle and a rug to keep him warm, even when the weather is hot; and how the distinguished author of "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day" insists on making his early cup of tea himself, although there are so many around him at his beck and call—and so on. When I reach home I shall hear little extracts:

"His work is the centre of his life and his chief interest. He regards himself as a receiving machine which has to produce book after book, play after play, to amuse or interest or educate others. He loves, nurses, and thinks about this machine more than anything else, consequently he is self-centred, egotistic, and occasionally extremely egoistic. Like a child he loves to be appreciated, flattered, encouraged, and occasionally bullied; but if he does appreciate devotion he is also inclined to undervalue it. To him devotion carried too far and demonstrated too much does not command respect; at the bottom of his heart he rather despises it."

Of course, we duly read Mrs. Asquith's confessions as they appeared, but this is rather different, isn't it? and I tremble as I shut down my office desk and prepare to go home. It is all very well for one to

write books about one's friends, but the wife is, of all persons, the one who knows one's little idiosyncrasies and weaknesses, and should this new fashion spread—? I must, I feel, be on my best behaviour forthwith and now on: Mrs. Editor herself has the gift of literary expression, and suppose—oh, suppose!—I awoke one day to read "A Word About Mr. Editor: by his Wife"!

Revelations

Happily, the world will be spared the revelation just yet. I am not yet famous—except as Editor of *THE QUIVER*. I can pass along Fleet Street without anybody pointing me out as a celebrity: that is, of course, until I have written the book that shall make me famous. I have always been going to write that book. But, after this, I think I shall put off the start still longer. Fame is all very well in its way—but is it worth it?

True, the revelations would be of a different order:

"Arnold Bennett can only work freely in tidy surroundings, for he belongs to the category of the bourgeois artist. Nothing annoys him so much as untidiness, carelessness. When young he was taught that tidiness and order save time and money. Good habits, regular habits, he was made to adopt."

This can never be written about your Editor: in fact, I rather fancy I detected a note of reproach in Mrs. Editor's voice as she read this extract aloud. . . . On further thoughts I am distinctly uneasy as to what shall be written about the state of my desk, and my "tidy" (?) habits.

But suddenly I realize that Mrs. Editor can never write such revelations about me—for the simple reason that I, like so

BETWEEN OURSELVES

many other undistinguished and distinguished people, do my work at an office. Every morning after breakfast I hurry to the station to catch the 8.50; every evening I close down the office desk and hasten to catch the homeward train. How I do my work is a matter between myself and the office staff: it is beyond the ken of Mrs. Editor. Simple facts these—but I have suddenly realized that we owe to such prosaic circumstances not a little of the peace and security of the domestic life of the nation. Curious, isn't it? But life, generally, seems to hang on little things.

The Blessing of Working at an Office

This habit of going out to work, I am convinced, is one of the unacknowledged blessings of life. It is a bit of a nuisance, of course, on a winter's morning to awake before daybreak, to partake of a hurried breakfast, and tramp through rain or snow to the station—to sit with wet feet in a crowded carriage, and bewail the fates when the train is hung up outside the signal-box. Who has not wished that he could, like Arnold Bennett, work at home, surrounded by the comforts and conveniences of one's own domestic fireside, without bothering about trains and rain and fog? Yet this nice little picture is a delusion and a snare. Ask the lady of the house her candid opinion and she will tell you that, much as she loves her husband, it is a relief to get "the men-folk" out of the house during the day, so that she can get on with her work and "have the place to herself."

More than that, it tends to cut off work from leisure, to set a time-limit, more or less effectual, to labour, and makes a man feel that, if work is the main object of life, there is still a leisure hour when he reaches home.

Shaking off the Hated Habit

Readers of "Mark Rutherford" will remember how that rather unfortunate character used to shake off the work he hated during the walk home, and when at length indoors he became an absolutely different character. I imagine there are many men like that: men engaged in grinding, soul-destroying occupations, at the beck-and-call of their employers, doing work they detest. For them the Mark Rutherford philosophy is perhaps the best: live a double life, and let not the home-staying

man know aught of the office drudge. And herein, of course, lies the blessing of the daily journey. The crowded train and the daily paper provide the curtain between the scenes.

A Doubtful Pleasure

No, I have tried working at home, and am convinced it is a doubtful pleasure. I am afraid that if I made a habit of it Mrs. Editor would discover that I, too, cannot write in a room with other people in it, that—horrors!—I must have a desk with the right slope, and the light from the left, a blank wall facing me—and all the other little petty details. And the interruptions—How is it that one can work at an office with all the noise of Fleet Street around, yet would be disturbed by a child playing in the garden at home, or the maid beating carpets? It is a riddle and I do not attempt to answer it—but there it is!

No, I can only record my indebtedness to my noisy office—and proceed to sympathize with all the distinguished and undistinguished authors, doctors and clergymen who read these pages—and who work at home. I have the profoundest sympathy, above all, with the minister's wife. Not only is she expected—without pay—to supplement her husband's work in the parish, but she has to put up with her husband's presence in the house more or less all day.

A Frank Talk with the Minister's Wife

Now I want to have a frank talk with you, Mr. and Mrs. Clergyman. I want you to take warning from the great ones of the earth. Read "A Word About Arnold Bennett"—and take heed. I am aware, you must understand, of the unclerical language you indulged in the other day, dear sir, and you, dear lady, of the outburst that followed. I hasten to assure you that I have not the least intention of allowing a hint of what occurred to be passed on to the scandalmongers of the parish. But, in all sincerity, I absolve you both. You have my warmest sympathy. How on earth *can* a man—be he ever so saintly—sit down and compose a sermon on "Love suffereth long and is kind" when the minister's wife is having "a few words" with the maid in the next room? And how on earth is a woman to maintain that necessary order and discipline in the home when, on the rare occasion she tells the girl what she thinks for poking the fire with the broom.

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handle, she is commanded *sans ceremony* by a voice from the study to "Shut up!" No, nobody is to blame. Please do not further torture sensitive consciences in the matter, or bemoan the alleged failure of Christian principles. It is an unnatural and impossible situation. End it, if you can.

An Unorthodox Suggestion to the Clergy

And here, while I have the minister and his wife at so palpable a disadvantage, let me whisper an unorthodox suggestion. I know, of course, that one ought to show patience in tribulation and all that, but it does seem to me that the world would often get on far better if, instead of blaming the sinfulness of mankind, the stumbling blocks were removed. Why suffer in silence? Good people are sometimes too conscientious.

May one suggest that ingenuity is more blessed than patience, the art of contriving more to be desired than Christian forbearance? We are all duly shocked at the little boy who, expecting chastisement, placed a book inside the seat of his trousers. Maybe he was not of the stuff that martyrs are made of. But he was a practical philosopher, a believer in the judicious conservation of the emotions. So I know a wise ministerial friend who has reared a family untroubled. He can preach a sermon with three heads on The Perfecting of Patience, but he leaves home promptly at nine every morning, goes to his church and works in the vestry. His wife is one of the nicest women I have met, and still thinks her husband a great man.

The upshot of the matter is that if Arnold Bennett had hired an office and taken the train there every day there would have been no occasion for "A Word About A.B." And if clergymen's wives, doctors' wives, and the married partners of budding authors can do likewise the pulpit will gain in power and literature and medicine be greater and nobler.



An Afterthought

There the matter should be ended, but, somehow, when I read over what I have written there seems something lacking. I don't like Mark Rutherford. The men who leave all their business behind them when they close the office desk may be wise, but I do not, now I think of it again, reckon

them the noblest of the race. I do not withdraw one word of what I have said about the desirability of home and workshop being kept apart; but I feel in my bones that, after all, real success and the finest effort too often demand sacrifices and scorn expedients. And it is the poor wife, alas, who makes the sacrifices! Mark Rutherford may close his lips tightly as soon as he has emerged from the hated office, but thousands of ordinary and extraordinary men have found solace and comfort in pouring out their business worries into the sympathetic ear of their domestic partner. Many a man, before making a vital decision in business, has remarked, "I must talk that over with my wife," and many a successful city man owes his fortune and his position to the wise, self-sacrificing, unseen co-operation of his wife. Is it not recorded among the sacred legends of my own family how that the founder of the business started his establishment in the kitchen, how that after he had carefully set up a poster from his small store of type he relied on his wife to run the ink roller over the type and lay out the wet posters all round the kitchen to get dry by the morning? And is it not told to this day how, alas, the household cat, in the restlessness peculiar to such domestic pets, wandered over the precious prints during the small hours and spoilt the lot? The incident must be true, though it happened before my time, for have I not seen the curious little press—and is there not a flourishing business going strong to this day in consequence? And are there not struggling men of letters whose faithful wives carefully transcribe their husbands' irregular scrawl into typescript what time there be leisure from minding the baby and cooking the dinner? I recall the visit to this office years ago of a pretty girl who announced herself as the "agent" of a rising young author, and who showed remarkable aptitude in pushing his wares. It was only by chance that I learned afterwards that she was more than "agent"—in fact, was the good man's fiancée. I sent them a telegram on their wedding day—and now I can scarcely afford to purchase the stories this well-known writer turns out! Oh, the unpaid labour of love of womenfolk!

So send forth your husbands every morning to the business of the day, dear lady readers, but I can trust the wives of this and every generation to receive them back sympathetically when they return and make them noble men in spite of themselves.

Hats Off to Mr. Blue Fox

A Canadian Fur Farm

By
Harriet Rossiter

If you should visit a Canadian fur farm in the early springtime, you would find Father Blue Fox very busy indeed. For Mother Blue Fox has just presented him with a family of handsome young foxes of whom he is very proud. His mouth widely distended with the load of food he is carrying, all day long he trots back and forth, back and forth from the feed-house to his den. If he hears the call of a brother fox he will lay down his load, give a few quick barks in return, and then proceed on his way. This may be repeated many times on each trip, but he would never dream of being so discourteous as not to return a friendly greeting.

His new family may consist of four, five, eight, nine, or even a round dozen healthy young pups, each greedily demanding more and more food. It makes no difference to him. He sees to it that they are all well fed. So solicitous, indeed, is he for their welfare that he refuses to eat anything himself until the others have had their fill. Even then he can be persuaded to eat only a very little, and thriflly buries every scrap left from the meal, wisely looking to the future.

He grows very thin with all this hard work and scanty rations, but until the pups are well grown, Father Blue Fox continues to be an alert and wary guardian of his den—a faithful sentinel who is never caught asleep at his post. He stations himself near the entrance to the burrow, and is ready to give the danger signal if he hears any unusual noise or sees the stealthy approach of an enemy. This signal is a peculiar long, low bark.

Mrs. Blue Fox is a

Spartan mother. The shrill whistle of a motor-boat, the sound of falling timber, the approach of a stranger, even a change in the dress of the familiar keeper, may drive her to seek safety for her pups by killing them. Sometimes she will bury them alive or will transfer the entire family to a distant pen, which, being cold and damp, may result in the death of her pups, although they have warm wraps of fox fur. Many a rancher has found his dreams of amassing a modest fortune disappear simultaneously with the prolonged tooting of some motor-boat near his island home. Man is still on probation. Perhaps when he has proved his good intentions Mrs. Blue Fox may relent.

In the days before they came to live on a fur farm, where a bountiful supply of food is placed in feed-houses built conveniently near their dens, Mother Fox often had to go out and help forage for food. Then, when she crept back into the den and pressed her cold body, with its wet, shedding hair, against their little shivering bodies, the pups often contracted pneumonia and died.

But those days, with their many hardships, are past. Now the mother can stay



A Fox Farmer and his Family

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in the den for two or three weeks and keep her puppies safe and warm.

When the young foxes are brought out of the den, Father Blue Fox shows no inclination to leave the training and discipline of them to his mate. He never shirks his responsibilities. Both he and Mrs. Blue Fox believe in strict family discipline. At first the pups are very gentle and submissive, but as they grow older they get more independent, and, being naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind, they often defy parental authority and even run away.

Now perhaps you think all foxes look alike. Not so Mr. and Mrs. Blue Fox. They will search tirelessly until they find the runaway, and will bring him back to their burrow. A keeper may find a stray

the neck, and, indifferent to his whimperings, held him under water until he was drowned.

As soon as the young foxes are old enough, Father Fox may be seen, followed by his big family, proudly showing them around the ranch.

Mr. Blue Fox did not always have a coat of soft, dusky blue. When he lived far north in the Polar regions, it was a beautiful creamy white, so that his enemies found it almost impossible to locate him amid the ice and snow of his Arctic home.

But there came a time when the scarcity of food—or was it a love for exploration?—led him to wander farther and farther south. He became a pioneer in a new country. So Mother Nature saw to it that

his coat should gradually change to a soft dark colour. If he is pursued by some enemy he suddenly disappears, simply melts away into the landscape.

Mr. Blue Fox is an aristocrat. Even in the wild state he chooses his mate for life. He holds himself contemptuously aloof from the common run of foxes given to promiscuous mat-



On a Fox Farm in North America

pup and place him on a stump. Hundreds of foxes will pass him by until at last his father and mother come along and carry him off.

Recently a Canadian fur farmer, having found a young fox shivering in a shallow pool of water, took him home and kept him in the ranch-house for a few days.

Father Fox searched until he discovered the whereabouts of the truant and promptly carried him off to the family burrow. But, having acquired a taste for the luxuries of life, at the first opportunity the pup again hit the trail for the ranch-house.

No doubt fearing that this spirit of open defiance might be imitated by his brothers, Father Blue Fox decided that it was high time that he was made an example of. He made his way to the ranch-house, firmly seized his erring offspring by the nape of

ing. Now that he has become a part of civilization, he refuses all invitations to become the owner of a harem. It may be, however, that he will not be able always to withstand the temptations of a more luxurious life. In fact, a few fox ranchers declare that they have been successful in winning him over from this high standard of monogamy, but as a rule Mr. Blue Fox is proof against any flirtatious female or wily keeper out to win him from his allegiance to his mate.

The foxes are apparently well pleased with their new homes on islands bordering on the Pacific Ocean and the Canadian and Alaskan mainlands. That is, if they find them well supplied with plenty of springs of good water, near which they always make their burrows. If not, they indignantly turn their backs upon them and find more

HATS OFF TO MR. BLUE FOX

hospitable denning grounds. The pups are born in May or June.

Mother Blue Fox is a firm believer in large families, and backs up her convictions in a very patriotic and gratifying manner. But she is not at all averse to letting it be known that a nice batch of clam shells and an egg for her morning meal is an added incentive to activity along this line. In fact, Mr. Blue Fox has been caught more than once slyly filching eggs from the ranch-house, two of which he cannily contrives to carry unbroken to his waiting mate.

For centuries foxes have been beach-combers. They will spend hours turning over the rocks on the shore to find the shells underneath. They eat the barnacles that cling to the rocks, and kelp that strews the shores, berries, grass, mussels of all kinds, and a variety of green vegetables. Farmers save the feathers of wild game and the skins of deer and rabbits, which they cut up in small pieces and mix with the foxes' food. This helps to give them a thick, glossy coat of fur. They also feed them rolled oats, whole rice, barley, wheat, raisins and bone meal.

Fox farmers have noticed that as soon as a camp fire dies down the foxes delight to roll in the ashes, which they eat for the mineral salts they contain. So they make a good bonfire of alders or willow near the feeding places two or three times a year.

Foxes are apt to get lazy if overfed, so some farmers only feed them every other day and make them get out and forage for their food part of the time, so that they will get the exercise they need. They are fed on raw meat once a month to prevent them getting mangy.



Alaska Red Fox

In one respect, alas, a decidedly plebeian strain crops up. They appear to have an inborn preference for meat in a state of putrefaction. They will bury it in the ground, and evidently instinct is the only indicator they need to tell them when it is ready to be eaten.

They are, however, quite fastidious about their person, although they show a personal aversion to a daily cold plunge. During the winter they roll on the snow, and during the summer polish up their glossy coats by a roll in the sand.

Blue foxes are very fond of their keepers, and will climb all over them and try to force their way into the house. The bigger and stronger ones will commandeer the dens near the ranch-house—much prized in the fox world—and will compel the others to keep a respectful distance. When a fox selects his denning place, woe to any covetous Reynard who ventures to cross the boundary of the front yard he has marked out for himself.

The keeper often gives the foxes who make their dens near the ranch-house names indicative of the little traits of character they develop. They soon know not only their own names, but also those of the others.

Blue foxes are very intelligent. Scratcher, for instance, is a pacifist. One day he dug up a bone belonging to a neighbour's cache. Seeing out of the tail of one eye that several of his mates



A Prize Young Fox

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were preparing to take it away from him, he suddenly let out a danger signal. They all fled to cover in the woods, while Scratcher leisurely trotted down the path to his den, letting out the danger signal at intervals as he went.

If a fox is given a large and a small piece of meat at the same time, he never makes the mistake of taking the smallest one to his den first.

Sometimes a pup's friendly instincts will lead him to try and attach himself to some other little family circle. But invariably he will either be driven rudely away or his ruthless hosts will inhospitably turn cannibal and eat him.

One rancher, while returning from a nearby town, where he had gone to purchase a much-needed supply of fox food, was forced to put back on account of a sudden storm that swept the Pacific coast at that time. It was two weeks before he was able to put to sea. His secret forebodings proved to be well founded, for when he reached his island ranch he found his foxes had turned cannibal and eaten their brother foxes, making him an unwilling host of a banquet at £30 a plate. But each year the foxes are becoming more tame and such domestic tragedies will doubtless soon be a thing of the past.

If the thermometer drops very low during January and February, Mr. Fox may decide to hibernate, and emerges with the first days of spring, thin and hungry enough to eat everything in sight. A full-grown fox will eat generally from one to three pounds a day during the summer months, but is content with much less during the rest of the year.

Mr. Blue Fox seeks the spots that are well wooded. He seems to know that if he is protected from the hot sun in summer and the cold winds in winter his coat will be a beautiful, lustrous blue untinged with brown.

One reason that he is considered a quality blue fox is because the most successful purveyor of substitute furs, with attractive and misleading names, will be unable to find one for his coat of dusky blue flecked with white. Those white hairs are his proud family crest.

A white fox skin may be cleverly dyed to resemble his silky coat, but no matter how cunningly white hairs may be introduced, they are easily detected. The coat of his cousin, the red fox, must be bleached

and then it will not take the dye well. A pronounced dark streak down the middle of the back loudly proclaims the fact that it is sailing under false colours.

Mr. Blue Fox shows his "blue blood" in still another way. He does not believe in practising any "skin" game. He warns you not to buy a pelt unless it is prime and upon those that are not prime he places his mark in characters so bold that all who run may read. A black line starting at the base of the tail and spreading as it extends up the back, or black spots on the inside of the pelt, broadcasts the fact that it is worthless, as the hair will soon fall out. But if, when you shake the skin, it rustles, with a noise like the rustling of tissue paper, and it is a uniform yellow colour inside, it is prime and entitled to an honourable place in the exchange markets of the world.

Mankind has its heroes who unselfishly lay down their lives for the benefit of those who come after them. Why not the animal kingdom? But it is only just and right that man, in grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Blue Fox, should see that this last sacrifice is a painless one.

The feed-houses are used as traps. The fox ascends an incline to a door, passes over a floor hung on a pivot so that his weight will tip it and he will be precipitated to the cellar below. Sometimes the animals pass over a chute to the feed pens. This is made in two sections connected with a lock or trigger. The fox walks safely over the first section, but when he reaches the second section a lock is automatically released, the floor of the chute rotates on a pivot, and he finds himself imprisoned in the basement of the feed-house. A pair of tongs catches him around the neck, a twist of the wrist, and the fox is killed instantly. Sometimes pressure applied to the heart causes it to cease to beat without the infliction of pain and without any blood.

So while in European centres of wealth and fashion the society beauty, swathed in furs, languidly reclines in her luxurious limousine, Mr. and Mrs. Blue Fox are contentedly and patriotically raising big families on their distant snowbound, windswept home in the north, while their faithful keeper lightens his loneliness with visions of the future. They are good citizens, thrifty, industrious, honest, and of real service to man, with whom they have gone into partnership.



Making the Best of the Week-End

A Health Talk
By
Dr. Cecil Webb-Johnson

RECREATION is now recognized as the right of the worker, and we have left behind us those dismal days in which people were supposed to work twelve or fourteen hours a day and spend the brief hour remaining between the end of work and bed-time in reading "improving" books. Some observers have seen a tendency to overdo the recreation part, and there is undoubtedly an inclination nowadays to cram as much diversion into the leisure time as can possibly be crammed. In the higher ranks of the City workers the tendency is to extend the "week-end" till it comprises Friday and Monday; while the typist or clerk comes to the office on Saturday morning already arrayed for sport and rushes off to the playing-field or river as soon as the clock strikes the hour of release from work.

Exercise Absolutely Essential

Exercise is not merely beneficial; it is absolutely essential to good health. It stimulates the action of the heart; the blood circulates more briskly (as anybody knows who has taken a sharp walk on a fresh spring day, for instance). Not only that, but the blood is driven more quickly through the lungs, which are expanded; the breathing is deeper and more rapid, and more oxygen is inhaled. Exercise also stimulates the elimination of water and waste

materials and strengthens the muscles; accelerates the radiation of heat, and helps in the consumption of superfluous tissue. This is patent to the most casual observer who contrasts the person who takes plenty of exercise with one who is not fond of it. The first is slim, hard and "fit," the other flabby, slack-limbed and inclined to obesity.

"Moderation" the Motto

But in exercise, as in everything else, "moderation" must be the motto. Too much exercise, when one is engaged in sedentary pursuits all the week, produces breathlessness and palpitation, the heart works quickly and irregularly, and the muscles become exhausted. If the misguided enthusiast makes a practice of over-exercising, there may be a permanently enfeebled condition of the heart. In professional athletes an enlarged heart is fairly common. The amateur can avoid this danger if he or she is content not to overdo the exercise which is necessary if we are to keep in good health. The ideal of the ancients was "a healthy mind in a healthy body"; but the type of mind which overdoes things is not healthy; it is diseased.

What rule of life does the average young person of the present day observe? He or she seems to have only one, "Go the limit." This craving for "doing something" every

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moment of the day is not a good sign, and in due time the overtaxed heart and nerves will rebel.

The Rush to the Playfields

The foolish girl or youth works in an office all the week at a sedentary job, probably in an ill-ventilated office in an airless City street. Release comes, and a rush is made for the playing-fields; strenuous exercise is taken till the light fails, then comes a change into other clothes, and the dance begins, perhaps to be continued into the small hours.

Sometimes the victim of the thirst for excitement will reply to remonstrances, "I work hard; why shouldn't I play hard?"

Why not?

Because a candle which is lighted at both ends comes to an end much sooner than one which is burnt in the ordinary way. Exercise is necessary for the reasons above stated; it is not good to use up energy in two ways at once to an inordinate extent. If you have been working extra hard during the week, it is a mistake to think it your bounden duty to take a quantity of strenuous exercise on Saturday and Sunday. It were far better to "take things easy," in the colloquial phrase; let the exercise in which you indulge be gentle and pleasant. In this connexion, walking exercise may be mentioned as the recreation par excellence for the strenuous toiler. It is most interesting to notice how many of the world's greatest workers have also been walkers. Charles Dickens, to whose tireless energy his immense output of varied fiction is a testimony, loved walking, and would tramp endless miles, east, west, north and south, in his beloved London. John Wesley and W. E. Gladstone were great workers and loved pedestrianism. Among other enthusiastic walkers were Carlyle, the very apostle of work, Sir Walter Scott, another writer of amazing fertility, and Wordsworth, not less fertile in poetry.

Afraid to Use their Legs

Many people nowadays seem afraid to use their legs except for putting underneath a dinner-table; the facility and cheapness of mechanical transportation in its many and various forms has made us forget what these limbs were originally intended for. How and when to walk must depend upon a variety of circumstances; but, as a general rule, it is not wise to walk directly after a meal, because the action of the muscles

draws away from the stomach the blood which it requires in the work of digestion, and hence that process is interfered with. A good brisk walk just before going to bed has its good points; the roads are more free from traffic than in the daytime, and the exercise soothes brain and nerves, and, just pleasantly tired, we are ready for a sound night's sleep. It is thought wrong by some people to walk in the night-air, for it does not seem to have struck them that night-air is the only kind of air there is at night, and that we are bound to breathe it wherever we are.

Injurious in Excess

Like every other good thing, including food and drink, walking may injure if taken in excess. In some persons a walk too prolonged may have the result of over-straining the heart and pave the way for permanent dilatation. It is a good plan to increase the length of the walk day by day, thus gradually accustoming the person to the exercise, so that more ambitious feats in this line may be achieved as time goes on. Do not walk until distress is felt, but at the same time do not give in to that feeling of false fatigue which at times attacks the novice.

Some people prefer cycling to walking, and look forward to their Saturday afternoon spin. Indeed, the old "push-bike" seems to be coming back in vast numbers, as the roads out of the big cities will amply testify any fine week-end. Here again, over-exertion has to be guarded against. The danger lies in the fact that the feeling of fatigue is less keenly perceived in cycling than in walking, and too much is more likely to be attempted. In country districts the bicycle is almost a necessity of life, as where transport is difficult it affords to many the only means of getting from place to place. Golf is an excellent game if it is not overdone; but it is dangerous for the man or woman over fifty to be too strenuous on the links. Only a short time ago Mr. Rockefeller's favourite companion at this game dropped dead while playing, and his sad end is by no means unique. British golf-courses recorded no fewer than eight sudden deaths of middle-aged players in the short space of four months.

This confirms the view I have been trying to impart: that over-exertion at play is as hurtful as any other kind. Very few men die of too much work, but many have died of too much amusement, and women too. It is as dangerous to take five or six times

MAKING THE BEST OF THE WEEK-END

your usual allowance of physical exertion, just because it is Saturday, as it would be to take five or six times your usual allowance of food. If you are content with one chop for dinner on Friday, you would not order five chops for dinner on Saturday! This is no doubt a homely illustration, but the analogy is perfectly correct. This is the usual mistake the City worker makes. All the week he (or she) makes no more physical exertion than is needed to cover the distance between office and home, and on Saturday indulges in a wild orgy of exercise. The poor, untrained system fails to respond to the extra call made upon it, and illness or acute discomfort ensues—even, as we have seen, sudden death.

The Week-end Away

Change of air and scene is, no doubt, invaluable after a week of hard work; but what do most people do who "go away for the week-end"? As a rule, they change the heat, noise and bustle of London for the heat, noise and bustle of some crowded seaside town, where they see much the same sort of people as they see in London—and, in not rare cases, the actual individuals! It would have been perhaps better had they stayed in their own gardens and attended to the roses. As a matter of fact, gardening is one of the finest combinations of exercise and recreation in which the week-end can indulge. It keeps the individual out in the open air; it gives him (or her) gentle, healthful exercise without undue exertion, and it affords an insight into the marvellous processes of Nature which is both soothing and recreative, at least to a mind not entirely taken up with jazz-bands and revues.

People who are not quick at outdoor sports, or fear ridicule if they take part in them, may take up gardening with the

fullest benefit to their health and spirits, to say nothing of their looks. It forms one of the most interesting hobbies imaginable.

The Hobbyist

The person with a hobby is one of the happiest week-enders. His occupation never palls; and no one ever hears him utter the petulant cry, "What shall we do now?" He is never heard to confess that he is "fed-up" or "bored stiff"—in the quaint argot of the day—his mind is always occupied, and as the poet said—

"Absence of occupation is not rest—
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

The amateur botanist, the amateur geologist, the collector of butterflies or other insects nearly always can contrive to spend a busy and happy week-end, and at very little expense. The hobby that takes one into the open air is the best, of course; that is why I have omitted to mention those which keep one indoors. It may be objected that the person with a hobby, such as have just been enumerated, is inclined to be selfish; but there are other hobbies which are not open to that objection. There are those which involve giving pleasure to others—mayhap those who do not often have pleasures of any kind—and they are the best hobbies of all. To take some children for a day in the country is to taste the best kind of happiness; and those who practise this hobby will come back refreshed in mind and body and ready to begin another week.

There are those who prefer to spend their leisure time in picture-gallery, concert-hall, or lecture-room; but it ought not to be difficult for even these to obtain a certain amount of fresh air and exercise. The lungs must be expanded, the circulation stimulated, and the blood oxygenated if good health is to attend the holiday-maker.

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THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev. Arthur Pringle

In Defence of Humanity

SEVERAL years ago Mr. G. K. Chesterton wrote a book called "The Defendant," in which he argued that one of the most difficult of tasks is to persuade people how good they are; and he makes the further observation that he has investigated the dust-heaps of humanity and found a treasure in all of them. "Every one of the great revolutionists, from Isaiah to Shelley, have," he says, "been optimists. They have been indignant, not about the badness of existence, but about the slowness of men in realizing its goodness."

Defence not Denunciation

This, of course, has Mr. Chesterton's usual tincture of paradox, as have also the curious applications supplied by the various chapters of the volume; but, however fantastic his methods, we have in these days reason to be grateful to the man who only disturbs dust-heaps in order to reveal diamonds. In this article I am not concerned further with Mr. Chesterton's peculiar line of treatment, suggestive and entertaining as it often is; but I do want to take from it the much-needed reminder that anyone who desires to make the world better will do well to trust to defence rather than to denunciation.

Do not Rub the Salt into the Wounds

As a rule, we shall do little good by scolding or by rubbing salt into the wounds of shame; and we shall generally find that men are most effectually dissuaded from evil by a generous reminder of the good that is still in them. Christianity, as authoritatively and conventionally presented, has by no means adequately emphasized this view, and it has suffered accordingly. Too often, both in its accepted creeds and through its accredited exponents, it has assumed that men have in them nothing but badness; and it has been the first to blame, the last to make allowance.

Crude, superficial preachers, lacking in first-hand experience of the pressure of life, are apt to indulge in a rich vocabulary of denunciation; and they conclude, apparently, that because Christ could, on occasion, be unsparing, they must also be.

He who Blamed Sparingly

But here they, and so many others, miss the point. It is true that Christ was severe with hypocrites and with the deliberately and persistently bad; and no condemnation can be, or ought to be, so terrible as His. But, on the other hand, it is to be noted as beautifully significant that He very sparingly blamed any other class of people. It is the simple truth to say that He stood, in the best sense, as the apologist for humanity. One of His most apposite titles would be, the Defender of Man.

This is a side of Christ, and of the religion which He founded, that specially needs to be brought into relief to-day, when a hurried, careless estimate of human nature may easily land us in gloom and pessimism. It is probably true that almost the greatest stumbling-block in the way of religion for numbers of people is the difficulty of believing whole-heartedly and hopefully in their fellow-men. And where faith in humanity goes, faith in God is apt to go with it. Cynicism, despair of our fellows, is not good soil for religion to flourish in. For, at best, such a position is likely to prove the beginning of the end. Once I am convinced that the humanity to which I belong is hopelessly bad, rotten to the core, what is to hinder the inevitable logic that I myself, as part of that humanity, am bad beyond the worth or hope of redemption? And then it is only a short step to the eclipse of anything remotely resembling the Christian faith.

Potentially Good

For it is part and parcel of our religion not only that God is essentially good, but that man is potentially good; that, under-

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neath their aggravating weaknesses and failures, there is in all human beings the divine image, however marred and hidden. So, when we talk of the battle of faith and the difficulties of belief, it is not only a question of believing in God, but of believing in ourselves.

A Questioning Age

This is recognized, at least by implication, in the teaching and practice of Christ, from which the too-ready detractors of humanity might well take a lesson. Nothing is more common, for example, at the present moment than to hear of the decline of faith; and, indeed, it has to be admitted that, in a certain sense, faith has declined. The *ipse dixit* of preachers is no longer accepted as final by people with any pretensions to thoughtfulness; and the creeds and assumptions of religion, instead of being taken for granted, are called upon to justify themselves at the bar of reason and practice. For good or ill, we live in a questioning age, when things are pulled up by the roots, and men insist on knowing the why and the wherefore of ideas and customs that used to be tamely accepted.

This, of course, is at once a symptom and a cause of unsettlement, and it runs side by side with a good deal of doubt and perplexity. But, in and through it all, there are numberless instances of the faith that refuses to be baffled by difficulties. If my readers think for a moment of the people they know best, and remember the battle most of them have to fight, they will, I imagine, be impressed by the trust they find in the essential goodness of things.

The Wonder of Belief

While it is true that Christ was sometimes provoked to wonder by the unbelief of those from whom faith might well have been expected, it is also true that at other times he expressed glad surprise at the faith He found. Knowing the difficulties in the way of belief for a centurion, He marvelled that one should have overcome them. "*I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel.*" Christ knew that often in the broken-hearted and suffering there lives a pathetic trust in God that defies all discouragement; and those who cannot share our Lord's wonder at this kind of faith must have lived only in the summer time, and are cut off from one of the finest sources of human sympathy. And all of us who would preserve a steady and heartening judgment of our fellow-men and

their attitude to religion must remember that living and effective faith is again and again found where traditional dogmas have been rejected. People who forget this can easily take too pessimistic a view of humanity from the religious standpoint.

Christ's Spirit of Hope

As with faith, so with conduct. It is very easy for us to think that those who have fallen from goodness are worse than they really are. To contemplate the wickedness of the world from one point of view is to be filled with despair, and there may even seem justification for those who think that evil is carrying all before it. But here, again, to see things as Christ sees them is to catch the spirit of hope. He "came into the world to save sinners"; and, with the qualifications above named, it is the simple fact that He scarcely ever condemned them. Rather, He defended them from those who would make them outcast, and encouraged them to look forward to something better.

In even the worst men Christ was bent on finding the promise of the best. Without a word of blame, He saved the woman "who was a sinner" by His generous recognition that she "loved much"; and this expresses the whole spirit of His ministry. Often the very *motif* of His parables suggests His desire to defend those who had gone wrong, and to say all that could be said for them. And the culmination came when He made excuse even for the men who were crucifying Him: "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*"

Be Charitable

The practical point for us is this: When we turn to the world as it is to-day, with the baffling medley of human nature that it contains, have we any right to be less generous and resourceful in our sympathy than Christ was? Let us frankly recognize that many who are numbered among sinners are better in heart than in life. Sweating drudgery, harassing temptation, and a monotony that first dulled all finer sensitiveness have made the way of wrong easy for them. The manner of talking is not to be dismissed as the product of weak good-nature or sentiment. It is based on the experience of those who have come to close quarters with evil and have worked strenuously for its prevention. It is the case for the defence, at least modifying the condemnation which it may not altogether preclude.

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This, surely, is one way in which Christ would have us keep in good heart as we face the world. He knew what was in man, and the knowledge kept Him from despair. To some of my readers it may seem as though the tendency of my argument is to overlook the solemn responsibilities from which even the most hard-pressed are not exempt. But let it be reiterated that to defend is not necessarily to acquit, and Christian sympathy and understanding have nothing in common with the miserable travesty of tolerance that makes light of evil. The friend of sinners, Christ hated sin and laid down His life to destroy it. And so it must be with all who catch His spirit; for it is sacrifice that keeps sympathy from ever becoming maudlin or superficial.

Important Considerations

Imagining ourselves as counsel for the defendant, with humanity on its trial, what I have so far said may be regarded as the foundation of our brief. But there are other important points not to be forgotten. One is, the way in which the worse aspects of human nature are, in the nature of the case, thrust into prominence. The very fact that they are so largely abnormal, and out of the rut in which most people move, gives them an interest they would not otherwise have. For this reason they make "good copy," and hence their prominence in newspapers and other channels of publicity.

There is nothing sensational or, in the ordinary sense, interesting in the average conduct of average decent humanity. Therefore, when on the stage, in novels, or in chronicles of actual life, the seamy side is turned uppermost, the discerning should not be misled into thinking that, in any full and fair sense, this is "life." It is part of life, but nothing like so large a part as some would have us believe.

A Simple Test

If you are still unconvinced on this point, put it to a simple test. Should a minister of religion or a prominent adherent of Christianity "go wrong," all the world—at least, the little world in which they live—hears about it. But, meanwhile, the overwhelming proportion of sincere, honourable

ministers and church members pursue their quiet way unobtrusive and unremarked.

To take another and crucial instance. If we went by the newspapers, and by nothing else, we might well come to think that immorality and divorce were preponderant features of present-day life; forgetting, meanwhile, the scores of thousands of homes where such things are not so much as named or thought of.

Remember Everyday Heroisms

If we are to do justice to humanity, we must keep our heads, and listen for other sounds than the noise of scandal and news-mongering. Not least, and more positively, we must remember the heroisms, of all kinds, which go to make up so much of everyday life. The miners who risk life to rescue their comrades; the business people who keep unwaveringly to the way of honesty and straight dealing; the young men and women who, while living eagerly and generously, keep dishonour and unworthiness at arm's length; the brave, silent souls who stand up to suffering and disappointment of every kind—is not this, and much more that might be added, a fine inventory on the right side? What excuse is left to us to despair of ourselves or of others?

The Quotation

We look and behold man often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind . . . to touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God; an ideal of duty, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame below which, if possible, he will not stoop.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE PRAYER.

OUR Father, because we believe in Thee, may we believe in the humanity which Thou hast made and which Thou hast counted worthy of redemption. And when we see the faith and goodness, the heroism and patience, which Thou hast inspired in men, may our hearts be lifted to Thee, the source of all, with fresh gladness and expectancy.



The Invalid

*A True Story of Wild Bird
Intelligence*
By H. Mortimer Batten

ONE spring evening a party of villagers were leaning idly over the bridge when they noticed a disturbance at the foot of the jackdaws' cliff about 200 yards above. The cliff was of white limestone, and in its numerous nooks and crevices a colony of jackdaws had nested annually so long as anyone could remember. These birds it was which were causing the disturbance—wheeling round and round a few feet above the surface just where the river took its bend, and at intervals sweeping earthwards as though mobbing something among the rocks.

"A stoat, I reckon," remarked the village policeman.

"Or maybe a cat," ventured someone else.

Then the man with the keenest eyes stated: "It ain't neither! I can see well what it is. It's an old heron standing at the edge!"

And a heron indeed it was, though eyes untrained to country sights would never have picked it out, so exactly did the bird's grey coat harmonize with the foam-flaked waters and the grey rocks. It was standing perfectly still, apparently quite unmindful of the indignation meeting whirling overhead, and why the jackdaws resented its presence there was no way of telling. Since this was their nesting season, it is possible that they would have objected to any stranger, large enough to be formidable, trespassing on that particular corner which they considered their own.

But even the patience of a fisherman has its limits, and eventually the heron was seen to strike upwards with its bayonet bill, uttering an angry croak, and next moment one of the jackdaws came fluttering to earth, to alight among the rocks near by. Though apparently disabled, it lost no time in wriggling into a cranny, while the other daws, their enthusiasm for the cause having suffered a check, rose into the twisted ash tree which grew from the face of the cliff half-way up, and there discussed the matter noisily and at length.

To satisfy their curiosity two of the men

sauntered up to the bend to see if they could find the wounded daw and to ascertain the extent of his injury, and they found him so tightly huddled, head foremost, in the nook, that his tail feathers were pulled out during the difficult task of extricating him. It was then discovered—and not before he had almost removed chunks from the fingers of both the men—that one of his wings was badly gashed on the underside, though no bones were broken. Whether he would ever again be able to fly they did not know, but since otherwise he was a perfectly sound and vigorous daw, he was given his freedom to take his chances.

Now throughout the winter the jackdaws of the cliff had found the village ash-pits an ever-fruitful source of supply. Crusts and other such morsels were always to be found there. No matter how keen the frost, and deprived of the power of flight, it would seem that the wounded daw decided that the best course for him was to walk to the first available feeding-place. Not, however, till hunger pressed did he take this perilous step, and of course it may have been purely chance which led him to the village. Be that as it may, three days after his misadventure he was caught by some schoolboys as he hopped alertly from an ash-pit with a crust in his beak, and forthwith he was triumphantly conveyed to the local naturalist.

The missing tail and the gashed wing were evidence enough as to his identity, yet to have gained the village he must have followed the river until he reached the bridge, over which he had crossed. This journey he had probably made in the first light of morning, if not at night-time, and unless the whole thing were chance, it certainly spoke volumes for his intelligence, realizing that, reduced to the level of a pedestrian, there was nothing for it but to cross by the way he daily saw other earthbound travellers take.

Jock was placed in a large aviary behind the house, and there he was well fed for several days, though on the sight of a

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human being he would succeed in hiding himself where one would have thought there was insufficient cover to hide a mouse. Very early in the morning of the fifth day he was heard to "chip," the first sound he had so far uttered, and it was subsequently discovered that he had eaten only a small portion of his food. Therefore it was concluded that he was pining on account of his imprisonment, yet he appeared in the best of spirits, though his wing was not yet sufficiently healed to render flight possible.

The following morning at daybreak Jock was not only heard to "chip," but also to "caw," and to those inside the house it sounded very much as though two jackdaws were holding a suppressed discussion, so the naturalist got up and looked stealthily out. And there, sure enough, was a second daw, standing on the top of the large cage. It had something in its beak, and was striving unsuccessfully to poke the article—which proved to be a large crust—through the wire netting. Eventually it realized that the mesh was too small, so it proceeded to tear the crust into little bits, which took some doing, for it was a very old and durable crust. Each fragment, as poked through the wire, was hungrily devoured by the prisoner within, albeit the food in the jackdaw's bowl was far superior in quality.

So for several days Jock's wife came to feed him, and, resolved to accept no more favours from man than convenience demanded, he left his bowl untouched.

At the end of about a fortnight Jock's wing was completely healed, and, taking his field-glasses, the naturalist opened the door of the cage and let the bird out. In shuffling, lopsided flight it managed to cross the river and to gain the twisted ash growing from the cliff, whereupon Jock's delight was refreshing to behold. He "chipped" and called and shook himself. Other jackdaws appeared, and there was much noise and wing-shaking, till the arrival of a new-comer put an end to the proceedings. The new-comer flew straight at Jock and buffeted him into a cranny near by, from which, after a short interval,

the tailless daw was seen to emerge. He flew off over the village, and ten minutes later he came shuffling back, carrying something in his beak. With it he disappeared into the cranny in the cliff, so we can only conclude that the other daw which had straightway given him a job was his wife. Evidently during his imprisonment she had experienced a very busy time of it, with an imprisoned husband to feed and a growing family to keep going in the cliff face. She, we are entitled to presume, was the lady who had fed him.



We are prone to deny the wild folk those reasoning powers in which we regard ourselves as supreme, but that birds and beasts do reason and remember, at least in so far as those conditions by which they keep themselves alive are concerned, there is ample proof. How is it that the gulls arrive far inland year after year to the calendar date for those feasts which annually begin a day or two later? How is it that the otters of the head-waters run downstream at the appointed time to meet the migrating salmon hosts, and that the bears will cross half a continent to visit those waters in which the whitefish congregate during the month of June?

Yes, the birds and beasts reason and remember in proportion with their individual intellectual powers, and the jackdaw is among the most intelligent of our wild birds. Therefore the naturalist was not surprised when, ten months later, the whole country sealed in the grip of the Frost King, he saw a jackdaw, which was still slightly lame in one wing, alight on the aviary behind the house, calling to its mate to come and explore. It peered between the wires, searching for the daily food which once it had left untouched; it even went to the doorway through which it had passed on its way to freedom, but the door was closed.

Next day the naturalist left the door open and food within, and for just so long as the reign of famine lasted two jackdaws came daily to feed within the prison where one of them had been confined.



Problem Pages

The Old Problem of Loneliness

I THINK that all of my readers who were interested in the problem of "Lonely Man," with which I dealt in these pages, may be interested to know what he thinks of the very many letters which it was my privilege to forward to him. I give below extracts from a letter which I have received from him :

"Very many thanks for your great kindness in inserting my letter in your 'Problem Pages' and forwarding letters from sympathizers. At present I feel overwhelmed owing to the large number who have written.

"The majority of them have written just as you anticipated that they would do, some of them clearly without any thought beyond showing their sympathy, one or two without giving any address.

"Two or three do not approve, and give excellent advice in the kindest possible manner. Most of them do not appear to be lonely, but I feel very sorry for some who clearly are very much so, and are evidently passing through hard times.

"It makes me wish that there was some way in which I could help to brighten their lives. I cannot attempt to write to them all, but shall try to send a cheering message to those who appear to need it most, so that I hope that even if your kindness does not lead to the result you intended it will still bring some help and brightness into more than one life.

"I am writing to some of those whose letters you sent on, and I feel that it may lead to real friendship, if nothing more. The letters have been a good tonic to me, helping me to see life from a better perspective than I was doing before, and I think that I shall be able to think more of others in future, and in so doing lose the feeling of being a lonely man."

This letter has given me very real pleasure, and I feel that the little service I was able to render "Lonely Man" has already borne fruit in so far as the letters he has received have helped him to forget his own loneliness in the thought of the loneliness of others.

Before I turn to other subjects I should like to add that I am not inclined, except in a few cases, to undertake the task of forwarding letters from one reader to another. In one instance, I discovered, a reader who was given an address to which she could write to relieve her loneliness

Marriage in Haste—A Loveless Life—Best Outdoor Hobby By Barbara Dane

used it to make an appeal for money. Although I am confident that such breaches of good faith are exceptions, I do not like to think that any readers of THE QUIVER should be annoyed in this manner, and I must ask them to relieve me of any responsibility should such unfortunate little episodes occur. It would be impossible for me to inquire into the good faith of everyone who asked me to forward letters; I can only take it for granted, and do as I am asked.

I also have letters sometimes from readers who want me to help them to let their furnished houses or assist them to sell their work and so on, and this I must regretfully decline to do. I want my pages to be a means of solving as many problems as possible, but I do not think the problem of adding to income or making money quite comes within their scope.

A Religious Experience

From Reading comes this letter :

"I had been married twenty-five years when my husband had a religious experience that altered and disorganized the whole of our home and business. We had, until then, been a very loving and united family, seeking to do our duty and walk uprightly in the sight of all men. But since this so-called blessing my husband has seemed to lose all love or care for me. He is so tyrannical and overbearing that every bit of joy has gone out of my life. Almost the first thing that happened was his telling me that I was no longer first in his home, that he should henceforth be master in every way, and that it was my place to obey unquestioningly whatever he commanded. Up till then he had always asked for and valued my opinion. We had been comrades with no question of obedience, except the obedience of love.

"The home has become intolerable, business neglected for all sorts of religious meetings here, there and everywhere, and the blame of the upheaval has been attributed to me. Have you any idea what I ought to do, as reasoning only results in further friction?"

I sympathize profoundly with my correspondent, who appears to be suffering so much. Psychologists know that a sudden religious emotion may unbalance a not too well poised temperament, and it is possible that my correspondent's husband is suffering from a mild form of religious mania

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which, one hopes, may wear itself out. If means and circumstances permit, I should suggest a change away from home, but if that is impossible, perhaps a frank talk with some minister or clergyman who has influence over the husband might help. No experience of true religion could make any man so suddenly change for the worse, but mental derangements, even if of a very mild form, sometimes masquerade as religious experiences. In such a case only an experienced clergyman or doctor could diagnose the trouble, and it is difficult for an outsider to advise, for it would be so easy to give the wrong advice.

Marriage in Haste

I am not by any means inclined to say that hasty marriages are bound to end in disaster, "E. H." I know several very happy marriages which were made after a very brief engagement, and some in which husbands and wives, still happy after five or ten years together, knew each other for only a few weeks before marriage. Circumstances and temperaments have a powerful influence on reading character. Two people thrown together a good deal and with a power of self-expression may get to know each other better in three months than reserved people, with few opportunities of meeting, can in three years. And does it not often happen that some little incident throws an unexpected light on someone's character, so that in a flash it is illumined, and we know the person as we never did before?

Some of my own friends I feel I shall never really know. They continue to surprise me. I am always making fresh discoveries about them. And there are others whom I feel I know thoroughly, who, I believe, have expressed all their beauty of character, all their little weaknesses and impulses, so that I should know them no better ten years hence than I do now.

The impulse which brings a man and a woman together may be the beginning of the sweetest relationship in the world, or it may be the beginning of disaster. If two young people love each other, and wish to marry, and there are no serious reasons against their doing so, I should not, as a mother, discourage an early marriage.

Real Knowledge

Here is rather an unusual problem from a man who writes to me about his search for knowledge. He says:

"I wonder if you can help me. I am a great reader and read philosophy, psychology, art, history, letters, and yet my mind seems restless and unsatisfied. I feel that all my reading ought to have helped me to form some definite philosophy of my own, but it has rather had the effect of making me a complete sceptic about everything. Can you give me any advice that might help?"

Yes. Go on reading, but do not read so variously. An adventurous mind naturally delights in exploring the field paths of learning and in wandering continually across country from one district to another. But the best kind of scholarship must be founded on a definite foundation, and serious reading and clear thinking—both of them are hard work, remember—are the only foundation. A man who flits from an article on the philosophy of Plato in his encyclopædia to the section which deals with the history of Gothic architecture sees life as he would from the window of an express train. He gets few permanent impressions of the country through which he travels.

It is a good training, and a satisfying training, to stick for a time to one subject. To cover the history of philosophy, even in a superficial way, from Plato to Kant, means hard reading, but that is the only reading which gives lasting content to an inquiring mind. It unifies one's thoughts. A personal philosophy may result from such reading, or a foundation for it, but haphazard reading, I imagine, never gave anyone a clear outlook on life or a definite creed.

A Loveless Life

Not wholly unrelated to this problem is the problem of a woman who writes to me rather wistfully about her loveless life. She tells me that she has been reading Freud and Jung, and I ask, with how much preliminary mental training, with how much preliminary knowledge of the vast field in which she has begun to dig with what appears to be a very weak spade?

What a tragic mistake to suppose that the love of a man, or the love of a woman, is the only love worth having in this world! It is not even the greatest force in the world, for it is not necessarily the impulse of love which carries out the schemes of nature. So often, in talking to women, I find that they have read a little modern psychology and have rooted in their minds the idea that no life can be wholly content and happy unless there is some expression of those deep emotions common to the race.



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P. 291.

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quarter-ounces, each
begging to be eaten.
Rich, smooth, and ex-
ceedingly nourishing.



PROBLEM PAGES

I do dissent most strongly from that view. There is a great balance in nature, as well as deep-seated primitive desires.

Often in those deprived of the gift of sight you find some other gift or quality the more highly developed. Sometimes it is an extreme sensitiveness of touch. I should not dare to suggest that anything can make up for the loss of sight, but it seems as if Nature herself were trying to produce compensations for what she has taken away.

I have seen, too, in the characters of women deprived of an expression of emotional love the development of other qualities and the approach to some kind of happiness which they probably would not have known otherwise. It is not the absence of the normal outlet for emotion which is likely to make women neurotic, but the constant thinking about it, the unintelligent view that no life can be full, free, and happy unless it is linked with the life of a man.

A Question of Clothes

"Mariette" is troubled because her husband's sisters, who dress austerely, criticize her pretty frocks. "They think I am extravagant," she writes. "My husband is not rich, but he likes me to dress nicely. His sisters live in the country and wear tweeds all day long, and they think that I ought to dress plainly and so help my husband."

"I don't want to create a bad impression when I visit my husband's people, but at the same time I cannot see that it is quite their business."

Of course it is not their business. Go on buying pretty frocks and please your husband. At the same time, if you are visiting people who live simply and dress very plainly, it would be a concession to good taste to omit from your travelling trunk your most elaborate frocks.

Marrying Again

My dear "Rosalie," if you wish to marry again in the first year after your husband's death, you must be prepared for a little criticism if you live in conventional circles. If there is any essential disloyalty in re-marriage it is, I agree, as disloyal after the lapse of five years as after the lapse of five months. And if you want to marry it is surely your own affair. At the same time, the relatives of your dead husband, rightly or wrongly, are likely to be a little hurt if your second marriage takes place very quickly, and if at a time when they are

mourning their son you can spare them an added sorrow, it would be graceful and kindly on your part to do so.

Going to New Zealand

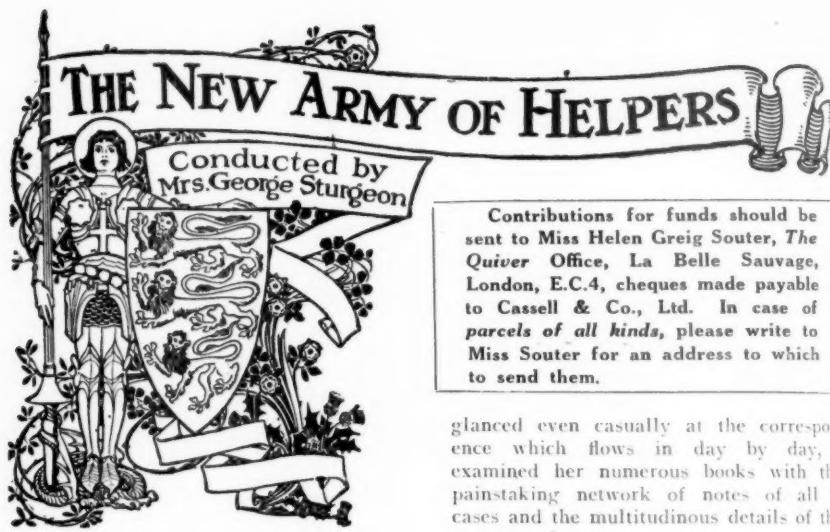
If you are going to Auckland, "H. B.," you will find plenty to amuse you. You will find a theatre, and tennis, and music, and you will certainly not feel "in the wilds." You ought to be very happy there, and you will find good schools where your children can be educated. But I doubt if you should take your elder sister with you, especially as you point out that she is not very adaptable. After all, New Zealand is not England. It is several thousand miles away, and however deeply attached New Zealanders are to the Mother Country they have an individual way of looking at things, and an individual life built up out of local conditions and circumstances. To begin life in a new country in middle age needs courage and adaptability, and women who cannot be happy unless they can have all things just as, when, and how they like them would make a failure of emigration. New Zealand will give a welcome to all who go to her anxious to make the best of her, but to those who go to criticize—well, they had better stay away.

The Best Outdoor Hobby

I don't know any outdoor hobby so good for a woman who wants plenty of fresh air without much exercise as motoring. If you have only been a passenger, "J. K.," you have experienced the lesser joy of motoring, for the greater joy is to be at the wheel, knowing that you have control over a beautiful piece of machinery, and feeling every minute its response to your touch. Many women spend more on golf and on dancing than other women do on motoring; it need not be an expensive hobby, especially if you are fortunate enough to live in a district where garage accommodation can be had cheaply.

An Inquiry

I should be glad if any reader could tell me of any boarding-house in London where a lady of 70 could be received, able to pay from 20s. to 25s. weekly. She has been informed that there are such places, not charitable institutions, where elderly ladies can share a common living-room and have bedrooms with gas fires and meters. If anyone should know of such a boarding-house I should be glad to have the information to pass on.



MY DEAR READERS,—It is a very sorrowful thing to be writing my farewell to you, and although I was laid up when I wrote my January letter, I did not for a moment foresee this. But my illness has developed more seriously than I anticipated, and the doctor tells me that in order to get well I must have a course of treatment and a long and complete rest. It is therefore absolutely necessary for me to give up my work at once. I cannot do this without sending my very best thanks to all whose generous support, encouragement and sympathy have enabled me to bring my various schemes to success and have made my connexion with The New Army of Helpers an intensely happy one. I leave you with the deepest regret, and shall always maintain my interest in you and treasure the memories of our association. I know that Miss Souter, who most ably succeeds me, inherits a wealth of kindness.—Yours very sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.



DEAR READERS.—The above letter will be read with the deepest regret by all interested in this page, for my friend Mrs. Sturgeon has been the main-spring and inspiration of the League, and has endeared herself as a most helpful, constant and sympathetic personality to thousands. No one can conceive how much of herself, her time, her thought and energy she has put into her work, unless, like myself, one has

Contributions for funds should be sent to Miss Helen Greig Souter, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to *Cassell & Co., Ltd.* In case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Miss Souter for an address to which to send them.

glanced even casually at the correspondence which flows in day by day, or examined her numerous books with their painstaking network of notes of all the cases and the multitudinous details of their many needs.

I have been lost in admiration of her powers of finance, finesse and organization, and have marvelled, not that "one small head should carry all she knew," but that one loving heart should gather to itself the sorrows and the sufferings of so many.

It has been arranged that I shall carry on during Mrs. Sturgeon's illness, and to the best of my powers I shall do everything possible to conduct the League on the same lines, as I have had a good deal of experience of similar work; but I would earnestly bespeak the loyalty and co-operation of the Helpers, without whose generous assistance I should be sorely handicapped.

It would be a very real service to me if the invalids and others when they write would make a list of their requirements at the end of their letters or on a separate sheet with their names and addresses, as with the best will in the world and a very good memory it will take a little while for me to familiarize my mind with the particular requirements of each individual.

There has been a splendid response to the appeal for the Fire Fund, and I was enabled to send money for coals to about thirty families and lonely folks, so that at Christmas they at least enjoyed the comfort and companionship of a cheerful fire. Other money from the SOS Fund was applied to the necessities of sufferers at home or in hospital. Thanks to the goodness of QUIVER readers at home and abroad, I sent a cheque for £10 to the Rev. F. A. Smith, West



"The Kiddies told me"

"And there never was a breakfast or supper any of us enjoyed more than Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat."

In Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat you get the rich, balanced nourishment of whole grains plus a flavour like toasted nuts. As foods for grown-ups and children too, they are very nearly perfect.

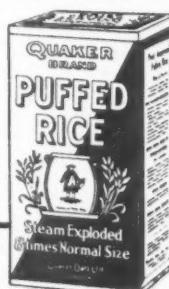
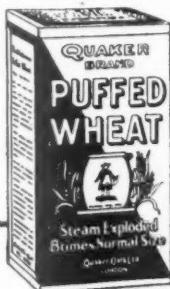
These dainty, nourishing foods need no cooking. The steam explosion process which puffs the rice and wheat to eight times normal size also breaks open each food cell for easy digestion. Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for breakfast means a day started with vigour; for supper either means sound, easy sleep.

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THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

Bromwich, Staffs, for distribution among the many deserving cases in his very poor parish, and another to Miss Q, whose circumstances made a very strong appeal to kind hearts. She writes thus:

"I must offer you my warmest thanks for the cheque for £10 6s. which reached me this morning. I am quite overwhelmed by your goodness and the generosity of your readers. You will, I know, convey my deepest gratitude to them, and assure them it is a really good cause they are helping.

"I shall rest quietly to-night, knowing my burden is lightened, and shall rise in the morning with strengthened faith and renewed courage. All this is due to you for taking up my cause so nobly and earnestly."

Other letters received in acknowledgment were very touching indeed, but lack of space prevents my quoting them. Quite a number of readers and helpers applied for the lists of home-workers, and several of the latter were much cheered and encouraged by orders from new clients and old friends.

A Children's Paradise

It is very difficult, I know, to conceive of anything farther apart or more incompatible than Paradise and Bow, but happily the age of miracles is not past, and the dreams of those most practical of people—the idealists—have come true here. Amid the poverty and sordid surroundings of drab houses and mean streets the wilderness has blossomed as the rose.

The story of how the Children's House came to be built reads like a modern fairy tale, which it undoubtedly is. Kingsley Hall was its nucleus, and the children's section dates back to 1915. Matters reached a climax two years ago, when there were two hundred young people from the age of two and a half to seventeen assembling for the Play Hour, etc., and practically overflowing into a neighbouring church and a tiny back yard. It was a very serious problem, which, however, was happily solved by the gift of Mr. H. E. Lester, who in his ninetieth year bought a piece of land and erected the house in memory of his father and mother. The site had been an eyesore for years—a collection of rat-tidden, derelict houses, whose monopoly of precious space in a community where a family of five frequently lived in one small room irritated the residents, who time and again had petitioned the authorities to remove the offence.

Eventually the task of housebreaker was entrusted to Minkie Cawte, a three-year-old

at the Nursery School, and amid the breathless excitement of the neighbourhood the tiny girlie solemnly knocked out the first brick. The interest of the whole street was aroused to white heat during the building, and then came the day of days when its fair foundations were laid in a very beautiful and symbolic fashion. After the hymn, or, rather, the litany, of the builders had been said, nine stones were declared well and truly laid by men like the Rev. Carey Bonner, who placed the Stone for the Children of all Nations, and Dr. Saleeby, the Stone of Health; then Mrs. Law, an East End mother of six, laid the Stone of Motherhood, and Lylie Smith, a girl of eighteen and formerly a member of the Play Hour, the Stone of Vision. Other foundations were those of Nature, Beauty, Rhythm and Music, Fellowship and True Education.

The opening ceremony which followed at a later date was a red-letter day in the history of Bow, and it was performed by Mr. H. G. Wells, who along with the venerable donor entered the House, with a score of excited children at their heels, and soon all of them were romping round the flat roof, which has been an inspiration and a joy ever since.

Pride of Possession

The House itself takes the eye of the most casual passer-by with its white front and window sills, its green shutters and doors and its bright red brick walls. It is a two-storied building of artistic design by Mr. C. C. Voysey, A.R.I.B.A., and its spotless purity is a standing reproach to the district. The neighbours, realizing its worth to their families and their own responsibility in the matter, are doing their best to live up to its high standard, so that the two streets in its immediate vicinity are entirely transmogrified. Amid the soot and smuts of Bow it was impossible that the House should remain immaculate, especially when its low window ledges form such a tempting perch from which to view the passing show and dangle chubby legs and muddy boots, which left ugly tell-tale marks. The older boys and girls were horrified at this state of things, and during their dinner hour borrowed scrubbing-brushes and pails from their mothers and promptly set to work to wash the entire frontage. They make a practice of this every Saturday now, and altogether display a proprietorial pride in the building which is very delightful to behold.

THE QUIVER

A Real Sacrifice

Several of the boys naturally considered the walls of the House fair game for the exercise of their gifts as carvers. They were discovered red-handed in the act and tactfully admonished. Next morning the leader, with "shining morning face" and the light of an early Christian martyr burning in his eyes, walked into the office



Youthful
Gardeners at Bow

Photo:
Daily Mirror

and laid his sacrifice on the altar with the words: "Now I shan't be able to cut my name on the door." The others followed suit at intervals of a few minutes, but seeing they were real boys and not exactly saints or angels, it is only fair to state that each of them returned within a week and redeemed their weapons for more honourable and useful purposes. Something is going on in the Children's House every day save Saturday, and there rarely is an unoccupied hour from 8.30 a.m., when a crowd of impatient little mortals assemble at the door in eager anticipation of the opening of the Nursery School by at least half an hour. They don brightly coloured cretonne overalls, and straightway wash their hands and faces and brush their teeth before they start to play or to settle down

to the delights of bead threading, colour-matching, block-building, action songs or music. Lunch, which consists of milk and biscuits, provides a pleasant interlude, and then, in summer, they proceed up a wonderful staircase to the roof, where they enjoy all sorts of toys and games or water the flowers. At dinner the elder children help to lay the tables, wait and assist in the clearing up, then back again to the roof to tuck themselves or help to tuck the younger ones into their very own blanket, recognizable by a boat or a flower, and rest on the small stretcher beds, watching the wheeling pigeons and the never-ceasing wonder of the great fleecy clouds, which are seldom to be seen from the windows of their own homes.

Sunday Services

These start at 10.30 with the Adult School, and continue for old and young throughout the entire day, finishing with discussion at 10 o'clock, which sets a period to the day's activities. Families of all denominations attend, but no dogma is taught, and the atmosphere of the whole place was naively expressed by a Sunday scholar, who remarked to her chum: "You aren't far funny here. You seem to bring God into every day of the week," and surely that is the secret of true religion. An organization dealing with youth must necessarily develop in countless ways, and there are all sorts of schemes for the physical, moral, mental and spiritual needs.

Pressing Wants

I inquired of Miss A. M. Pullen, who along with Miss Doris Lester is a Director of the House, what were their most pressing wants, and after mentioning that £1,000 was required yearly to carry on the work, she said:

"We are starting Woodcraft Chivalry, and want brown jerseys for boys from 11-15."

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

"Children's boots and shoes are always needed, and we should very much like gym shoes of all sizes to lend to the play-hour children, that they may change to go into the big schoolroom for games.

"For the Nursery School we need little bright-coloured overalls of fadeless material, handkerchiefs, and little warm felt or carpet slippers. These children are from 2½ to 5 years of age, and are, of course, small in build.

"Games (card or table games), *good* children's books for the lending library, bricks, Meccano sets, paintboxes—anything of that sort is, of course, tremendously welcome."

As the children reach the age of fourteen or fifteen they volunteer to become helpers, and are of the greatest assistance in many ways. One nice lad is debarred on account of the very shabby clothes he possesses, and a suit, etc., for him would be doubly appreciated. Some of the mothers are as broken-hearted as the children when their scanty supply gives out or little toes push their way through shoddy boots at the best, and for that reason the little ones are unable to attend school.

All contributions in money and kind will be most thankfully received by Miss Pullen, Children's House, Eagling Road, Bow E.3.

A Royal Gift

Miss Edith Smallwood writes that Her Majesty the Queen has very kindly sent twelve Shetland shawls for the members of her society.

Two Very Sad Cases

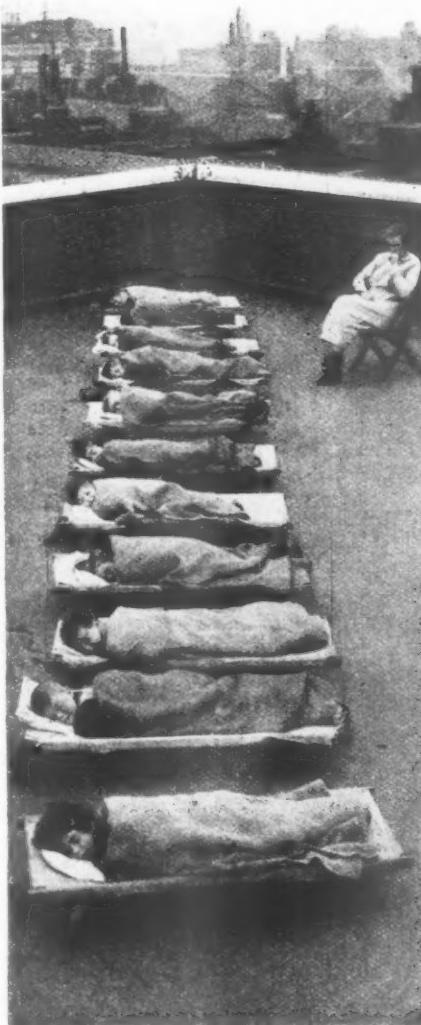
I should like to bring under the notice of the Helpers two very touching cases, as under :

Miss M. G., over sixty years of age, has had a very hard life, attending to invalid relatives for long periods, so that her health has completely broken down, and she now lives with a sister, about her own age, also very delicate. They take friends as paying guests when they have the chance, but between them they have only £50 a year.

Miss G. is a refined woman of seventy, a servant of the good old-fashioned type, who worked as long as she was able, but some time ago had a stroke, which has enfeebled her, and a long illness has made serious inroads on her savings. She only has the Old Age Pension and a small monthly allowance from three friends, and the dread of her life is that she should end her days in the workhouse.

A Kindly Thought

Mrs. A. writes: "The parcel to Mrs. G. will not go for a week, as some of the



A curious view of children resting on the roof-top, Bow

Photo:
Daily Mirror

things need a little attention and I never give anything away that is not properly washed, mended and ready to wear on principle. It is only half a gift to make work, and poor people are generally busy ones perforce!"

THE QUIVER

Picture Post-cards

Mrs. Story, Hastings, wishes to thank heartily all the kind donors of picture post-cards. Those not suitable for children she is sending to various sanatoria near; they may interest patients who come and go there.

Our Readers' Register

A Nurse Companion.—A Surrey reader writes :

"We shall be very grateful if you can tell us of a refined motherly woman who would act as nurse-companion to an invalid lady in return for a good home."

"The lady suffers from heart trouble, is not allowed to go upstairs, and has to spend a good deal of her time in bed."

"We have noticed how often people write to you in THE QUIVER Army of Helpers, so thought you might know of someone suitable."

Small Boarders.—Two sisters who have a small day school in a very high and healthy part of Sussex are anxious to hear of two or three children from five years old. They will take entire charge of them during holidays, if necessary.

Acknowledgments

Letters and gifts from the following were most acceptable :

G. S., C. H. E. Haynes, "Katie," E. Salt, Mrs. McGregor, K. Meldrum, Mrs. Perowne, Mrs. Addison, Mr. Bartlett, Miss K. Clare, Miss W. H. Bull, Mrs. Tinker, Miss D. Armstrong, Miss M. A. Lewis, Miss Birchall, Miss E. Hill, Miss G. Phillips, Mrs. Whyte, Mrs. Farbridge, Mrs. Edley Morton, Mrs. Queen, Miss Maxtone Graham, Miss Bowden, Mrs. A. E. Morris, Miss A. Moors, Miss Barfoot, Mrs. B. Husbands, Mrs. Gayer, Mrs. E. Davies, Nurse Wilkinson, Miss Kerwoode, Miss E. M. Wood, Mrs. C., Farm-on-Tees; Mrs. Braith-

waite, Driffield; Mrs. A. Fair, Mrs. Swinger, Mrs. Bell, Miss Anderson, Miss Woodham, Mrs. Schibild, Mrs. Riley.

S O S Fund.—The following donations are most gratefully acknowledged : M. G. S., £7; A Well-wisher, £5; J. A., £2; Anon., Cape Town, £3; M. L., £1; Anon., 10s.; Two Friends, 10s.; Well-wisher, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, Alton, 5s.; A. M. H. S., 5s.; Mrs. E. Way, 10s.; R. S. C., 10s.; J. M. T., 5s.; M. Wilson, 5s.; D. C. Willcox, 5s.; H. S., 10s.; C. Nicol, £1; K. Richardson, 8s. 8d.; Miss Dolton, £5; Miss H. E. Strachan, 5s.; A Loving Heart, 10s.; Miss Nicholson, Bath, 10s.; A Willing Giver, 10s.; J. G. G., 2s. 6d.; Miss M. A. Smith, 5s.; Miss A. Haggart, 5s.; Miss M. B. Stalker, 10s.; G. F., 18s.; Miss Mary Gardner, 10s.; Mrs. Jones, 10s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Glover, 10s.; Mrs. Fawkes, 25s.; Mrs. Drewett, £2; Mrs. Macdonald, 10s.; Misses Dale, £1; Miss Knight, 10s.; Mrs. Holmes, £1 1s.; Mrs. C. Smail, £2; Miss Spridgeon, 2s. 6d.; Miss G. Crouch, 5s.; H. M. George, 5s.; Mrs. Sara, £1 1s.; QUIVER Reader, 5s.; K. Richardson, 11s. 2d.; Miss Clark, £1; E. Wood, 18s.; Mrs. Swinger, £2; A. E. C., 2s. 6d.; Anon., £2; "Chilly," 10s.; M. P. Stewart, £1; T. Hancock, 9s.; Old Maid, Hammersmith, £1; Miss D. Robinson, 10s.; Mrs. V. A. D., £2; Mrs. Johnston, 10s.; W. Reid, 5s.; I. R. B., £3; Mrs. Gonering, £5; O. Forshaw, 10s.; Mrs. Comer, 5s.; E. F. Haworth, £1 1s.; M. A. G., £1; Mrs. Jobson, Pernambuco, £5.

Children's Holiday Fund.—Miss Field, £5; D. B., £1; C. E., 2s.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—Miss J. M. Chandler, 3s. 6d.; T. Hancock, 3s.; M. A. G., £1; A. B. C., 10s.

British Home for Incurables.—Miss E. C. Guest, 7s. 6d.; V. A. D., 6s.

St. Dunstan's.—V. A. D., 2s.

Sunshine House.—Mrs. G. F. Holmes, £1 1s.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,
HELEN GREIG SOUTER.

From the Editor

It is with extreme sorrow that my readers and I part with Mrs. Sturgeon. Our friend has had to enter a nursing home and, at the time of writing, is expecting to go to the seaside for a prolonged course of treatment. I am sure that all my Helpers will give Miss Souter, whom I know personally as a most sympathetic and helpful worker, the same support they accorded so liberally to Mrs. Sturgeon.

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Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA.—We all travel nowadays, whether it be by caravan or car, by sea, by rail or by air! The effect of these peregrinations is very marked, for the educational value of travel cannot be overestimated. There was a natural tendency for us as a nation to become narrow and insular in our ideas and to think that the British way of doing things was always beyond criticism. Travel, except for those who have no gifts of observation, must broaden the mind and give a wider view of life and its possibilities. It will still teach us even if we finally hurry home feeling that "home's best." Indeed, it should not make us discontented, but merely fill our minds with happy memories and mental pictures of beautiful and interesting lands.

One of the chief reasons for congratulating ourselves that we are born in this decade rather than a couple of centuries ago is that the modern facilities for travel are so great. In the past people travelled because they had to do so—perhaps some duty called them abroad—but nowadays we travel because we like it. We long to see other lands and other faces. We want to see how other folks in other hemispheres live. It is the seductive finger of adventure and enterprise which beckons us onwards. We know, too, that our adventuring will not land us in grave hardships and discomforts, for the facilities of modern travel are very great.

Few people can travel and not be the better for it. They rub shoulders with others, and in doing so their own oddities and angularities of character are rubbed off. Those who travel constantly are amused at the types to be met at foreign hotels. There is the aloof personage who is invariably frigid and unbending in his manner, a form of egotism that would be irritating if it were not amusing. There is the shy individual who is overawed by the strangeness of his or her surroundings and is self-conscious to a degree. There is the over-friendly stranger ever ready to pounce upon a new-comer, and who very quickly becomes a bore, if not worse; and finally, there is the hotel gossip who lies in wait for each new arrival, eager to pour into a fresh ear the tit-tat-tle of the hotel. The experienced traveller avoids all these pitfalls and talks naturally and pleasantly to other visitors, avoiding either intimacy or aloofness, but steering the safe middle course which makes him or her a very pleasant travelling companion.

Ever yours,

PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.

AN UMBRELLA HINT. Edna (East Grinstead).—As you say, there is often some use to which one can put some shabby and apparently useless article. Frocks that are faded but otherwise good can often be turned to good account as petticoats or linings, etc. You say you wonder if there is any possible use for a collection of old umbrellas. Indeed there is. If you send them off to Stanworth and Co., of Blackburn, they will re-cover them and send them back to you as good as new. I hope you will not delay, but act on this advice at once, for you will then be well equipped not only for April showers but for any heavy downpour of rain.

TO MAKE TURKISH DELIGHT. Poppy (Glasgow).—Take 1 oz. of gelatine and let it soak for half an hour in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water. Put 2 lb. of best loaf sugar in an enamelled pan with another $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water, let it dissolve and then boil it to a syrup for 8 to 10 minutes. Stir in the dissolved gelatine, and the strained juice of 1 lemon. Remove from the fire and continue stirring until nearly cold. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of essence of lemon and a trace of saffron. Wet or oil some shallow dishes or soup plates, and cut into squares as the mixture sets. Sift with icing sugar when quite cold.

FOR HARD WEAR AND APPEARANCE. Dorcas (Leeds).—You have chosen a very apt pseudonym, as you are so fond of needlework and particularly of plain sewing. I agree with you that hand-made and home-made garments, particularly pyjamas, jumpers, blouses, etc., wear so well, and it is well worth while to put good material into them as well as careful stitchery. You cannot do better than use Luvicca for work of this kind. It is obtainable in a wide choice of striped and plain designs, and it is so beautifully strong that it can be washed again and again without losing its silky sheen. I am sure you will be more than delighted with it. You can get it from any high-class drapers, but if you have any difficulty write to the manufacturers, Messrs. Courtaulds, Ltd. (Dept. 83), 19 Aldermanbury, E.C.2, who will send you the address of the nearest retailer, and also send you an illustrated booklet giving particulars.

A QUESTION OF LESSONS. Miranda (Hexham).—He is much too young to do regular lessons, but by all means let him learn to read as he is so anxious to do so. That need hardly be

THE QUIVER

called a lesson, for you need not give the instruction at any definite time. You do not want to push him on at all. Such an energetic and highly strung child will develop mentally and physically all the better for taking things easily at first.

WINTER BREAKFAST FARE. Robinhood (St. Ives).—It is a mistake to have the same breakfast menu year in, year out. Everybody gets tired of it and would enjoy more variety. As you feel you want something different from your ordinary menu, I am going to suggest that you try Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. These crisp tasty kernels make a delicious and nourishing breakfast, and can be served with either hot or cold milk or with stewed or preserved fruit. Not only the grown-ups but also the children enjoy these delicious kernels, and I feel sure if you place them on the breakfast table they will solve the problem for you of what to offer that will be liked by all at that meal.

FOR CHILBLAINS. Anxious (Deal).—Of course, it is most important to prevent them from breaking, for that makes the process of healing much longer. Let him take cod-liver oil emulsion three times a day and paint them with either turpentine or iodine morning and night, and at any time during the day when the irritation is acute. This is only suitable treatment for unbroken chilblains. If by ill luck they do break, spread a little boric ointment on lint and put that over them, covered with a little oiled silk to keep the grease from the stockings. Sometimes, besides attention to diet, it is well to stimulate the circulation. Let him have a flesh-glove and give himself a good rub down with it after his bath. It is not usual for a boy of that age to get them; they are generally so active, and that keeps up the circulation. However, I hope these suggestions will be helpful.

TO IMPROVE GRAVY. Pearl (Doncaster).—It is true that the test of a skilful cook is her ability to make good gravy. I will tell you what I consider quite the best way to set about it. Take about 1 teaspoonful of Bisto and mix it with about a cupful of warm, not hot, water. Dish your joint, and pour the fat out of the baking-tin. Then pour in the Bisto and water and, stirring all the time, let it boil up. A most delicious and rich gravy will be made, with a flavour that makes the whole meal tasty and appetizing. You will find Bisto a very welcome adjunct in your larder, for it can not only be used for gravy, but also to improve the flavour of soups and stews, and just a sprinkle improves a fried meat or fish dish.

FOR A BED-SITTING-ROOM. Iris (Maida Vale). The colour scheme sounds very cheerful and nice, and I am so glad you have managed to get that nice fitted cupboard. I should certainly have a pedestal boiling-ring beside your gas-fire, for then you can get a kettleful of hot water for washing and for a cup of tea without troubling any other member of the household.

FRUIT FOR GOOD HEALTH. M. L. B. (Horn-castle).—In planning the meals for each day, it is very important to arrange for plenty of fresh

fruit to be served. Doctors are always urging us to make good use of the foods that are rich in vitamins. Just now there is such a plentiful supply of lovely fruit, and it is an excellent plan to let the children have fruit instead of a pudding several days a week. You can also make delicious fresh fruit salads of oranges, bananas, pineapple and any other fruit in season, and this is also very wholesome. The fresh fruits are rich in constituents which purify the blood and so keep the body healthy and the complexion fresh and clear.

COOKERY SUGGESTION. Eleanor R. (Haslemere).—It is quite a good idea to make a good supply of one nice cake mixture, such as a butter sponge, and then divide it into two or three portions and flavour each differently. You can get several different essences, all suitable, and then you can also vary the way in which you bake the mixture. Part you can make into large cakes and decorate with candied peel and glacé cherries. Part you can enrich by adding fruit and icing the top, and a third part you can make into little cakes flavoured with vanilla or almond essence, and decorate each with a strip of angelica or a glacé cherry or some blanched and chopped almonds.

AN INTERESTING COMPETITION. Mollie (Brighton).—As you are so fond of crochet and such an expert, why not enter the interesting competition now being organized in *Fancy Needlework Illustrated*. You can get a copy of Number 72 for 3d. if you write to the Northern School of Art Needlework, Ltd. (Dept. 21), National Buildings, Manchester, and in this journal you will find full particulars. Of course, you will make the jumper of Ardern's Star Syloko, because experience proves how well this thread wears and washes—a very important point, because a jumper takes some time to make, and you, of course, want to have good wear from it.

A KITCHEN HINT. A. L. B. (Ruabon).—As the table is so badly cracked, it, of course, causes the American cloth to wear badly in places. Can you not fill in the cracks with putty? Failing this, I am inclined to think you had better cover the table with linoleum. This will look very neat and be also very durable.

RECIPE WANTED. Enquirer (Staines).—There are several ways of making scones, but I have a preference myself for this recipe. Take 1 lb. of self-raising flour and sift it into a basin. Rub in 3 oz. of butter and then add 1 oz. of castor sugar and 3 oz. of sultanas. Mix these dry ingredients well, and then add not quite half a pint of cold milk. Turn the mixture on to a floured board and knead well. Form into two rounds and place them flat on a baking sheet, scoring them three times to cut each round into six scones. Brush them over with the white of an egg and prick them on the top with a fork. Make the gas oven hot and bake them for 15 to 20 minutes in a quick oven, just under the browning shelf, with the gas turned up to about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch blue flame.



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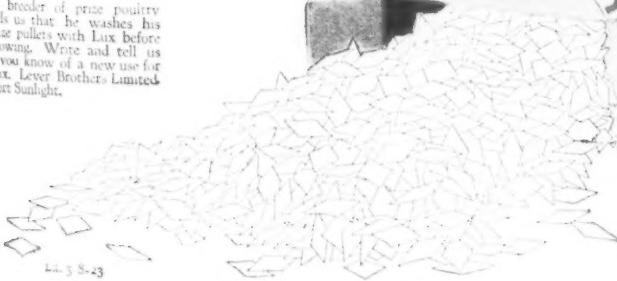
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